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THE

GERMAN NOVELISTS:

TALES

33427

SELECTED FROM

ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS

IN THAT LANGUAGE:

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD DOWN TO THE CLOSE OF

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

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GERMAN NOVELS.

GERMAN NOVELS.

LEWIS TIECK.

In common with so many of his learned but eccentric contemporaries, Tieck put forth his earliest literary efforts under a pseudonymous title, and appeared under the wing of Peter Lebrecht, and G. Farber. Many of his favourite productions are become already familiar to the English reader, in several able versions from the pens of our best German scholars. Not the least excellent and amusing among these are to be met with in a recent English translation of his two Tales, entitled, the "Pictures, and the Betrothing," presented to us by an anonymous hand.

It would be an idle attempt on the part of the present Editor, after the various beautiful versions, and notices of Tieck's genius, which have appeared in some of our periodical journals, to presume to enter at any length into this great writer's character and productions. At the same time, it will be ob-

vious, that in a selection embracing so great a variety of names and materials, the Editor must confine his attention to a few only of the most brief and characteristic among his fanciful effusions, in affording specimens most suitable to the object he has in view; specimens of the traditionary and romantic character of the Germans.

Ludwig Tieck was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773. He was raised to the chair of philosophy at the University, and chiefly resides at the city of Dresden. One of his first productions was entitled, William Lowell, published at Berlin, 1795, 2 vols. a new edition in 1814. This was followed by that of "Peter Lebrecht; or a History with no Adventures," 2 vols. 1795-6. The next was "Ritter Blaubart, an Old Woman's Story;" and of still more familiar sound came the "Booted Tom Cat," "Puss in Boots, a Child's Story, with Interludes, a Prologue, and an Epilogue;" "Heart Effusions of a Monk devoted to Art." "Popular Stories." "Francis Sternbald's Travels, an old German History," 2 vols. 1798. Tieck's powers, however, soon freed him from the danger of indulging his more wild and eccentric qualities; he engaged in several works conjointly with A. W. Schlegel, gave an excellent version of Don Quixote, and wrote his well known work, entitled "Phantasus," from which the following specimens have been chiefly drawn.

In the year 1820, he edited the works of Kleist, and published a collection of his own poems, 3 vols. besides editions of the old English and German dramatic writers.

Among the specimens here offered, it may be proper to warn the English reader, unacquainted with the wild and daring cast of this author's productions, that he must not be too much startled at meeting with a few of those more supernatural exhibitions which Tieck so much delights in conjuring up, however startling and terrific they may occasionally appear. He is a true northern magician; one who disguises nothing of his terrors; like an experienced master, he leaps at once into the magic ring, and casts his spells about him with all the confidence and power so well calculated to impress upon us that sort of illusion sought for in the enchantments to which he aspires. Most of all, he succeeds in embodying the traditionary phantoms of the past. Dim forms, just disappearing in the darkness of the middle ages, yet still visible in the distance; and whose names have some of them survived in the old heroic poems and ballads of the country.

To this class will be found to belong the two which are entitled, "The Faithful Eckart," and the "Tannenhäuser, or Dweller of the Firs." Of the former of these mention is made in the Preface to

the Book of Heroes, an analysis and specimen of which appear in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities,"* from the pen of the most distinguished writer of his age; likewise a great magician of the North.

In his introduction to both these stories, Tieck takes occasion to observe, that he was indebted for his idea of the Venus-berg to a tradition current during the middle ages; but that in respect to the poem of the "Tannenhäuser," as well as that of the "Niebelungen," he was wholly unacquainted with them at the period when he composed the second portion of his "Faithful Eckart," and "The Dweller of the Fir-woods." He adds, that frequent mention of the former occurs in the writings of old Hans Sachs and other poets, by all of whom he is represented as keeping constant watch before the Venus-berg. Hence, too, he borrowed his ideas of some of the following prose and poetic fictions.

* A work of admirable learning, taste, and execution, produced by the conjoint labours of several very able antiquarians, but unfortunately presented to the world in somewhat too unwieldly and uninteresting a shape.—Ed.

LOVE-MAGIC; SOME CENTURIES AGO.

ABSORBED in his own thoughts, Emilius sat leaning his head upon the table, awaiting the arrival of his friend Roderick. His lamp began to burn dim; it was a cold winter's evening, and he wished his fellow-traveller would return, although, at one time, he had as earnestly avoided his society. The truth was, he had determined that evening to entrust him with a secret, and farther solicit his advice in what way to act. The unsocial Emilius found, or rather imagined so many difficulties, so many insurmountable obstacles in the commonest affairs and occurrences of life, that fortune seemed to have thrown him in Roderick's way out of a mere freakish ironical humour; as the latter afforded in every respect almost a ludicrous contrast to his poor friend. Volatile, affable even to flattery, influenced and determined by first impressions, Roderick undertook every thing, was every one's adviser, thought nothing too difficult for him, and was least of all to be deterred from pursuing his object. Not so in prosecuting his undertaking to an end: he soon grew weary, and broke down

almost as suddenly as he had first entered upon his career. His elasticity and inspiration of ideas then forsook him; every little obstacle, instead of acting as a spur to incite him to greater efforts, induced him to relax them, and to undervalue the task which he had so warmly approved and commenced. Thus his plans lay all confused, without a motive and without conclusion; abandoned as weakly as they had been conceived. Hence, too, not a day passed without some difference of opinion arising between the two friends, which often seemed to threaten the continuance of their regard; yet this apparent hostility was perhaps the real bond which more intimately united them. They were, in fact, truly attached to each other; although both felt no little satisfaction in the idea, that they had the best grounds in the world for complaining of each other's whims.

Emilius was a young man of fortune, of an enthusiastic, irritable and melancholy temperament. He had early become master of his own time and property; had set out on a tour to enlarge his views, and had latterly spent some months in a celebrated city to enjoy the pleasures of the carnival; about which, however, he in truth cared very little. Still he had to meet the very significant expectations of his relations, whom he had scarcely ever visited; but who calculated upon splendid

proofs of his great fortune, in his future style of living. Meanwhile, the fickle and busy Roderick urged him forward; for he had quarrelled with his guardians, and in order to rid himself altogether of their tedious admonitions, he had eagerly embraced the opportunity of accompanying his new friend upon his tour.

As they proceeded, indeed, they had often come to the resolution of separating; yet in every dispute, the more serious it seemed to grow, the more sensibly did both feel, when they came to bid farewell, how impossible it was for them to part. They had barely alighted in any new city, before Roderick protested he had already beheld all the most remarkable objects it contained, and which were forgotten before the next day; while Emilius devoted a full week to the examination of libraries;—suffered nothing curious to escape him; leaving Roderick, meanwhile, to form a thousand acquaintances, visit a thousand places, and return with some of his new friends to invade his companion's quiet apartment. Nay, he would not scruple, when the company he had brought grew tiresome, to leave Emilius with them alone; and set out in quest of something fresh. Often, of a truth, he brought the reserved Emilius into the most cruel dilemma, by passing extravagant encomiums upon his merits and acquirements, before learned and

distinguished men; dwelling upon his familiarity with languages, antiquities, and the arts, upon all of which he was well qualified, he said, to give lectures to the most accomplished audience; yet the volatile wretch had never had even patience enough to listen to his friend, when discoursing on any one of these subjects. Whenever Emilius once betook himself to active employment, his restless friend was sure to have engaged himself to some ball, or in some excursion on the sledge, when his couch was certain for that night, at least, to remain unpressed; and Emilius, while travelling in the society of one of the liveliest, most restless, and sympathizing of beings, was left in complete solitude.

That day, however, Emilius looked for his arrival with confidence, as he had extorted the most warm and willing promise, that he would spend this very evening with him, in order to receive an explanation as to the cause of his friend's evident anxiety and low spirits, during some weeks past. Emilius, meanwhile, amused himself with penning the following lines upon a subject which filled all his thoughts:—

How sweet and pure life's vernal gales,
When every bird that sings,
Pours strains all like the nightingale's,
Till wood and valley rings,
And leaves and flowers tremble like breathing things.

How sweet in golden moon-lit hours,
When evening airs first blow,
Through calm and fragrant Linden-bowers
To feel them as we go—
And hear their music with the streamlet's flow:

Serenely shines the rosy light,
When fay-rings deck the fields,
Love peeps from every rose of night,
From every star that yields
Its lamp to lovers, and their raptures gilds.

Yet sweeter, purer, far to me
The pale light of that lamp,
Where in her chamber I may see
That face and form, whose stamp
Of beauty on my soul, nor time, nor seasons damp.

Behold her white hand through the gleam,
Unloose her lovely zone,
And let her auburn tresses stream
In luscious freedom down,
And from her fair brows take her rosy crown.

Hark! 'twas the music of her lute—
Sweet notes might wake the dead—
From every string, till through my mute
And listening soul their magic sped
The light of mirth and joy, with griefs that bled.

Let me approach—near and more near,
In conscious honour bold,
Nor more depart until she hear
The tale I'd long have told,
And learn that love is all my hope—my world.

Emilius rose impatiently. It grew darker, and Roderick did not appear; much as he longed to confide to him his secret, that of his attachment to a fair unknown, who resided directly opposite, and who thus kept him night and day awake, and at home. At last he heard footsteps on the stairs, his door opened without any preliminary knock, and two masks, of most revolting aspect, marched boldly in. One of these was a Turk, arrayed in red and blue silk; the other a Spaniard, in crimson with a mixed pale yellow, with fine waving feathers in his hat. Emilius expressing his impatience at this intrusion, his friend Roderick unmasked, displaying the same smiling countenance as usual, and exclaiming, "Lord! my poor friend, what a rueful face! Is that a face for the Carnival, think you? I have brought my young friend here to entertain you. There is a grand ball to-night in the masquerade rooms, and as I well know that you have taken an oath not to go, except you wear mourning, which is your every-day habit—we are glad to find you ready dressed; so you will go along with us: it is getting rather late."

Emilius, not a little irritated, replied, "It would seem that according to your habit, likewise, Sir, you have broken your engagement to me this evening:" then turning towards the stranger, he added, "I am much concerned that it will not be in my power to

accompany you; and my friend has been too hasty in engaging for me. Indeed, it is quite out of the question, as I happen to have something of importance to communicate to him." The stranger, aware of the meaning of this, instantly withdrew; Roderick resumed his mask, walked before the mirror, and said, "Is it not true? one looks quite hideous. Upon my honour it is a remarkable proof of ill taste; it is a notable discovery of mine."

"There is no question of that: nothing new at all in caricaturing yourself, and running after the most absurd amusements; but perhaps you are possessed."

"This is all said in spite," returned Roderick, "because you can't dance; because you consider it a most d——nably grievous offence; and so nobody must be merry. It is truly pitiable to see a man turn himself into a bundle of conceited prejudices."

"It is certain," replied Emilius, in high dudgeon, "there is occasion enough for them, in reference to you; yet I was simple enough to believe, from what passed between us, that you would have given me the pleasure of your company for one short evening."

"True; but it is the Carnival," returned the other, "and all my acquaintance, with several ladies to boot, are expecting to see me at the grand ball. Only consider, my good fellow, that it is sheer sick-

ness that gives you such an unreasonable aversion to all kind of fun."

"I will not pretend to decide," retorted Emilius, "which of us is sick: but thy irreclaimable frivolity, thy determination to ruin thyself, thy mad pursuit of pleasure, with the elevation of thy head, and the emptiness of thy heart, are, doubtless, no good symptoms of a sound mind. You would do well to imitate my weakness, as you call it, if such it be, in some things; and think with me, that there is nothing in the world so utterly intolerable as that mad riot called a ball, with all the frightful noise called its music. It has been truly observed, that to the dumb, happily exempt from the nuisance, a ball appears a dance of bedlamites; but I am of opinion that this frightful music itself—this eternal harping upon a few notes in quick, incessant repetion—in certain miscalled melodies, which really set all one's thoughts, I might add, all one's blood, into commotion,—'confusion thrice confounded,'—so as to require no little time to recover from the injury;—I say that all this must be downright folly and insanity; insomuch that, if dancing ought to be tolerated, it should be on conditions that there be no music; but both are intolerable."

"What a paradoxical wretch!" cried the Mask, in high good humour; "you have gone so far as to accuse the most natural, innocent, and delightful

amusement in the world, of absurdity, folly, and insanity."

"I cannot account for it," continued his friend, more seriously, "how certain tones of music have made me feel unhappy from my childhood; even often reduced me to the brink of despair. To me the world of sound appears as if haunted with goblins, furies, and all kind of ill spirits; which wave their wings over me, and mock and mow in my face."

"Weak nerves,—blue devils all!" exclaimed his friend, "just like your abhorrence of spiders, and other innocent worms and creepers."

"Innocent do you call them," cried his irritated companion. "Yes; as long as they do not oppose you. To me, who indulge a feeling of utter repugnance at the sight of toads and spiders, and that most detestable of all ugly nondescripts, a batt; —to me, I say, they are like ferocious wild beasts; and you cannot deny but that their nature *is* strongly opposed to ours. Let unbelievers experience some of the phantoms of a sick man's dream, or behold some of Dante's pictures of terror, and declare that *they* are not horrible!

"How, in fact, should we rightly appreciate the forms of beauty itself, without detesting and wondering at the sight of these; so naturally and instinctively as it were opposed to them?"

"Why amaze us?" inquired Roderick, "why should the great world of water, for instance, present us with this terrific character, to which your ideas have become accustomed,—why should not such objects more likely appear under an odd, entertaining, and ridiculous view, so that the whole province of nature should bear some resemblance to a well furnished comic masquerade. Your whims, however, run yet farther; for just in proportion as you would almost worship the rose, you are inclined to despise and detest other flowers; yet what has the fine yellow lily done, with so many of its other summer sisters? Some kind of colours, in the same way, displease you; some scents, and some sounds; yet you make no exertion to rise superior to such fancies, weakly giving way to them; insomuch that a bundle of such peculiarities will soon occupy the place which your egotism should possess."

Emilius was highly incensed at this language, but said not a word. He had already changed his mind, in regard to entrusting Roderick with his secret, who, on his part, expressed no curiosity to hear it—a secret which his gloomy companion had alluded to with so very important an air. He sat playing with his mask, in an arm-chair, in the most careless attitude, until, as if suddenly recollecting

himself, he jumped up, exclaiming "Oh, Emilius, be so good as to lend me your large mantle."

"What for, Sir?" inquired the other.

"I hear music in the church there over the way," replied Roderick, "and I have already let slip the opportunity several evenings; to-night I am well reminded, and I can disguise this fancy dress under your great mantle, mask and turban and all; then, as soon as it is finished, I can go to the ball."

The grumbling Emilius took the mantle from his drawers, gave it to his friend in the act of going, and forced himself to a kind of ironical smile.

"There," said Roderick, "is my Turkish scymitar for you, which I purchased yesterday, (covering himself at the same time with his mantle); "it is not good to carry so serious a weapon upon a fool's errand, not knowing to what purpose it may be misapplied, should a bit of a breeze, or any other pleasant adventure, afford an opportunity. To-morrow we two meet again, until when farewell, and try to be content." Neither waiting for, nor receiving any answer, he ran down the steps.

Once more left alone, Emilius sought to remove his vexation by viewing his friend's conduct only in a ludicrous point of view. He examined the naked, elegantly wrought dagger, and said, "How must that

man feel who is piercing his enemy's bosom with steel sharp as this; or who, still more, wounds a beloved object with it?" He then sheathed it; softly raised the sashes of his window, and gazed across the street. But he saw no light; all was gloom in the opposite house: the lovely form which dwelt there, and was accustomed, about this time, to be seen engaged in her little household affairs, had some way disappeared. "Perhaps she is at the ball!" thought Emilius, little as it appeared adapted to her usual secluded mode of life. Suddenly, however, there appeared a light, and the little attendant, who usually appeared along with his unknown beauty, approached the window sashes with a lamp, and drew them up. A crevice, however, remained, which admitted a view of part of the room from the spot where Emilius stood, and where he was often rejoiced to stand until past midnight rooted to the ground. He watched each motion of her hand, every feature of his beloved, as if enchanted; and could have stood gazing for hours, when he saw her sit down, and begin to teach the little girl to read, to sew, or to knit. He had learnt from inquiry, that the child was a poor orphan, of whom the lovely maiden had kindly taken charge, intending to give her an education. The friends of Emilius could not conjecture why he inhabited this narrow street, in an inconvenient house; appeared

so little in any kind of society, and in what business he was occupied. Yet he was unoccupied, in solitude, and happy; except in as far as he accused himself of an unsocial, shy disposition, for not venturing upon a nearer intercourse with this beloved being, although she had frequently smiled upon and greeted him when she became aware of his notice. He little dreamed that, on her part, she was as deeply engaged with him. What wishes she cherished in her bosom, what difficulties, what sacrifices she felt herself capable of encountering, in order to insure the success of her hopes!

After pacing the room for some time, observing that the light along with the child had disappeared, he suddenly resolved, in spite of his want of inclination, to go to the ball, as it struck him that his fair unknown might chance to have deviated, in this instance, from her usual style, and was gone to enjoy a little of the world and its vanities. The streets were just lighted up; the snow crumbled under his feet; the carriages rolled past him; and masks of the most opposite character whistled and jeered, and twitted him as they went by. From many a house came the detested music bursting upon his ear, and yet he could not contrive to find the shortest path towards the assembly rooms. Crowds of persons in every direc-

tion were rushing, as if they were mad, to reach the desired spot. He approached the ancient church; looked wistfully at its old high towers, frowning darkly through the dim midnight, and enjoyed the dreary stillness and solitude of the deserted place. He took his station in the recess of a large tower, whose variety and grandeur of architecture he had often admired, indulging his taste for ancient art, and the recollection of other times; and here, for some moments, he yielded himself up to the melancholy reflections which the scene inspired. Shortly, however, his attention was directed towards a strange figure, pacing to and fro in evident impatience and anxiety, as if expecting some one's arrival. By the light of a lamp, burning before a figure of the Virgin, he could distinguish the features; and, in particular, the singular attire of this person. It was an old hag of the most revolting appearance, and the more remarkable, as she was seen in the act of stabbing at a scarlet bodice, adorned with gold, in a wild manner, as if she were acting some mad part. Her robe was of a dark hue, and the cap she had on her head, likewise sparkled with rich gems and gold. At first Emilius conjectured it to be some horrible kind of mask; one of those which, like himself, had missed his way; but he was soon convinced by the clear light, that it was really an old, horrid, yellow

wrinkled countenance, and no burlesque. Soon there appeared two men, both wrapped in mantles, approaching the place cautiously and slowly; and frequently looking round, to observe whether any one was following them. The old hag went forward to meet them.

"Have you lights," she inquired hastily; in a hoarse tone of voice.

"Here they are," replied one of the men. "You know the price, and manage the affair right—right well."

The old creature then put money into one of their hands, which he seemed to be counting under his mantle.

"I trust," she added, "that you will find them cast exactly after the same art and pattern, so that their workmanship will not appear."

"Don't be anxious," said the other, as he departed quickly; leaving his companion, a young man, with the strange-looking creature alone.

He took her hand, saying, "Is it possible, Alexia, that such forms and ceremonies, and such strange old sayings and invocations, in which I had never the smallest belief, can really control our free will, and make us love and hate at their command?"

"So it is," cried the old red-mantled wretch; "but all things must conspire together. Not

merely those lights, dipped in blood, and moulded in the new moon; not these magic forms and invocations. Many other potent charms are to be added to them, which the initiated well understand."

"Insomuch am I then beholden to you," said the stranger. "To-morrow, after midnight, I shall be at your service," replied the old woman; "you will not have been the first who has found reason to repent of my acquaintance. To-day, as you have heard, I am occupied for another, upon whose whole mind and senses our art will work very powerfully." She laughed out, as if in triumph, as she pronounced these last words; and she and her companion then separated in different directions. Emilius shuddering stepped from his hiding-place, and fixed his eyes upon the image of the Virgin and child.

"Before thine eyes, most chaste and holy one," he involuntarily exclaimed, "have the evil ones broken off their hateful dialogue; yet separated only to pursue their vile and unlawful practices upon the reason and free-will of the innocent. Yet, as thou art yet seen, most pure and lovely one, embracing thy tender child, so doth the power of invisible love protect us; and in joy as in sorrow, our heart turns towards that source of mightier strength and charity, which is never known

to desert its orphan children. Clouds pass over the spire of the tower, casting their shadows across this rude and massy pile. The eternal stars cast their soft and quiet rays, and seem to regard us with a tender power."

Emilius then turned from the nocturnal scene, and began to dwell upon the beauty of his beloved. He mixed once more with the crowds in the streets; gradually approaching nearer the bright and splendid ball-rooms, whence he could already catch the sounds of voices, rolling carriages; and, in certain pauses, the loud pealing notes of the music itself.

In the rooms, too, he was soon lost in the waves of a sea of beauty and fashion flowing to and fro; of dancers, masks, and *mimes*, elbowing him on all sides; while kettle-drums and trumpets assailed his ear, insomuch that he hardly knew whether his waking life were not a dream. He pushed his way, however, through rows of fashionables; bent on catching the eye of his own fair girl in every face he saw, with her bright brown tresses; and that night he longed more than usual to behold her. He secretly reproached her, at the same time, for mingling in such a scene, and thus rendering him guilty of the same folly. "No," said he to himself, "no heart that truly loved could open its feelings to such emotions as here triumph in the

woes they create: rank jealousy, and tears, and food for blood, mixed with the ranting mockery of wild music—such as drums and trumpets, fit only for murderous scenes, afford. Away! it is the murmur of the trees; the bubbling fall of waters; the burst of involuntary joy and song, filling the happy bosom with nature's sweetest pleasures;—this is the music for love. But this! this, alas, is more akin to the bold and raving tumult, the shouts of madness and despair." He found not her whom he sought, and the idea of the beloved face being concealed under a mask, made his search still more anxious and unprofitable. He had already traversed the hall three several times; and reviewed all the unmasked ladies whom he found seated—all in vain. Just then, the Spaniard came up to him, and said "It is amusing enough, indeed, to see *you* here after all. You are, perhaps, seeking your friend."

No! Emilius had quite forgotten him; but replied in an embarrassed tone, "In fact I am surprised not to find him; for his mask is easily recognised."

"Do you know in what the whimsical gentleman is engaged, Sir? He has neither danced nor remained long in the rooms, for he found here my friend Anderson, just arrived from the country. Their conversation turning upon literature, and the

stranger being unacquainted with the new poem which lately appeared, Roderick took him aside into another room, where they are shut up together perusing it with great zest.

"Not at all unlikely," said Emilius; "for he follows nothing with so much pleasure as his own whims. I have tried every means, and even quarrelled with him more than once, to dissuade him from this extempore mode of life;—from devoting his whole existence to sudden impromptus and to whims; but I fear they are so thoroughly engrafted in his nature, that I verily believe he would rather part with the best friend he has than with them. This identical work, which has so greatly taken his fancy, and which he every where carries about him, he began to read to me the other day. Yet he had scarcely got into its beauties and awakened some degree of interest, when, in spite of my intreaties that he would forbear, he suddenly sprang up, and tying on a cooking apron, he said he must instantly go and superintend the broiling of a beef-steak, in which he said he could instruct the first cook in Europe, although, indeed, he more frequently spoiled than broiled the beef-steak to my liking; and I protested I wanted to have the poem, and not the steak."

The Spaniard laughed. "Has he never been in love then?" he inquired.

"Yes! in his own way," continued Emilius, more seriously, "just as if he meant to make a farce of it; while he declared he was on the brink of despair, he was a sound man again in little more than a week."

They were here separated by the throng; and Emilius proceeded in search of his friend, whom he heard loud in argument—so loud as easily to lead him, from some distance, into the right chamber. "Lord! is one to believe one's own eyes?" he cried, as he saw Emilius approach. "It is very lucky, as I have just got to the place where I left off when we were interrupted: so you can sit down and listen."

"At present I am not in the humour," replied Emilius; "and I think this is no time nor place for such kind of entertainment."

"Why not?" inquired Roderick; "we ought not always to listen to our humours, you know, Emilius; and every time is good to employ ourselves in so laudable a manner. But, perhaps, you had rather dance, Emilius; the ladies are in want of partners, and you may easily, at the expence of a pair of weary heels, a few hours gentle curvetting, become a favourite with them."

"Adieu, at present, skitterwit," returned his friend, with his hand on the door. "I am for home."

"A word with you yet," cried Roderick, as his

friend was going; "I am off early in the morning, with my companion here, on a few days' tour; though I promise you a call P. P. C. before we set out. Only if you should happen to be asleep, do not waken yourself merely to bid me good-bye; for in three days I am with you again. That is one of the most extraordinary fellows," he continued, as Emilius left the room; "the most miserable, dull, serious—in fact, I cannot conjecture what is the matter with him. He takes no pleasure in any thing—his name ought to have been Kill-joy. He must feel interested only in what he conceives noble, grand, magnanimous, with a dash of sympathy and the *lachrymose*, which he more especially looks for in a comedy. Were he at a puppet-show which did not chime in with his ridiculous pretensions, he would assume the most tragical airs, and fall foul of the whole world, asserting that it contained nothing but what was crude, rude, and ridiculous. Under the humourous masks of old Pantaloon and Punchinello, he expects to find the most preposterous fine feelings and lofty impulses; and will have Harlequin to philosophise with him upon the emptiness of all things. Then, on finding himself disappointed, the tears start into his eyes, and he turns his back upon the motley good-humoured personages with an expression of anger and contempt."

"Is he melancholy, too?" inquired Roderick's companion.

"No! not downright melancholy—only spoiled by his over-indulgent parents—and then by himself. He is accustomed to think and think, and feel and feel, with the due return and precision of ebb and tide; and when such thought or emotion did not return just as he expected, he shouted a miracle, and offered a premium for the physical inquiry and discovery of so strange a phenomenon. He is the best fellow under the sun; but all attempts to remove his rooted perversity go for nothing; and if I would not wish to be insulted for my good opinion of him, I must warrant it."

"He is, perhaps, in want of a physician?" said the other.

"But it is one of his peculiarities," replied Roderick, "to hold medicine in utter contempt. He opines that disease assumes an individual character in each respective subject, and is not to be treated according to general symptoms or established theories. He has more faith in sympathetic influences and the cures of old women. In the same way he despises in other respects every thing we call order, moderation and frugality. From childhood his favourite idea has been that of some noble character, and his chief aim to unite, as far as possible, such ideal excellence in himself with a lofty contempt of all

things, more particularly of money. Thus, in order to avoid the least suspicion of being economical, he purposely dissipates it as fast as he can; so as to contrive, in spite of an immense income, to remain always poor; and is the ready tool of all those who choose to take advantage of this species of magnanimity to which he is so much attached. How to become his friend, and how to serve him, is the problem of all problems; for you have only to cough, to eat with too little dignity, or, most of all, to pick your teeth, in order to offend him mortally."

"Was he never in love?" inquired the stranger.

"Whom should he love?" replied Roderick, "despising as he does all the daughters of Eve. Were he to detect his ideal fair in a fashionable dress, or in the act of dancing, the sight would break his heart; perhaps he might die on the spot if she were so unlucky as to catch a cold."

Meanwhile, Emilius had mixed in the crowd, when he suddenly felt himself attacked by that wild and strange feeling of anxiety and alarm which so often surprised him amidst a vast human throng, and seemed to pursue him as he fled from the assembly towards his own house. He paced the deserted streets with an eager desire to reach his chamber, and throwing himself into a chair, for the first time that evening felt some relief. His lamp

was already extinguished; he bade his servant retire to rest, and seating himself in a musing posture, he began to ruminate upon the impressions made upon him by the ball—upon all he had that night seen and heard.

Wearied at length with thought, he went and looked out of his window: and there he beheld the bright vision in the chamber opposite—lovely as ever. Her dark brown tresses streaming over her white neck, and playing in a thousand wanton folds. She was in a loose undress, and appeared engaged in some little domestic arrangements previous to retiring to rest. He observed her place two lighted tapers in two corners of the room—spread a white cloth over the table, and then retire. Emilius now yielded himself up to the most flattering dreams; the image of his beloved still stood arrayed in all her charms before his fancy,—when, to his utter dismay, he beheld the frightful old red-hooded woman step quickly into the room. The bright gold shone quite terrific from her large haggard face and bosom, and cast a red glow, glaring still redder with the light, upon the wall. He turned away his eyes!—he looked again, and she was gone. Was he to believe his senses? Was it some illusion of the night, which his own heated and alarmed imagination had conjured up?

"Oh no," he cried, "she is coming back more

horrible than before!" for she had unlocked her grizly, greyish-black hair, which hung in disorder over her back and breast; while the lovely girl followed, pale and disfigured, her beauteous bosom bare; her whole form most resembling a marble statue. Between them stood the pretty little child, which crept weeping close to the young woman, whose eyes were turned another way. But the timid creature stretched forth its hands, and caressed the lovely maiden's neck and cheeks, as if exhorting her protection against that fearful old woman. But in vain: her bony hand was already in its hair; in her other, she held a silver basin; and then murmuring some horrid words, she plunged a knife into its throat. Next there appeared to rise something out of the place behind them; neither, however, appeared to notice it; for both seemed then as much terrified as Emilius himself. It wound itself up in a spiral form, higher and higher, amid the gloomy light, and now appeared like a huge dragon, which crawled towards the dead body lying, still throbbing, in the old woman's arms: it sucked the red-flowing blood from the wound; and then fixed its dark-green sparkling eye upon that of Emilius, through the open crevice which betrayed this terrific scene. That look suddenly shot through the frame, the brain and heart of Emilius; and he fell senseless upon the ground.

In this state he was found by Roderick several hours afterwards, on his return.

Time flew. It was a beautiful summer morning; and in the umbrageous shade of a pleasant garden, sat a bright, gay, bridal party, looking and chattering pleasantly. Abundance of healths were drunk to the happiness of the handsome young couple, though neither were yet present. The bride was still busied with her maids at the toilet, while her lover was taking a delightful walk, meditating, doubtless, upon his exceeding good fortune, now drawing rapidly nigh.

"'Tis really a pity," cried Anderson, "that we have no music:—the ladies are sadly out of tune, for they never felt so irresistibly inclined to dance in all their lives,—because they must not,—as this very day. But, you know, music would be the death of him."

"Yet I can inform you," returned a young officer, "that we shall, nevertheless, have a ball; a right mad and riotous one too. Every thing is in readiness; the musicians have secretly arrived, and taken up a safe and invisible position. Roderick has conducted the whole proceedings; though he says we must none of us offer to interfere with, much less to pass any remarks upon his friend to-day, whatever may be his odd humour. He is more kind and reasonable, I think, than he was," said the officer,

"and on that account, I think too, the change of places will not prove disagreeable. Yet this sudden marriage is somewhat against one's expectations."

"There is only one opinion upon that. The tenor of his whole life," continued Anderson, "is as singular as his character. I believe you are all acquainted with his journey, last autumn, to visit our city. He spent the winter here, like an anchorite, secluded in his chamber the whole time; entering into no sort of amusements, not so much as going to the theatre. He very nearly quarrelled with his friend Roderick, for trying to amuse him, and not being as miserable as himself. His irritability and eccentricity was, doubtless, for the most part, disease; for, if you will recollect, he was seized with a horrid nervous fever, which had nearly carried him off, and hung upon him at least four months. When his imagination had raged itself to rest, he came to himself, but could recal nothing but his earlier years of childhood; his memory, as to what had happened during his journey, and during his illness, having totally failed him. He did not even know his former friends; and it was long before Roderick himself could revive their acquaintance; until, by degrees, traces of past occurrences began to cast some dim glimmerings over his mind. His uncle had kindly taken him under his own roof, in order to attend personally to his wants, and treated

him every way like his own child. When he first went to breathe the open air, on a mild spring day, in the park, he saw a young lady seated a little distance from him, apparently absorbed in thought. She looked up, and her eyes met his; at the same moment, as if seized by an irresistible impulse, he stopped. He approached her, and taking both her hands in his, he burst into a flood of tears. His friends became again anxious for his reason; but henceforth, he grew calmer, more cheerful and more sociable. He soon announced himself to the parents of the lady, and requested her hand in marriage; a request which was complied with. He now felt happy; seemed to enjoy new life, and daily became stronger and more cheerful. About a week ago he arrived here, on a visit to me; the country round appeared much to his taste; and, in fact, he would give me no rest until I agreed to sell him the estate. I might easily have turned his predilection for it to a good account; for whatever he sets his heart upon, he will purchase at all risks. So we agreed, and he instantly determined upon taking up his abode here for the summer; and here we are all assembled at my old residence, to celebrate our friend's nuptials."

This country seat was on a large scale, and very pleasantly situated. On one side it overlooked a river, with hills in the distance;—it was surrounded with fine plantations, and a garden, well stocked

with the sweetest plants and flowers, in the centre. The orange and the citron shed their rich odours in the spacious hall. The range of rooms was noble and elegant, with only small side-doors, which led to the household establishment, well supplied with eating-rooms, cellars, &c. On the other side opened a rich prospect of lawns and meadows, extending into a large park; while to each long and stately wing of the edifice, was attached a large open court, whence, from three rows of marble pillars, rose numbers of broad, lofty steps, leading into the respective halls and chambers; which gave a very imposing, as well as novel and pleasing air to the whole edifice: for on this side were seen a number of figures, as you entered the porches, engaged in a variety of occupations, extending through the lofty rooms; while between the halls and the way to the respective chambers, you met with others of every description, proceeding to and fro along the passages and noble corridors at pleasure. Of these, some parties were engaged at tea, others at play; while beyond the whole of these spacious apartments, rose the aspect of a theatre, round which numbers of guests were lingering, in anticipation of the novel and charming entertainments in store for them.

The whole party of young people rose with an air of respect, as the lovely bride, richly adorned, approached them along the garden. She was dressed

in violet-coloured velvet, with sparkling ornaments round her snow-white neck; while still more costly gold was thrown into stronger relief by her full, white, heaving bosom. Her dark auburn tresses were bound with a myrtle crown, mixed with other flowers, which seemed to gather fresh beauty from her looks. With a charming air she greeted all her guests; the young men standing in astonishment at her surpassing loveliness. She had been gathering flowers in the garden, with which she was returning, in order to inspect the progress of the approaching entertainments. The tables were spread in the long galleries; their rich covers of a dazzling white—their bright silver and glowing crystals, and vessels filled with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, seemed to lull the senses in a dream of delight. The ceilings were overhung with garlands of the choicest greens and flowers, resembling one grand bower, the charm of which was not to be described, as the blooming bride entered the gallery, winding her way through a Paradise of love and flowers. She was seen to proceed through the opposite doors, visiting the whole arrangements in the adjacent halls; and then mounting into the corridor, she went up the marble steps into her own chamber.

"By Heavens!" cried Anderson, "there goes the most charming and exquisite creature, I think, I have ever seen. Our friend is a very happy fellow, indeed."

"Yes, and I think," said the officer, "that her paleness heightens all her charms. How her dark hazel eyes lighten over her cheeks, and from under her dark tresses, giving her face so fine a relief;—and then that moist warm redness of her ripe lips is surely something more than mortal; she has quite an irresistible, almost a magic air about her—something enchanting one cannot describe."

"It is that look of calm tender melancholy," replied Anderson, "which seems to invest her with more dignity."

The bridegroom now approached, and inquired for his friend Roderick, who had been missing some time, and no one could conjecture where he was. They all went in search of him. "He is in the hall below," said a young man whom they met, "busily engaged with some of the domestics, showing them some new tricks at cards. They proceeded to the spot, and surprized the great domestic oracle, who proceeded, however, with his magical evolutions, to the astonishment of the whole admiring household. When he at length concluded, he agreed to go with his friends into the garden, observing, "I only do this to strengthen the rascal's faith; for the art I have displayed will make some impression upon these free-thinking jockies, and tend to their conversion."

"So I find," said the bridegroom, "that in ad-

dition to his other talents, my friend does not despise the fame of a charlatan, odd as it may appear."

"Yes, we live in wonderful times," rejoined the other; "one ought, in fact, to despise nothing now, for we never know how soon it may prove useful to us."

When Roderick and his friend were at last left to themselves, the latter turned into a shady walk, observing, "How strange that I should feel so low and odd on such a day as this! Yet I assure you, Roderick, of a truth, whatever you may think, that it is quite too much for me to mingle in this vast throng—to notice each and all of my guests; to omit not a single one of my old and new relatives; to pay respect to the old people, compliment to the ladies, welcome the coming, speed the going, and despatch messengers for every thing—in all directions."

"Oh!" replied Roderick, "all this is done of itself; your household is right well stocked and well ordered; your house-steward keeps all hands and all legs in exercise, and every thing proceeds in a way to reach the consummation of all good cheer, without confusion of dishes or of guests:—the whole hostship will go off with an air and a grace; depend upon your old steward and your young bride for that."

"I was walking this morning," said Emilius, "before sun-rise in the woods; I felt keenly and deeply how decided a step I had taken—how this new connexion had given me a vocation and a home. I at last approached near yonder bower:—I heard voices—it was my beloved girl's in confidential dialogue with some one. 'Has it not happened,' said the stranger, 'just as I foretold it would? You have your wish, and therefore rest content.' I did not venture to disturb them, though I approached nearer to listen—the next moment they were both gone. Yet I keep thinking what could be the meaning of those words!"

Roderick said, "Perhaps she may have long loved you without your knowledge—you are so much the happier."

One of the latest nightingales here began its song, as if inviting the young bridegroom to thoughts of rapture and approaching night. Emilius grew more serious. "Come with me," cried his friend, "into the neighbouring village, and I will soon make you cheer up. There you shall see a bridal pair; for you must not imagine you are the only happy fellow on earth this blessed day. A young page has fallen into the snares of an ugly elderly sort of *soi-disante* maid, who first seduced and is now going to marry the young simpleton. Both by this time are decked out for sacrifice; we

really must have a peep at them—it will be truly an edifying sight."

The serious bridegroom was prevailed upon by his amusing friend, and they hastened to the little cottage. The rural procession was just then preparing to go to church. The young fool was dressed in his ordinary day's frock—only sporting a pair of leather gaiters which he had newly brushed for the occasion. His features were of the simple cast, and he looked rather out of place. The bride had a fine sun-burnt skin; she bore few traces of her younger days, looked coarse and poor, though withal neatly arrayed. She wore red and blue ribbands, somewhat worse for wear, which flew like mill sails round her head dress; which last was built up stiff and high, by means of fat and flower and kitchen skewers, which rose like threatening horns for her unlucky help-mate out of her forehead; while a grand garland crowned the tower of paste upon her head. She laughed and looked very frolicsome, as those do that win; yet withal was a little pale and abashed. The old relatives followed: his father, still a court page, whose hat and coat bore sufficient witness to his poverty. A miserably attired musician brought up the wake of this miserable show, scraping upon his wretched fiddle, to which he added, gratis, as wretched a voice. His instrument was half parchment, half

wood; and, instead of strings, enforced the harmony derived from three pieces of packthread. The procession halted, at the sight of the gracious gentleman's approach. There was a party of bold young rustics, amusing themselves with satirical touches and rural jokes at the expense of the wedded pair; in which the young pages, in particular, as more ingenious and accomplished, bore a shining part. Emilius almost shuddered and turned away; he looked at Roderick, who was already making his escape. An impudent varlet, bent upon displaying his wit, call out to Emilius,

"Well, good gentleman, and what say you to this flaming bridal pair? The poor rogues are somewhat dashed at the idea of wanting a dinner to-morrow; but they have mettle, Sir, and they are going to give us a grand ball to-night—all in the first style."

"No bread?" cried Emilius; "is it so indeed?"

"Oh," said another, "every body knows their poverty; but the rogue says, that life is a good thing, though he got nothing. Oh, yes, truly, love is all in all. The ragamuffin has no bed to lie upon; but what of that? there is straw; and the happy pair have begged enough of strong liquor to drown their cares."

The whole rustic audience laughed aloud at this sally, while the unlucky objects of it cast down their eyes, evidently much hurt and abashed.

Emilius thrust the unfeeling jester aside: "Here, take it," he cried, and gave the bridegroom some hundred ducats, which he had put into his pocket that morning. The bridal pair and the old people at sight of this, cried out and wept aloud, throwing themselves at their benefactor's feet. But Emilius wished to get away.

"There," he cried, "keep want at a distance as long as you can."

"Oh! for ever, for ever, my good, most gracious Sir," echoed all the relations at a time.

Emilius hardly knew how he had escaped,—but he was once more alone, and bent his steps towards the wood. He sought out one of his most secluded spots, and threw himself upon a green hillock, while he there gave free course to his tears.

"Yes! I abhor life," he cried in painful emotion. I cannot be happy and content—I will no longer try! Receive me, Oh! my mother earth, receive me in thy soft cool arms; protect me from the wild beasts that dog my footsteps—protect me from mankind. God in Heaven," he exclaimed, "how have I deserved to array myself in silk, and lie upon down—that the grape should pour its richest juice—that all around should vie, as it were, in offering homage and respect to me? Why, that poor wretch is nobler and better than I, though misery be his nurse, and scorn and bitter mockery his only por-

tion. I feel each precious morsel, and each luscious glass at table, like the commission of some sin; reposing on a downy couch, and wearing soft apparel and ornaments of fine gold, while thousands and millions of naked, hungry, and thirsting wretches are driven at the world's frown—poor outcasts from house to house. Oh! yet, I promise you, ye long tried, long suffering, insulted brotherhood of misfortune—stretched upon your couch of straw, with a sack round your loins for raiment—I would rather encounter your privations and your wanderings, to expiate my indulging sins, than feast at the tables of the rich, whose profusion might afford you all full competence, joy and peace."

The poor enthusiast saw every thing float before him, as in a dream :—he resolved to unite his fate with the unfortunate, and abandon his more happy companions for ever. The party had been long expecting him in the hall—the bride was become anxious—and her relations were in search of him throughout the gardens and the park. At length, however, the mourner returned, more composed for the very tears he had shed, and the splendid entertainments were begun. The party proceeded from the halls below into the table galleries, to take their places for the feast. The bride and bridegroom led the way, at the head of a grand

procession; among whom Roderick had given his arm to a very lively and conversable young lady.

"What can be the reason," she inquired, "of the bride's sad looks? the tears started into her eyes as she came into the gallery with Emilius."

"Because," replied Roderick, "she is at this moment about to enter upon the most important and mysterious change, perhaps, that can occur during life."

"Yet of all brides I ever saw," continued his fair companion, "she surpasses them in solemnity; she looks particularly pale and melancholy; if you will observe, she never really laughs, nor even smiles."

"This confers so much the more honour upon her heart and feelings, as it is opposed to her usual custom. You are not acquainted, perhaps, lady, with her previous conduct. Some years since, she took charge of a little orphan girl, in order to educate her. She devoted her whole time to this tender task, finding her sole reward in her young charge's improvement and attachment to her. When about seven years of age, she had the misfortune to lose this adopted child as she was one day walking through the city; and notwithstanding all her exertions to recover her—all the rewards held out, she was no more heard of. This accident preyed so much upon the lovely creature's mind,

that she has never since recovered her usual cheerfulness; and even yet sighs for the loss of her pretty little playfellow."

"It is truly very interesting," said Roderick's companion; "it may give rise to something very romantic;—an excellent foundation, either for a poem or a romance."

The company now arranged itself at the tables; the bride and bridegroom occupying the middle places, commanding a view of the lovely prospect without. Mirth and good cheer went hand in hand; toasts were drunk, and all were soon in high good humour—more especially the relations of the young bride. The bridegroom alone appeared still reserved, saying and partaking of little; and even starting as he heard the voice of music burst upon his ear. Yet he soon recovered his presence of mind with the softer notes of a distant horn from beyond the gardens, which resounded among the trees, and the far off mountains beyond the park. Roderick had himself stationed the musicians in the rooms over their head, and his friend expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement. Towards the close of the banquet, Emilius summoned his house-steward, and turning to his bride, said, "Suppose, my beloved, we share some portion of our superfluity with the hungry and the destitute." He then gave orders for a quantity of provisions,

wine and fruit, to be sent to the unlucky pair he had that morning seen, in order that they might celebrate their intended feast, and have occasion to hail the return of their marriage-day with a feeling of pleasure.

"Now see, my friend," cried Roderick, "how happily things are connected in this world. That very frivolity and folly which you so often charge me with, has given rise to this same charitable embassy."

Many present were desirous of criticising their host's prudence and misplaced confidence on this occasion, while the bride was about to say something noble and sentimental in his favour.

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet," cried Emilius, in a scornful tone: "it is nothing worth mentioning—it is nothing good, nothing bad;—nothing in the whole proceeding. If the birds around us are permitted to pick up the crumbs thrown from the windows, and carry them to their young, surely there can be no harm in allowing a wretched fellow-creature to glean some portion of the same superfluity. Were I to venture to follow the dictates of my own heart, you would all ridicule me, as you would any other people, who were to seclude themselves in a desert, in order to experience nothing more of the world and its generosity."

All were silent, and in the sparkling eye of his

friend, Roderick detected the utmost displeasure and disdain. He sought, therefore, to calm his feelings by turning to other topics; though without succeeding in withdrawing Emilius from his uneasiness and abstraction. His looks were often directed towards the gallery above, where some of the domestics who occupied the highest floors were engaged in various occupations. At length he observed, after a long pause, to his bride, "Who can that peevish old woman be, making herself so very busy coming and going—her I mean in the grey cloak?"

"Oh!" replied the bride, "she belongs to my household, and is doubtless keeping an eye upon the younger domestics and maidens engaged in different employments."

"But how can you bear such a disagreeable looking old creature in your service so near your person?" replied Emilius.

"Oh! let her wear her ugly looks as long as she lives," replied the young bride, "provided she can be useful to us—for she is so active and honest."

The guests now rose from table—surrounding the lovely pair, and offering up fresh wishes for their happiness. They then pressed, with much ardour, to be permitted to hold the ball: the bride even threw her fair arms around him, and beseeching said, "Surely my beloved will not refuse me

this simple boon, which we have all along anticipated: it is so long since I danced—and I think you never saw me dance:—have you no curiosity to see how I can acquit myself?"

"I think I never saw you so merry, lady: and Heaven forbid that I should mar your enjoyment. No; do as you please—and permit me. I have no desire to render myself voluntarily ridiculous by bounding and curvetting and linking feet and hands."

"Why if you are a bad dancer," she replied, laughing, "depend upon it, nobody will think of troubling you." Having said this, the bride left him to attend to her toilet and make preparations for the ball.

When Emilius, too, had retired, as well as many of the ladies, to attend to their ball dresses, and summon their maids, Roderick invited the young men to accompany him to his apartment. "It will soon be evening," he said; "certes, it is already twilight; and we are none of us dressed. Quick, let us despatch! for to-night we will, once in our lives, be as smart, as jovial, and as mad as we list. Whatever takes you into the head, my pretty fellows, that do without restraint—the worse the better, say I. The more extravagant your whims, the more will I commend you for your folly. There be no hunch-backs so ugly—no goblin, and no

mask, with no disguises and conceits so villanous that shall not be practised and paraded this blessed night. A marriage, gentlemen, is so wonderful an occurrence—the parties find themselves so suddenly metamorphosed, when the yoke with Cupid's speed is suddenly thrown round their necks—that we cannot render such a festival as this too absurd and strange, in order somewhat to excuse the sudden revolution in the young wedded pair's affairs; so that, being still madder than they, we may lull them in a soft elysian dream, and withdraw their minds from the consequences of their folly, by showing ourselves at open war with all moderation and common sense."

"Be at peace," cried Anderson, "let us to work; you shall find no reason to complain. We have brought with us a huge parcel of masks, and all kind of mad, motley dresses, such as will excite your admiration, I think."

"But first behold," cried Roderick, "what I have purchased from my tailor, who was just on the point of cutting it up into lappets. Yes, I was in time to redeem this dress, which he received from the hands of an old god-mother, who, doubtless, had it from the shop of Lucifer, fashioned somewhere on the Blocksberg by Galla. Survey with all your eyes, this scarlet red apron, fringed with golden lace, and this gold-studded cap—which I

shall ever continue to revere. Add to which this green silk gown, with saffron embroidery, and this terrific mask—arrayed in all which I propose, in the shape of an old woman, to guide the whole troop of caricatures into the bridal chamber. Make all despatch you can, and we will then proceed to escort the young bride to the ball-room, with all due pomp and circumstance of fun."

The musical horns were yet playing; part of the company wandered about the gardens, and part were seated in the house. The sun had just set behind a mass of dark clouds, the prospect lay half visible in the grey twilight; when suddenly, from out the gathered clouds, there shot a bright beam, which streaked the prospect around, but more especially the whole edifice, with its walks, and marble pillars, and flowery ornaments, as with streaks of red blood.

The relations of the bride, and the rest of the spectators on the spot, witnessed this very singular sight as it hovered over the corridor above. Then came Roderick, heading his procession of masks and *mimes*, huge monsters of wig and gown, fierce goblins, Punchinellos, and wild female figures, with long tresses and sweeping garments, along with the most terrific figures,—that of Roderick himself, as old red riding-hood; a frightful old woman being none of the least—and almost resembling

some phantasma, or hideous dream. Soon they spread themselves, hooting and leaping about, starting from doors and passages in the domestics' faces, and again vanishing from sight. A few of the spectators had just sufficiently recovered their surprize to enter into the joke, and laughed aloud; when suddenly there burst a real fearful cry from the inmost chambers—and there rushed forth, seen in the red glaring light of dying evening, the pale distracted bride in short white garments, all embroidered with flowers; her beautiful bosom bare, and her tresses sweeping loose in air. Next, like one in raging passion, with rolling eyes, and his features sternly fixed, came Emilius, with the naked Turkish dagger in his hand, pursuing her across the gallery, where, in her terror and confusion she found no outlet, and flew to the opposite side. Just as she reached it, and could go no farther he overtook her; before the grey old woman and the masks could reach the spot. Seizing her by the hair, he pierced her bosom and her white neck, through and through, and her blood flowed rapidly, seen in that same red light of evening that shone so portentous just before. The old hag had by this time wound her arms round him, to tear him back; struggling with her fiercely, he came nigher and nigher, and suddenly slipt over the lofty banisters several stories high, and both fell together

with horrid crash, down at the very feet of the relations of the bride, who had witnessed the bloody spectacle. They were nearly dashed to atoms in the fall. Above and below, through hall and court and corridor, were seen the horrid features of ghosts and goblins, in the shape of masks—who ran howling and weeping over the terrific catastrophe, like dæmons just loosened from their dark abode.

Roderick took his dying friend in his arms. He had found him in his bride's chamber playing with the dagger. She was nearly dressed; but the sight of the hateful red cloak had kindled the bridegroom's fancy afresh;—and the recollection of that fatal night again occurred. Instant he threw himself upon the trembling bride, who escaped from his grasp, in order to avenge the murder he had seen, and punish her for her hateful and diabolical arts. The old hag likewise confessed the murder before she expired; and a whole house of joy was turned into a scene of mourning, tears, and terror.

THE FAITHFUL ECKART

AND THE

TANNENHÄUSER.

PART I.

THAT noble Duke—the great
Of Burgundy's proud land,
Felt all his foemen's hate,
And, vanquish'd, bit the sand.

He spoke: "I 'm struck! I bleed!
Where is my valour fled?
Friends fail me at my need,
My knights are flown or dead:

"I cannot hold the field,
I faint! My strength, my pride,
Has left me here to yield—
True Eckart 's from my side.

"It was not thus of old,
When war raged fierce and strong—
The last to have it told,
He loved his home too long.

"Now, see they trooping come—
Not long my sword is mine:
Flight 's made for the base groom—
I 'll die as died my line.

With that he raised his sword,
And would have smote his breast;
When, truer than his word,
Good Eckart forward prest—

Back spurn'd the vaunting foe,
And dash'd into the throng;
Nor was his bold son slow,
To bring his knights along.

The bold Duke saw the sign,
And cried, "Now God be praised!
Now tremble foemen mine,
My drooping hopes be raised!"

Again he charged and cheer'd,
True Eckart wins the fight;
"But where's his boy?" he heard;—
"No more he sees the light."

When now the foe was fled,
Out spoke the Duke aloud;
"Well hath it with me sped,
Yet Eckart's head is bow'd.

"Though many thou hast slain,
For country and for life;
Thy son lies on the plain,
No more to join the strife."

Then Eckart's tears flow'd fast,
Low stoop'd the warrior down;
Embraced and kiss'd his last,
And sadly made his moan.

"Sweet Heins, how died'st so young?
Ere yet thou wert a man;
What boots it that I 'm strong,
And thou so still and wan?

"Yet thou hast saved thy prince,
From his dread foeman's scorn!
Thou art his—accept him, since
He never will return!"

Bold Burgundy then mourn'd
To see a father's grief;
His heart within him burn'd,
But could not bring relief.

He mingles tears with tears;
He clasps him to his breast;
The hero he reveres,
And speaks his deep distress:—

"Most faithful hast thou been,
When fail'd me all beside;
Henceforth we will be seen,
Like brothers, side by side.

"Throughout all Burgundy,
Be lord of me and mine;
And could more honour be,
I 'd freely make it thine."

He journey'd through the land,
Each liege-man hail'd him home;
To each he gave command,
True Eckart to welcome.

Years elapsed . . . . . It was the voice of an old mountaineer that sung this song, resounding far among the rocks, where the faithful Eckart was sitting upon a declivity, weeping aloud. His youngest boy stood near his father, and said, "Why do you cry so bitterly, my dear father? Why are you so much better and stronger than other men, if you are afraid—can you be afraid of them?"

Meanwhile the Duke, at the head of a hunting-party, was leisurely proceeding homewards; Burgundy himself was mounted upon a stately, richly caparisoned steed. His princely gold and silver trappings sparkled in the evening sun; insomuch that the young Conrad could not sufficiently admire the fine procession as it passed. Faithful Eckart raised his eyes, and looked darkly and sorrowfully towards the place; while his tender Conrad again began to sing, as he lost sight of the princely cavalcade in the distance:—

"If you 'd wield
Sword and shield,
And have good steed
With spear at need
And harquebuss;—what must you do?
You must feel
Your nerves like steel,
Strong in heart and spirit;—
Manhood good
In your blood
To bear you stoutly through with merit."

The old warrior pressed his son to his heart; and looked earnestly at his large clear blue eyes. He then said, "Did you hear the song of the good mountaineer, my boy?"

"Did I?" repeated the boy: "surely he sang loud enough. And are you, then, still that faithful Eckart whom I was glad to hear so praised?"

"That same Duke is now my enemy—he has forgotten the battle in the song: he holds my second son in durance,—yea, hath already laid him low, if I must believe all that the people of the country say."

"Then take your great sword, father, and bear it no longer," exclaimed his brave boy: "they will tremble when they see you; the good people will uphold you the country round, for they say you are their greatest hero."

"No, I must not do that, my boy, for then I should prove my enemies' worst words true. I must not be unfaithful to my native Prince. I will not break my fealty and the peace of the country, to keep which I have sworn."

"But what does he want to do with us?" inquired Conrad impatiently.

Eckart had risen, but he again seated himself, and said, "Dear boy, the whole of that history would sound too harsh and strange in thy young ears. Enough to know that great people always

bear their worst enemy in their own heart, and live in fear night and day. The Duke now thinks he has trusted me too much; and been all along only cherishing a viper in his bosom. Yet in the country they call me the Prince's sword—the strong sword that restored him life and land;—all the people call me Faithful Eckart, and the wretched and oppressed cry unto me for help in the hearing of the Court. This the Duke cannot bear. His envy hath turned to rage, and they who might help, set him against me, and have turned his heart from love to hatred."

The aged hero then related how the Duke had spoken evil words, and banished him from before his face for ever; and how they now became quite strange, like enemies, because envious men had said that he was going to deprive the Duke of his dominions. More sadly did he proceed to tell, as he passed his hand across his eyes, how the Duke had seized upon himself and his son, and accused them of wanting to take his land and life. "Yea, 'tis said he hath even doomed my son to die."

Young Conrad spoke not to his father, seeing he wept:—at length he said, "Father, let me go to the Court; and I will talk to the Duke, that he may be brought to understand you, and treat you better. Should he have hurt a hair of my brother's head, he is so bad a man that you shall punish

him, yet it can scarce be that he hath so soon forgotten all your services."

"Alas! don't you remember the old proverb, poor boy?—

'When the mighty want your hand,
They 'll promise you both gifts and land;
When the evil day hath pass'd,
Their friendship flieth, too, as fast.'

"Yes, and all my long and painful life has gone for nothing. Wherefore did he raise me high above my peers only to plunge me into the lowest ignominy? The love of princes is like a fatal poison, which they ought to reserve only for their enemies, and which finally often proves the ruin of its heedless possessor: so it hath ever been."

"I will hasten to him," said Conrad; "I will plainly remind him of all you have done and suffered for him; and then he will treat you as well as he did before."

"You forget," replied Eckart, "that they have pronounced us traitors: we had better seek refuge together quickly in some foreign land; where we shall, perhaps, be more fortunate than here."

"What, father, in your old age!—and will you turn your back upon our sweet home? Let us rather try any way but this," said Conrad. "I will see the Duke of Burgundy; I will appease and make

him friendly to us; for what harm can he do *me*, though he does hate and fear you?"

"I do not like to let you go," replied Eckart; for my mind misgives me sadly: yet I should like to be reconciled to him, for he was once my kind friend; and for the sake of your poor brother, who is lingering in prison, or perhaps dead."

The sun was now casting its last wild beams upon the green earth; and Eckart sat down, absorbed in deep thought, leaning against the root of a tree. He looked at Conrad earnestly a long while, and at length said, "If you will go, my son, then go now, before the night gathers in: the lights are already up, you see, in the windows of the Duke's castle; I can hear the trumpets sounding at a distance for the festival;—perhaps his son's bride is arrived, and he may feel more friendly disposed towards us."

His son was instantly on his way; yet he parted with him unwillingly, for he no longer put any faith in his own good fortune, or the Duke's gratitude. Young Conrad was bold and hopeful; doubting nothing but that he should touch the Duke's heart, who had heretofore caressed him on his knees.

"Art thou sure thou wilt come back to me, my sweetest child?" cried the old man; "for were I to lose thee—I have seen thee for the last time—the last of thy race." His young son then kissed and

comforted him; promising that he would be with him very soon; and they separated.

Conrad knocked at the castle-gate, and was admitted. The aged Eckart remained seated where he was, exposed to the night winds, all alone. "And I have lost him too; I am sure I have lost him." He cried bitterly in his solitude.—"These eyes will never rest upon his dear face again." While thus lamenting, he saw an old wayfaring man leaning upon his crutch, and trying, at great hazard, to make his way down the mountain. A precipice yawned beneath him, and Eckart, aware of his danger, went and took him by the hand. "Whither are you going?" he inquired, as he assisted him down to the place where he had himself sat.

The old man sat down, and wept till the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. Eckart sought to comfort him with gentle advice, but the other seemed too much afflicted to pay attention to him.

"What terrible calamity can it be that thus overpowers you?" inquired Eckart. "Only try to speak."

"Alas! my children!" exclaimed the aged man.

Then Eckart again thought of Conrad, of Heins, and Dietrich, and became himself inconsolable.

"I say nothing," he added, "if your children are all dead; for then your grief is, indeed, great."

"Oh! worse than dead," exclaimed the other. "No, they are not dead," he repeated in a still more bitter voice, "but they are lost to me for ever! Yea, would to Heaven that they were only dead!"

The good old hero almost shrieked at hearing these words, and beseeched the unhappy father to explain so horrible a mystery; to which the latter replied, "We live in a wonderful world, and these are strange times. Surely the last dreaded day cannot be far from hand, for alarming signs and omens are daily abroad, threatening the world more and more. All evil things seem to have broken loose, beyond their ancient boundaries, and rage and destroy on every side. The fear of God restrains us not—there is no foundation for any thing good; evil spirits walk in the broad day, and boldly scare the good away from us, or celebrate their nightly orgies in their unholy retreats. Oh! my dear Sir, we are grown grey in the world, but not half old enough to have heard such histories as we have heard, to have witnessed the sights we see. Doubtless you have seen the great comet—Heaven's portentous lightnings through the skies, which glare so prophetically down upon us. Every one forebodes disasters, but none think of reforming their lives in order to escape the threatened evil. As if this, too, were not enough, the ancient earth

discovers her trouble, and casts up her mysterious secrets from the deep, while that portentous light serves to reveal them from above. And hark! have you never heard of the strange mountain, which the people round call Venus-berg?"

"No, never," said Eckart, "though I have travelled far and wide here around the hills."

"At that I wonder much," replied the old man, "for the dreadful thing is now become as well known as it is true: for that, good Sir, is the very mountain whither the evil one fled for refuge in the centre of the earth, when the holy Christian faith began to wax strong, and pressed hard upon the heathen idols. There, they now say, that fatal goddess Venus holds her unblest orgies, whither the infernal powers of worldly lust and ambition, and all forbidden wishes, come trooping in myriads for their prey, so that the whole mountain hath become forsaken and accursed from time immemorial."

"On what side lies the mountain?" inquired Eckart.

"There is the mystery; it is a secret," whispered the old man, "which those who know dare not tell, though it is known to be in the power of our great adversary, and that no innocent person will ever venture the discovery. Once only a wandering musician by miracle appeared again, but he came commissioned by the powers of darkness to

traverse the world, and he plays strange notes upon a pipe; sounds which are heard to echo first in the distance, then more loud and sweet. Those who approach too close within his sphere are seized with a strange unaccountable delirium, and away they run in search of the mountain, heedless of every obstacle, and never weary—never satisfied until they gain the fatal summit, which opens for them, and whence there is no return. Their supernatural strength forsakes them only in the infernal abode, when they turn in another direction, wandering round its unhallowed precincts like unblest pilgrims, without the least hope of salvation. I lost all hope of comfort in my sons long ago; they grew wilful and abandoned; they despised their parents and our holy religion itself. Then they began to hear the strange music, and they are now fled far into the hills—the inhabited world is too narrow for them, and they will never stop until they reach the boundless regions below;" and the old man wrung his hands.

"And what is it you think of doing in this affair?"

"What should I do? with this crutch, my only support, I have set out in pursuit of them, being determined either to find them or to die."

At these words he rose with a resolute effort, and hastened forward as fast as his feeble steps could

bear him, as if fearful of losing a moment; while Eckart gazed after him with a look of pity, lamenting his useless anxiety and sorrows yet to come.

"To all his other evils," cried Eckart, "even madness itself does not seem to have brought any relief."

Night came and passed away;—the morning broke, yet no signs of young Conrad. The old warrior wandered among the hills, and cast his eyes wistfully towards the castle; still no one appeared. Then he heard a tumult, as if proceeding from the place; and, no longer able to restrain his anxiety, he mounted his steed that was grazing near, and rode hastily towards the castle. He no longer disguised himself, but spurred boldly among the troops and pages surrounding the castle-gates, not one of whom ventured to stop or lay a hand upon him. All opened to him a path.

"Where is my son Conrad?" inquired the old hero, as he advanced.

"Inquire nothing," said one of the pages, casting down his eyes: "it would only grieve you;—better turn back."

"And Dietrich," added the old man;—"where is he?"

"Mention his name no more," said an aged knight; "the Duke's rage was kindled, and he thought to punish you through him."

Hot scorn flushed the face of the old hero, when he heard these words; grief and rage took possession of him; and he rode through the castle-gates at speed. All opened a way for him with fear and reverence, and he soon threw himself from his horse at the palace doors. With trembling step he mounted into the marble halls.

"Am I here," he cried, "in the dwelling of the man who was once my friend?" He tried to collect his thoughts; but dreadful visions seemed to rise before him, and he staggered wildly into the Duke's presence.

Not aware of his arrival, Burgundy uttered a cry of alarm, as he found himself confronted with the old man. "Art thou the Duke of Burgundy?" asked the old hero.

The Duke replied, "that I am!"

"And hast thou caused my son Dietrich to die?"

The Duke said he had.

"And my youngest boy! my Conrad—was not he too good and beautiful for thy sword?—hast thou killed him too?"

"That I have," said the Duke again.

And Eckart replied, as he shed tears, "Oh, say not that! say not that, Burgundy! for I cannot bear those words—recal them. Say, at least, that it repents you of all you have done, and I will yet try to take comfort, though you have now done your worst to break my heart."

The Duke answered: "Away! thou faithless traitor! hence from my sight! thou art the bitterest enemy I have on the face of the earth."

Eckart stood firm, and said: "Heretofore thou didst call me thy best friend; but good thoughts are now become strange to thee. Never did I aught against thy honour: nay, I have revered and loved thee as my true Prince, so help me God! or here with this hand upon my good sword, I could take speedy and bitter vengeance for all my wrongs. But no, I will for ever banish myself from your presence, and end my few and evil days in solitude and woe."

Having uttered these sad words, Eckart turned away, while Burgundy, agitated with hateful passions, called aloud for his pages and his lancers, who surrounded the old hero, and followed him with the points of their spears out of the Duke's palace; none venturing, though at their lord's command, to put him to death.

Away he spurred at speed,
Eckart that noblest Knight—
And spoke "no more I heed
The world, nor wrong nor right.

"My sons are gone, and I
Am left to mourn alone;
My Prince would have me die,
And friends I have not one."

Then made he to the woods,
And with full heart did strive,
To bear his dismal moods—
To bear his woes and—live.

"I fly man's hated face!
Ye mountains, lakes, and trees,
Be now my resting place,
And join your tears to these.

"No child beguiles my grief,
Their lives were sworn away:
Their days were all too brief,
My last one they did slay!"

Thus wild did Eckart weep
Till mind and sense were gone—
Then madly down the steep
He spurr'd his true steed on.

He bounded, leaped, and fell;
Yet Eckart took no heed;
But said it was right well,
Though sadly he did bleed.

He next ungirt his horse
And lay down on the ground;
And wish'd it had happ'd worse,
That he his grave had found.

None of the Duke's peasantry could say whither the faithful Eckart had fled, for he had taken to the wild mountain-woods, and been seen by no

human being. The Duke dreaded his great courage and prudence, and he repented that he had not secured him; blaming his pages that they had suffered him to escape. Yet, to make his mind more easy, he proceeded, at the head of a large train, as if going to the chace, being determined to ride through all the surrounding hills and woods until he should find the spot where Eckart had concealed himself, and there put him to death.

His followers spread themselves abroad on all sides, and vied with each other in the hope of pleasing the prince, and reaping the reward of their evil deed; but the day passed, and the sun went down, without their discovering any traces of him they sought.

A storm was now gathering, and the great clouds came darkling over the woods and hills;—the thunder began to peal along the sky—the lightning flashed athwart the heavens, smiting the largest oaks; while torrents of rain fell upon their heads. The Duke and his followers ran for shelter among the rocks and caves; but the Duke's steed burst his reins, and ran headlong down the heights, while his master's voice was lost in the uproar of the storm. Separated from all his followers, he called out in vain for assistance.

Wild as the animals of the forest, poor Eckart had wandered, unconscious now of his sorrows, or

whither he went. Roots and berries, with the water of the mountain-spring, formed his sole refreshment: he would no longer have known any of his former acquaintance; the day of his despair seemed at length to have gone by. Yet no! as the storm increased, he suddenly seemed to recover some portion of his intellect, and to become aware of objects around him. Then he uttered a loud cry of horror, tore his hair, and beat his aged breast, as he bethought himself of his children. "Dear as the life-blood of my heart," he cried, "whither, my sweet boys, are ye all gone! Oh, foul befall my coward spirit that hath not yet avenged ye! Why smote I not your fell destroyer, who hath pierced my heart through and through, worse than with a thousand daggers. Mad wretch that I am! I deserve it all;—all—for well may your tyrant murderer despise me, when I oppose not the assassin of my own children. Ah, would that he might once come within the reach of my arm;—for now I long, when it is all too late, to taste the sweetness of revenge."

Thus he spent the night, wandering, and weeping as he went. At last he thought he heard a distant voice of some one crying for help. He turned his steps towards the direction in which it came; and finally he approached a man, whom the darkness hid from his sight, though he heard his

voice close to him. This voice beseeched him piteously, to guide a stranger into the right path. Eckart shrieked as it again fell upon his ear—he knew it; and he seized his sword. He prepared to cut down the assassin of his children—he felt new strength—and drew nigh in the hope of full vengeance, when suddenly his oath of fealty, and all his former promises, when he was the Duke's friend, came across his mind. Instead of piercing him to the heart, he took the Duke's hand, and promised to lead him into the right path. They passed along conversing together, although the Duke trembled with fear and cold. Soon they met some one, it was Wolfram, the Duke's page, who had been long in search of his master. It was still dark night—not a star cast its feeble rays through the thick black clouds. The Duke felt very weak, and sighed to reach some habitation, to refresh himself and repose,—besides he was in dread of encountering the enraged Eckart, whose strange, feigned voice he did not yet know. He feared he should hardly survive till morning, and trembled at every fresh blast of wind that shook the trees; or the thunder as it rolled more awfully above their heads. "My good Wolfram," cried the Duke, "mount this lofty fir, and cast a keen glance around thee to discover some light—whether from house or hut it boots not, so that we can but live to reach it."

The page obeyed at his life's risk, as the storm bent the strongest branches of the huge tree as if it had been a tender reed. Its topmost boughs sometimes nearly touched the ground, while the boy appeared little more than an acorn growing to a branch of the tree. At length he cried out, "In the plain below us there, I perceive a glimmering—I can see the way we ought to go." At the same time he carefully descended, and took the lead;—in a short while, the friendly light greeted the eyes of all three, the very sight of which greatly restored the fallen spirits of the Duke.

Absorbed within himself, Eckart uttered not a word. He walked along, striving with the bitter feelings that rose in his breast; leading the Duke by the hand.

At length the page knocked at the cottage door, and an infirm old woman appeared. When they had entered, Eckart loosed the Duke's hand, whom he had led along—and the latter fell trembling upon his knees, to return heaven thanks for his deliverance from the perils of that terrific night.

Eckart retired into a dark corner; where he found, stretched in sleep, the same old man, who shortly before had been bewailing his unhappy fate in regard to his sons, whom he was then in search of.

The Duke having finished his prayers, thus

spoke. This has, indeed, appeared a miraculous night to me. I feel the goodness and almighty power of the Lord, more than ever I had before reason to do. Yet my heart hath failed within me, and I feel that I must shortly die; only wishing for time, before I depart, to entreat forgiveness for my manifold sins and offences against the Most High: but I will take care to reward you both, my faithful companions, before I go; and that as handsomely as I can. To thee, my trusty page, I bequeath the two castles, which lie close to the next mountain here, on condition that, in remembrance of this terrific night, thou dost in future take the name of the Dweller of the Firs. And who art thou, good man, that hast laid thy weary limbs in the corner? Come forth, that I may reward thee quickly, according to thy great services and many kind offices shown me during this terrific night!"

Then up rose Eckart, like a thing
That starts from out the dim moonlight;
His furrowed cheek betrays the sting
Of many a woful day and night.

The soul of Burgundy sighed sore
To witness thus that aged face;
The blood forsook his veins—he tore
His hair, and swooned for dire disgrace.

They raise him from the low cold ground,
His limbs and temples warmly chafe:
"Then, Mighty Lord, at last he 's found"—
He cried—"True Eckart's here—he 's safe.

"Oh whither shall I fly thy look?
Was't thou didst bring me from the wood?
And was it I thy dear babes struck—
Thou that to me hast been so good?"

And Burgundy, as thus he said,
He felt his heart was breaking fast;
On Eckart's breast he laid his head,
And thought he there would breathe his last.

His senses fled!—Then Eckart spoke—
"I reck not, master, of their fate;
That so the world may see, though broke,
True Eckart's heart 's yet true and great."

Thus passed the night. In the morning the followers of the Duke arrived, and found him very sick. They placed him upon their mules, and carried him back to his castle. Eckart stirred not from his side, and often the Duke took his hand, and, pressing it to his bosom, looked up at him imploringly; when Eckart would embrace him, and speak soft words of comfort till he was again still. The Duke next called together his council, and declared, that such was his confidence in his faithful Eckart, the bravest and noblest of all his

land, that he would leave him governor of his sons. Having said which, he groaned and died.

Eckart then took the reins of government into his own hands, fulfilling the trust reposed in him in such a humane and prudent way, as to excite the admiration of all the country. Shortly afterwards, the report spread more and more on all sides, of the arrival of the strange musician, from Venus-berg, who seduced his victims with the strange sweetness of his tones; and they disappeared without leaving a trace behind. Many gave credit to the report; others not;—while Eckart again bethought him of the unhappy old man, whom he had seen so forlorn and crazed upon the mountain.

"I have now adopted you as my children," he said to the young Princes, as he one day sat with them on the hill before the castle. "Your happiness is now become my inheritance; I shall continue to survive after my departure in your welfare and your good conduct."

They all stretched themselves on the hill side, whence they could look far into the distant and lovely prospect beyond; and Eckart would then strive to subdue the regrets he felt for his own children, though they would appear as if passing over the mountain before him, while in the dis-

tance he thought he heard the faint echo of delicious music gradually growing louder.

Hark! comes it not like dreams
Before the morning beams?
From some far green-wood bowers,
Such as the night-bird pours,
So sweet, and such its dying fall!—
Those tones the magic song recall,
And Eckart sees each princely cheek
Flushed with the joys its victims seek,
Wild wishes seized each youthful breast,
For some far unknown bourne of rest.

"Away to the mountains!" they cried,—"the deep woods
Where the trees, winds and waters make music for gods
Sweet, strange, secret voices are singing there now,
And invite us to seek their blest Eden below."

In strange attire then came in view
The unblest Sorcerer, and anew
Inspired the maddening youths, till bright
And brighter shone the sunny light.
Trees, streams, and flowers danced in the rays
Through earth, air, heavens were heard the lays
The grass, fields, forests, trembling join'd
That magic tumult wild and blind.
Swift as a shadow fade the ties
That bind the soul to earth, and rise
Soft longings for unearthly scenes;
And strange confusion intervenes
Between the seen and unseen world,
Till reason from her seat is hurl'd,
And madly bursts the soul away
To mingle in the infernal fray.

And Eckart felt the glow,
He saw the magic show—
Seemed young once more—nor knew
Twas the same world where first he drew
The vilest air. "Those notes revive
Long faded joys—my children live,"
He cried; "their mother's form is there,
All that was mine,—before despair."

Yet secret horror thrills
The aged hero's breast;
He dares whate'er he wills—
He stands to manhood's test.

To faith and honour true,
He struggles with the charm;
The flattering forms subdue
No more his stedfast arm:

His children fade in air—
Mocks of infernal might:
His young friends vanished were;
He could not check their flight.

Yes, these, his princely trust,
Late yielded to his power,
He now desert them must,
Or share their evil hour.

Faith, duty to his Prince,
Is still his watch-word here;
He still thinks of him since
His last sad look and tear.

So boldly doth he now
  Advance his foot and stand,
Arm'd proof to overthrow
  The evil powers at hand.

The wild musician comes!
  Eckart his sword has ta'en;
But ah! those magic tunes,
  His mortal strength enchain:

From out the mountain's side
  Come thousand dwarfish shapes,
That threaten and deride,
  And leap and grin like apes.

The Princes fair are gone
  And mingled with the swarm;
True Eckart is alone,
  And faint his valiant arm.

The rout of revellers grows,
  Gathering from east to west,
And gives him no repose—
  Around—before—abreast.

True Eckart's 'mid the din,
  His might is lost and gone;
The hellish powers must win—
  He of their slaves be one.

For now they reach the hill,
  Whence those wild notes are heard;
The dwarfish fiends stand still,
  The hills their sides uprear'd,

And made a mighty void,
Whence fiercer sprites glower'd grim
" What now will us betide ?"
He cried :—none answered him.

Again he grasped his sword,
He said he must prove true !
Eckart has spoke the word,
And rushed amid the crew.

He saved the Princes dear ;
They fled and reach'd the plain ;
But see, the fiend is near,
His imps their malice strain.

Though Eckart's strength is gone,
He sees the children safe ;
And cried ! " I fight alone—
Now let their malice chafe."

He fought—he fell—he died
Upon that well-fought field ;
His old heroic pride
Both scorn'd to fly or yield.

" True to the sire and son,
The bulwark of their throne ;
Proud feats hath Eckart done ;
There 's not a Knight, not one—

" Of all my court and land"—
Cried the young Duke full loud,
" Would make so bold a stand,
Our honour to uphold.

"For life and land and all,
To Eckart true we owe;
He snatch'd our souls from thrall,
For all it work'd him woe."

And soon the story ran
Through Burgundy's broad land,
That who so venture can
To take his dangerous stand

Upon that mountain side,
Where in that contest hard
True Eckart fought and died,
Shall see his shade keep guard,

To warn the wanderers back,
Who seek th' infernal pit,
And spurn them from the track
That leads them down to it.

TIECK.

THE TANNENHÄUSER; OR, LORD OF THE FIR-WOODS.

PART II.

About four centuries had elapsed since the death of the Faithful Eckart, when there lived a certain lord, who stood in high reputation as a counsellor at the imperial court. The same lord had a son, one of the handsomest knights in all the land, highly esteemed and beloved by his friends and countrymen. Suddenly, however, he disappeared under very peculiar circumstances, which occurred previous to his departure; and no one could gather any tidings of him whatsoever. But from the time of the Faithful Eckart, a tradition respecting the Venus-berg had become very prevalent among the people, and it was asserted by many, that he must have wandered thither, and there been devoted to eternal destruction.

Among the whole of his friends and relatives who lamented the young Knight's loss, none grieved so much as Frederick of Wolfsburg. They had been

early companions, and their attachment had grown with their years, insomuch, that their subsequent attachment appeared rather the result of necessity than of choice. Meanwhile the Lord of the Woods died, having heard no account of his son, and in the course of a few years his friend Frederick married. He had already a playful young circle around him. Years passed away, and still no tidings arrived as to the fate of his friend, whom he was at length reluctantly compelled to number with the dead.

One evening, as he was standing under the tower of his castle, he observed a pilgrim approaching at some distance, in the direction of the castle-gates. The stranger was very singularly dressed; his whole appearance, and particularly his gait, striking the young Knight as something odd and unaccountable. As the pilgrim drew nigh, he went to meet him; and, on examining his features, thought he could recognize them. He looked again, and the whole truth burst upon him: it was indeed no other than his long lost friend—the young Lord of the Fir-woods himself. Yet he shuddered, and uttered an exclamation of surprize, when he contemplated the ravages which time had made in the noblest face and form—the theme of his former admirers,—of which only the ruins were to be traced: —no, he no longer appeared the same being.

The two friends embraced, while they still gazed at each other as upon perfect strangers newly introduced to each other. Many were the confused questions and answers which passed between them; and Frederick often trembled at the strange wild glances of his friend: the fire seemed to sparkle in his eyes. He agreed, however, to sojourn with him; but when he had remained a few days, he informed Frederick that he was about to go upon a pilgrimage as far as Rome.

Their acquaintance, in a short time, grew more familiar, and resumed its former happy and confidential tone. They recalled the mutual adventures and plans of their early years, though the Lord of the Woods seemed to avoid touching upon any incident which had occurred since his late disappearance from home. This only raised Frederick's curiosity the more; he entreated to be informed, and still with more earnestness as he found their former regard and confidence increase. Still the stranger long sought, by the most friendly appeals and warnings, to be excused; till at last, upon fresh solicitation, he said, "Now then be it so! your wish shall be fully gratified; only never in future reproach me, should my history excite feelings—lasting feelings of sorrow and dismay."

Frederick took him in the most friendly manner by the arm, and led him into the open air. They

turned into a pleasant grove, and seated themselves on a mossy bank; the stranger then giving his hand to his friend, turned away his head among the soft leaves and grass, and, amidst many bitter sighs and sobs, gave way to the sad emotions which the recollection seemed to inspire. His friend, pressing his hand, tried every means to console him; upon which the stranger, again raising his head, began his story in a calmer voice, to the following purport:—

"Believe me, my best friend, that there are many of us who, from the day of their birth, are made and born subject to an evil spirit, which dogs their steps through life, and ceases not to torment them until it succeeds in bringing them within the sphere of its predestined destruction. Thus it has happened unto me, and my whole life is only one enduring penalty of my birth—the labour-pains uninterruptedly inflicted; and when I awake I must awake in hell. Therefore have I already made so many painful steps, and as many yet remain of this my woful pilgrimage, should I indeed be able to reach the feet and obtain absolution of the Holy Father at Rome. Yes, at his feet must I lay the heavy burthen of my sins, or lie groaning under the weight of them, and die in despair."

Here Frederick renewed his consolatory advice; but the lost Knight, appearing to pay no attention

to it, in a short time proceeded in his narrative as follows:

"There goes an ancient tradition, that several hundred years ago there lived a Knight known by the name of the Faithful Eckart. It is farther believed, that there appeared a strange musician, at that time, from one of the wonderful mountains, whose unearthly music awakened such strange delight and wild wishes in the hearts of his audience, that they would irresistibly follow him, and lose themselves in the labyrinths of the same mountain. At that period, hell is supposed to have kept its portals open there, in order to entrap, by such sweet irresistible airs, unhappy mortals into its abyss. Often have I heard the same account when I was a boy, and sometimes it used to make me shudder. In a short time it seemed as if all nature, every tone, and every flower reminded me, in spite of myself, of that same old fearful saying. Oh, it is impossible for me to convey to you what kind of mournful thought, what strange ineffable longing, one time suddenly seized me, bound me, and led me, as it were, in chains; and particularly when I gazed upon the floating clouds, and the streaks of light ethereal blue seen between them; and what strange recollections the woods and meadows conjured up in my soul. Often did I feel all the love and tenderness of nature in my inmost spirit; often

stretched forth my arms, and longed for wings to fly into the embrace of something yet more beautiful; to pour myself, like the spirit of nature, over vale and mountain; to become all present with the grass, the flowers, the trees, and to breathe in the fulness of the mighty sea. When some lovely prospects had delighted me during the day, I was sure to be haunted with dark and threatening images that same night, all of which seemed busy in closing against me the gates of life. One dream, in particular, made an indelible impression upon my mind, although I was unable to recall its individual features clearly to my memory.

"I thought I could see an immense concourse of people in the streets,—I heard unintelligible words and languages, and I turned away, and went in the dark night, to the house of my parents, where I found only my father, who was unwell. The next morning I threw my arms round both my parents' necks—embracing them tenderly, as if I felt that some evil power were about to separate us for ever. Oh were I to lose you, I said to my dear father; how very lonely and unhappy should I feel in this world without you! They kissed and consoled me tenderly; but they could not succeed in dispelling that dark foreboding image from my imagination.

"As I grew older, I did not mingle with other children of my own age in their sports. I wan-

dered lonely through the fields, and on one occasion it happened that I missed my way, and got into a gloomy wood, where I wandered about calling for help. After searching my way back for some time in vain, I all at once found myself standing before a lattice, which opened into a garden. Here I remarked pleasant shady walks, fruit trees and flowers, among which were numbers of roses which shone lovely in the sunbeams. An uncontrolable wish to approach them more nearly seized me, and I eagerly forced my way through the lattice-work, and found myself in that beautiful garden. I bent down and embraced the plants and flowers, kissed the roses over and over, and shed tears. While lost in this strange feeling, half sorrow, half delight, two young maidens came towards me along the walk, one older, and the other about my own years. I was roused from my trance, only to yield myself up to fresh amazement. My eye reeled upon the younger, and at that moment I felt as if I had been suddenly restored to happiness after all my sufferings. They invited me into the house; the parents of the young people inquired my name, and were kind enough to send my father word that I was safe with them; and in the evening he himself came to bring me home.

"From this day forth the uncertain and idle tenor of my life acquired some fixed aim;—my ideas

recurred incessantly to the lovely maidens and the garden; thither daily flew my hopes and all my wishes. I abandoned my playmates, and all my usual pastimes, and could not resist again visiting the garden, the castle, and its lovely young inmate. Soon I appeared to become domesticated, and my absence no longer created surprise, while my favourite Emma became hourly more dear to me. My affection continued to increase in warmth and tenderness, though I was myself unconscious of it. I was now happy! I had not a wish to gratify, beyond that of returning, and looking forward again to the hour of meeting.

"About this time a young knight was introduced to the family; he was acquainted likewise with my parents, and he appeared to attach himself in the same manner as I had done to the fair young Emma. From the moment I observed this, I began to hate him as my deadliest enemy: but my feelings were indescribably more bitter when I fancied I saw that Emma preferred his society to mine. I felt as if, from that instant, the music which had hitherto accompanied me, suddenly died away in my breast. My thoughts dwelt incessantly upon hatred and death; strange feelings burned within my breast, in particular whenever I heard Emma sing the well known song to the lute. I did not even attempt to disguise my enmity, and when my

parents reproached me for my conduct, I turned away from them with an obstinate and wilful air. I wandered for hours together in the woods, and among the rocks, indulging evil thoughts, chiefly directed against myself:—I had already determined upon my rival's death.

"In the course of a few months the young knight declared his wishes to Emma's parents, and they were received with pleasure. All that was most sweet and wonderful in nature, all that had ever influenced and delighted me, seemed to have united in my idea of Emma. I knew, I acknowledged, and I wished for no other happiness—nothing more—nothing but her. I had even wilfully predetermined that the loss of her, and my own destruction, should take place on one and the same day: neither should survive the other a moment.

"My parents were much grieved at witnessing my wildness and rudeness of manner; my mother became ill, but it touched me not; I inquired but little after her, and saw her only very seldom. The nuptial day of my rival was drawing nigh, and my agony proportionably increased: it hurried me through the woods and across the mountains, as if pursued by a grizzly phantom by day and by night. I called down the most frightful maledictions both upon Emma and myself. I had not a single friend to advise with—no one wished to receive me—for

all seemed to have given me over for lost. Yes! for the detested fearful eve of the bridal-day was at hand: I had taken refuge among the rocks and cliffs; I was listening to the roaring cataract; I looked into the foaming waters, and started back in horror at myself. On the approach of morning, I saw my abhorred rival descending the hill at a little distance; I drew nigh—provoked him with bitter and jeering words, and when he drew his sword, I flew upon him like lightning; beat down his guard with my hanger, and—he bit the dust.

"I hastened from the spot—I never once looked back at him; but his guide bore the body away. The same night I haunted the neighbourhood of the castle where dwelt my Emma now. A few days afterwards, in passing the convent near at hand, I heard the bells tolling, nuns singing funeral hymns, and saw death-lights burning in the sanctuary. I inquired into the cause, and was informed that the young lady Emma had died of the shock on hearing that her lover had been killed.

"I was in doubt what to think, and where to remain; I doubted whether I existed; whether all were true. I determined to see my parents; and the night after reached the place where they lived. I found every thing in commotion; the street was filled with horses and carriages; pages and soldiers were all mingled together, and spoke in strange

broken words;—it was just as if the Emperor were on the eve of undertaking a campaign against his enemies. A single light was dimly burning in my father's house; I felt a strange sensation, like strangulation, within my breast. When I knocked, my father himself came to the door, with slow soft steps, and just then I recollected a strange dream I had in my childhood, and felt, with horrible truth, that it was the same scene which I was then going through. Quite dismayed, I inquired: 'Why are you up so late, to-night, father?' He led me in, saying, as he entered—

"'I may well be up and watching, when your mother has only this moment expired.'

"These words shot like lightning through my soul. My father sat himself thoughtfully down; I seated myself at his side:—the corpse lay upon a bed, and was appallingly covered over with white fillets and napkins. My heart struggled, but could not burst. 'I myself keep watch,' said the old man, 'for my poor wife always sits near me.' My senses here failed me. I raised my eyes towards one corner, and there I saw something rising up like a mist; it turned and motioned, and soon took the well-known lineaments of my mother, who seemed to regard me with a fixed and serious air. I attempted to escape, but I could not; for the figure motioned to him, and my father held me fast in his arms,

while he softly whispered me, 'She died of grief, my on, for you.' I embraced him with the most terrific, soul-cutting emotion. I clung to him for protection, like a feeble child,—burning tears ran down my breast; but I uttered no sound. My father kissed me, and I shuddered as I felt his lips, for they were deadly cold—cold as if I had been kissed by the dead. 'How is it with you, dear father,' I murmured, in trembling agony; but he seemed to sink and gather into himself, as it were, and replied not a word. I felt him in my arms, growing colder and colder. I felt at his heart, but it was quite still; yet, in the bitter agony of my woe, I held the body fast clasped in my embrace.

"By a sudden glimmer, like the first break of morning, which shot through the gloomy chamber, I there saw my father's spirit close to that of my mother; and both gazed upon me with a compassionate expression, as I stood with the dear deceased in my arms. From that moment I saw and heard no more. I lay deprived of consciousness; and I was found by the servants delirious, and yet powerless as a babe, on the ensuing morning."

The Lord of the Forest had proceeded thus far with his narrative, to which his friend Frederick had listened in the utmost alarm and astonishment, when he suddenly broke off, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings. His friend was silent and

thoughtful; then taking the unhappy man by the arm, he led him back into the castle, and they went into a room, and seated themselves alone.

After remaining some time silent, the wretched pilgrim resumed his tale.

"The memory of that hour is still as fearfully impressed upon my mind, and I am at a loss to conjecture how I was so unfortunate as to survive it. For it was now, indeed, that this once fair earth, with life, and all that life had to afford, became worse than dead, and perished for me;—became a lone waste and wilderness, with all its soft airs, sweet flowers, pure streams, and blue starry skies. I stood like one, the last of a sudden overwhelming wreck, saved only to regret that he had not perished with all that was dearest to him on earth. How I lived on from day to day, I know not; till, at last, unable longer to contend with the fiends of remorse that grappled me, I flew to society for relief. I joined a number of dissipated characters, who sought, like me, to lose the sense of their follies and enormities in the most dissolute pleasures. Yes, I sought to propitiate the evil spirit within me by obedience to its worst dictates. My former wildness and impatience revived, and I no longer placed any restraint over my wishes.

"I fell into the hands of an abandoned wretch of the name of Rudolf, who only laughed at my la-

mentations and remorse. More then a year thus elapsed; my anxiety and horror, in spite of all efforts to control them, daily gaining ground upon me, until I was seized with utter despair. Like all who experience that stage of such a malady, I took to wandering without any object. I arrived at distant and unknown places—spots unvisited by other feet; and often I could have thrown myself from some airy height, into the green sunny meads and vales below, or rushed into the cool streams to quench my soul's fiery and insatiable thirst; yet though I had no fear, something unaccountable always restrained me. I made many attempts towards the close of the day; for I longed to be annihilated: but when the morning returned with its golden beams, its fresh dews, and odorous flowers, I felt I could destroy nothing; and hope and love of life revived within my breast. A thought then came across me, that all hell was conspired together to work my utter perdition; that both my pleasures and my pains arose from the same fiendish source, and that a malicious spirit was gradually directing all the powers and influences of my mind to that sole end. I yielded myself up to it, in order to mitigate the various pains and agonies inflicted by it. On one dark and stormy night, I went into the mountains. I mounted one of their highest and giddiest peaks, where foot of man never before

trod; and there, with my whole strength of heart and soul, I invoked the foe of God and man to appear. I called him in language that I felt he must obey. My words were powerful—the fiend stood at my side, and I felt no alarm. While conversing with him, I could feel my faith in each haunted and wonder-working mountain growing stronger within me, and the base One taught me a song sufficiently potent of itself to guide me the right path into its labyrinths. He vanished; and then, for the first time, since the day of my birth, I found myself alone; and now, for the first time, I comprehended the nature of my wandering thoughts, which, from this middle point of life, had been the whole time in pursuit of a new spiritual world. I set forward on my way, and the song which I sang with a loud fearless voice, conducted me easily over the most strange desert places, such as those possessed with demons only know how to find: all else, both within and without me, beside the loud clear song, was buried in oblivion; it bore me, as if on lofty wings, back to my native spot; though I tried to avoid their shadow, which seemed to frown in the strong moonshine, and the wild tones, which in their softest dying fall appeared to upbraid me. It was thus I approached the strange mountain:—the night was dark and tempestuous; the moon glimmered through a mass of dusky livid

clouds; yet boldly and loudly did I sing that song. A giant form arose, and motioned me with its sceptre back. I drew nigher—'I am the faithful Eckart,' exclaimed the supernatural form;—'and, praise to the goodness of the blessed God, I am permitted to hold watch here, to deter the unhappy from rushing into the base fiend's power.' I rushed on. On passing, I found my way led through subterraneous passages in the mountain. The path was so narrow, as to compel me to force my way: I heard the gushing of the hidden waters, and the noise of the spirits engaged in forging steel, gold, and silver in their caverns, for the temptation and perdition of man. I heard, too, the deep clanging tones and notes in their simple and secret powers, which supply all our earthly music; and the lower I descended, the more it seemed to fall like a veil from before my eyes.

"I pushed more impatiently forward, and beheld other human forms hovering round; among whom I recognized my friend Rudolf. I was at a loss to conceive how they could thus slip past me in that narrow way; but they seemed to glide through the crevices of the stones and rocks, without being at all aware of me.

"Soon I heard other music, of quite an opposite character to the last—and my spirit within me struggled, as if eager to fly nearer and catch the

notes. I came into more open space; and on all sides strange clear glowing colours burst upon my eye. This I felt was what I had all along sighed for;—deep in my heart I welcomed the presence of something I had long looked for—the deep-seated master-passion, of which I then felt the ravishing powers playing in their full strength within my breast. A swarm of the mad heathen deities, with the goddess Venus at their head, ran forward to greet me;—all demons, that assumed those ancients' names, and were banished thither by the Almighty, their career being fully run upon earth; though they still continue to work in secret.

"All the delights so familiar to the world, I there found and enjoyed in their fullest and keenest zest. My appetite was as insatiable as the delight was lasting. The long-famed beauties of the ancient world were all there—all which my most ardent wishes required was mine; and each day that world grew brighter, and appeared arrayed in more charming colours. Streams of the most costly wines slaked our thirst, the most lovely and delicious forms played and wantoned in the air; while a throng of naked Loves hovered invitingly around me, shed perfumes over my head, and tones of music burst forth from nature's inmost heart, and with their undulating freshness restored the ardour of our desires, while soft mists and dews stole

over flowery fields, giving new essence to their ravishing odours.

"How many years thus passed, I am quite unable to state; for here was no time and no divisions; the luscious charm of virgin beauty burned in the flowers, and in the forms of girls bloomed the fragrant charm of the flowers; their colours seemed to enjoy a peculiar language; tones uttered new words; the world of sense was inclosed, as it were, within the glowing bloom of those luxurious flowers—the resident spirits within were ever engaged in celebrating their triumphant delights.

"How this was accomplished, I can neither explain nor comprehend; but soon, amid all my sinful and outrageous pleasures, I began to sigh for repose, for the innocent earth I had left, with all its virtuous social endearments; and my desire grew as violent as it had formerly been to leave it for what I had there obtained. I wished to lead the same life as other mortals, with its mixed pains and pleasures. I was satiated with splendour and excess, and turned with thoughts of pleasure towards my native land. Some unaccountable mercy of the Almighty granted me the privilege of returning. I found myself once more in this present world, and dream only of expiating and receiving absolution for my sins at the footstool of the all-restoring Father in God at Rome; that so

I may again be numbered in the rank of other living men."

Here the sad pilgrim became silent; and Frederick fixed his eye upon him, with a searching glance, for some time. At last he took his poor friend's hand, and said:—

"Although I have not yet recovered from my astonishment, and cannot, in any way, comprehend your narrative; yet I conceive it impossible that all with which you have been thus fearfully haunted can be other than a strong delusion of the mind. For Emma herself is still alive, she is my own wife; we two have never differed, much less engaged with our weapons, during the whole course of our lives. No, we never hated each other, as you seem to think, though you were missing just before my marriage from home. Besides, you never, at the time, gave me a single hint that you loved my Emma. I never heard a word of it." Then he again took his poor bewildered friend by the hand, and led him into another apartment to his wife, who had just returned from a visit of some days to one of her sisters. The pilgrim stood dumb and thoughtful in her presence, though he examined the form and features of the lady. Soon shaking his head repeatedly, he said, in a low voice, "By Heavens! but this is one of the most wonderful adventures of all!"

Frederick now related to him every thing which had occurred to himself since they parted, and attempted to explain how he must have been labouring under a temporary delirium during many years past.

"Oh! I know right well," answered the pilgrim, "how it is—I am still bewitched and insane; but hell will clear up these juggling tricks, unless I go speedily for Rome and lighten my conscience of its desperate sins."

Emma tried to withdraw his attention from the subject, by recurring to scenes and incidents of his childhood; but the pilgrim was not to be undeceived. One day he suddenly leaped up, declaring he must instantly set out, and forth he went without even saying farewell.

Frederick and his Emma often discoursed of the strange unhappy pilgrim. A few months had scarcely elapsed, when, pale and worn, in tattered attire and barefoot, his poor friend entered Frederick's apartment, while he was yet asleep. He pressed his lips to his, and exclaimed hastily, "The holy father will not forgive me. I must away and seek my former abode." He then ran hastily back.

Frederick imagined he had left the castle, and was going into his wife's chamber, where were her women, who were all running to find him, in an agony of terror and alarm. The fearful dweller of the

woods and mountains had been there :—he had come early in the morning, and uttering the words " This shall not stop me in my career!"—he had despatched her upon the spot.

Frederick was still unable to account for the strange feelings of dismay and uneasiness he felt. He could not rest; and ran into the open air, and when they wished to bring him back, he exclaimed, bitterly, " that the pilgrim had kissed his lips, and that he was burning inwardly until he should meet with him again."

He then ran rapidly in a variety of directions in search of the wonderful mountain, and he was never afterwards heard of. It was reported by the people, that, whoever received a kiss from one of the dwellers of that mountain, was unable to resist the evil enchantment; which, with the same powers of sorcery, tempted him likewise into its subterraneous depths.

TIECK.

AUBURN EGBERT.

In the vicinity of the Hartz there once resided a Knight, usually known by the name of Egbert the Fair, or Auburn Egbert. He was about forty years old, of middle stature, and with short auburn hair, which hung thick and close over his pale and somewhat emaciated countenance. He led a very secluded life, never interfered in the affairs of his neighbours, and was seldom seen beyond the precincts of his own castle walls. His wife was of as retired a disposition as himself, both were warmly attached to each other, and only lamented that their union had not been yet blest with children.

Egbert saw little company, and made still less preparation to entertain his guests when they did come; the strictest frugality being observed throughout his whole establishment. In their presence he was cheerful and affable; but when alone he appeared a prey to a reserved and silent melancholy.

No one was so frequent a visitor at the castle as Philip Walther, to whom Egbert was greatly attached, from the similarity of their tastes and feelings. His chief residence was in Franconia,

though he often sojourned, near half a year at a time, in the vicinity of Egbert's castle, where he made collections of plants and fossils, which he arranged for his amusement.

Being possessed of a small property, Walther lived quite independent. He was frequently attended by Egbert in his solitary excursions, owing to which their intimacy appeared to become yearly stronger and stronger.

There are periods in which we all feel more or less uneasy in concealing a secret from those who are dearest to us. The soul feels an irresistible impulse to confide its most treasured thoughts to the breast of some friend—drawing the bonds of mutual confidence still closer. In such moments the inmost recesses of our hearts are laid open; and it sometimes happens that on these occasions we inwardly recoil from each other.

It was in the twilight of a misty autumnal evening, when Egbert, his wife, and friend, were seated round the cheerful fire, which cast its flickering lights and shadows through the room and upon the ceiling. The gloom of night was only perceptible in the distance, whence came the sound of the forest trees, waving in the cold evening air, the breeze becoming stronger and stronger. Walther complained of weariness after his long walk, and his friend Egbert proposed that

he should remain the night with them: they might wile away the time in conversation, and then retire to their apartments.

Walther accepted the offer; wine and supper were brought in; they stirred the fire, and by degrees the conversation became more animated and familiar.

Supper being removed, and the servants dismissed, Egbert took his friend Walther by the hand, saying, "Come, you must let my Bertha here relate the history of her early days; you will hear some very extraordinary adventures."

"Oh! with much pleasure," returned Walther; and they resumed their places at the fire.

It was now near midnight; the moon shone at intervals through the fleeting clouds; and Bertha began her tale. "You must not think me too importunate; but my husband's account of his friend is so flattering; all your thoughts and opinions, he declares, are so elevated; that it would be unjust to disguise any thing from you. But you must not regard my narrative in the light of a fiction, however singular you may conceive it.

"I am the native of a little hamlet; my father was only a poor shepherd. The domestic management of our house was none of the most excellent; we hardly knew how to prolong our existence from day to day. But what most grieved me was the

incessant bickerings of my parents, arising from their poverty; when they would load each other with the severest reproaches. In regard to myself, I was perpetually reviled for being a dull and silly child, incapable of fulfilling the most simple duties; and, in fact, I was excessively awkward and good for nothing. I broke every thing put into my hands; I could learn neither to spin nor to sew; afforded my mother no assistance in the house; and all that I comprehended was the wants of my parents. I used often to sit down in a corner, pleasing myself with the idea of assisting them, should I ever happen to become rich; and enjoying their surprize when I poured showers of gold upon their humble roof.

" Spirits appeared to float around me—to point out subterranean treasures; or presented me with small pebble stones, which were suddenly transformed into diamonds. In truth, I only amused myself with these dreams, which served to render me awkwarder than ever, whenever I happened to be called upon to assist in the common affairs of life: for my head began actually to swim with the number of these whimsical notions.

" Of course my father was extremely irritated at having so useless a burthen in his house: he invariably treated me with harshness, and a kind word seldom issued from his lips. In this way I

approached my eighth year, and it became a serious question by what means I was to be taught to do something. Imagining it arose either from caprice or indolence, my father first began by assailing me with dreadful threats: finding they were all to no purpose, he inflicted as severe personal chastisement; each time concluding with observing, that it would be repeated the ensuing day as long as I chose to continue such a good-for-nothing creature.

"My pillow was constantly steeped in tears; and I felt so desolate and wretched that I often prayed to die. I shrunk from the approach of light; I was at a loss how to begin the day; I longed to become as dexterous as other people, and wondered why I was born more stupid than other children; in short, I was in despair.

"I arose one morning early, and without knowing why, opened our cottage door. I found myself in the open field. Soon I was in the wood, which as yet was scarcely lighted up with the approach of day. Still I ran on, without looking once behind me. I felt too much afraid lest my father should overtake me to complain of weariness; for I knew that he would treat me with redoubled cruelty. The sun was mounted high, ere I reached the other side of the wood; and I saw some dark object in the distance, veiled in a thick mist. Sometimes I encountered hills, at others paths that wound among

the cliffs and rocks. I imagined I was drawing nigh the neighbouring mountains; and the idea, combined with the solitude around, awoke my fears. I had never beheld hills before; even the name of mountains had sounded like something awful in my ears. I had not courage to go back; my very fears giving wings, as it were, to my flight. I often gazed round me in alarm, as I heard the wind whistling through the branches of the trees: I listened to the echo of the woodman's axe in the distance, breaking upon the deep silence of the morning; and soon I met colliers and miners going to their labour, whose foreign accent nearly made me faint with alarm.

"I passed through several villages, begging my bread as I went along; for hunger and thirst next began to assail me. I contrived to give pretty satisfactory answers to the questions I had to encounter, and by such means wandered three or four days, when I struck into a little bye-path, which led me farther and farther from the main road. The rocks, as I proceeded, appeared to assume still more fantastic forms. Huge crags were piled upon each other so high, that the least wind seemed enough to hurl them from their airy height. I knew not whither to turn my steps. I had hitherto reposed in the open woods—occasionally in the shepherds' huts, it being the mildest season of

the year: but here I met with no human abode:—a wilderness lay before me, and the rocky heights appeared to grow more and more terrific. Often I passed close under overhanging precipices, or at the edge of the yawning abyss. I felt all the horror of my deserted situation: I shed silent tears—and then I screamed aloud;—but my voice was re-echoed only from the dark rocky valley, adding fresh terror to all I had before felt. Night was gathering round; and I now sought to find some mossy bed on which to rest. Yet I could not sleep: I was haunted by the most unaccountable sounds, which I successively attributed to the cry of wild beasts, the wind moaning through the rocks, or the note of some strange and unknown birds.

"I now prayed fervently, and towards morning for the first time fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining in my face. A steep cliff rose before me, which I climbed, in the hope of finding some outlet from that horrid wilderness, and of discerning, perhaps, signs of some human habitation. On gaining the summit, I could discover surrounding objects only through a thick vapour as far as the eye could reach. Neither tree, nor shadow, not even a bush was to be seen: a few sapless, solitary shrubs were all that grew between the crevices of the rocks. I longed with indescribable emotion to behold the face of a human being, of whatever

character; though his presence were calculated to fill me with alarm. Hunger began to gnaw my vitals afresh: I threw myself upon the ground, resolving there to die. Soon, however, the love of life revived within me:—I strove to resume my courage, and continued my way, amidst sighs and tears. Towards the close of the day, I was so exhausted that I hardly knew what I did; I became indifferent about life, and yet was afraid to die. As evening gathered in, the country assumed a less wild and gloomy character; happier thoughts and feelings revived, and the desire of life seemed to beat in all my veins. At length I fancied I heard the murmuring sounds of a distant mill; and redoubling my speed, I soon reached the end of the rugged cliffs:—I caught a view of woods and meadows, and mountains beyond in the distance. I felt as if I were suddenly emerging from the regions of torment into paradise, and solitude and destitution appeared no longer awful.

"My delight was considerably diminished when I came towards a waterfall instead of the hoped for mill. I caught the water eagerly in my hand; when suddenly I heard some one cough gently at a little distance from me. Never was I so agreeably surprised as at that very moment; I ran nearer to the spot, and at the corner of the wood, I saw an aged woman who appeared stooping as if to rest

herself. She was almost quite in black, with a black hood over her head, and the greater part of her face, and she held a small crutch in her hand. On approaching nearer, and soliciting her assistance, she bade me seat myself at her side, at the same time offering me some bread and a cup of wine. When I was seated, she began, in a harsh disagreeable tone, to sing a hymn. After this she rose up, and informed me that I might follow her.

" Singular as the voice and manner of the old crone appeared to me, I gladly accepted her offer. She contrived to hobble along at a pretty quick pace with the help of her staff, but distorted her countenance in so whimsical a manner at every step, that, for some time, I could not refrain from laughing. The sterile rocks appeared to vanish by degrees as we proceeded. We crossed over a fine green meadow, and next through an extensive grove. As we were approaching its opposite skirts, the sun went down, and I never, I think, can cease to recollect the lovely aspect of the scene which that evening presented itself. Every objected seemed dissolved, as it were, in the softest vermilion and gold; the tree tops were brightly tinged by the rays of the setting sun,—the richest glow of summer warmed the fields—the vast arch of heaven was bright as if paradise were unfolded to the view. Then the trickling of the fountains, the whispering of the

leaves, produced a soft music that added a new charm to the serenity of the scene, more allied to pensive than animated emotions of joy. It was now that my inexperienced heart for the first time seemed to indulge a foretaste of the world and its affairs. Heedless both of myself and my guide, all spirits and all eyes, I gazed until I wished to lose myself in the vastness of the golden heavens. But I was compelled to follow; and we now ascended a hill crowned with birch trees, and we beheld a green vale full of the same trees from its summit. Amid these trees lay a small cottage, and a shrill bark was heard, and a lively little dog came capering and fondling towards the old woman, and then towards me. As we were descending the hill, I heard a singular song, which I thought sounded as if from the cottage, like the notes of some bird, yet as distinct as here follows:

The lonely wood
To me seems good,
So does the green wood-tree;
The song by night,
The pale moon-light,—
The lonely wood 's the home for me.

"The same simple words were incessantly repeated, and to describe them aright, I should say they came like the music of French horns and bugles mingling in the distance. I was very curious

to learn the cause, and ran into the cottage without waiting for the old woman's permission. It was already light; the inside appeared neatly arranged: a few glasses were lying upon a shelf, with other odd-shaped vessels upon a table; and behold, in a beautiful cage, was the bird I had heard, which sang those very words. The old woman coughed and panted, as if she were about to yield the ghost, yet she first stroked her little dog, and then talked to the bird, whose sole answer was the same pretty song; and she conducted herself just in the manner she would had I not been there. When I looked at her, I felt a cold shuddering come over me: the muscles of her face were constantly working, and her head shook so strangely with old age, that I could not conceive what she most looked like. When she was a little recovered, she struck a light, spread a small table, and set out the evening meal. Then looking at me intently, she ordered me to take one of the reed-bottomed chairs, and sit opposite to her. The candle was placed between us, and she folded her lean shrivelled hands, and prayed aloud; while the same distortions of face were continued, so very ridiculous that I could hardly prevent myself from laughing, fearful as I was of exciting her anger.

"Supper was no sooner over than she began to pray again; after which she pointed me to my low

narrow dormitory, while she occupied the eating-room. Being already half asleep, I soon sunk into profound repose. Yet I woke frequently during the night, and heard the old woman coughing and speaking to the dog, as well as to her bird, which seemed to be dreaming, as it sang only in broken accents, single words of the same song. Add to this, the rustling sound of the birch-trees before the window,—the notes of the distant nightingale, altogether forming such an odd concert, that I began to think I was not awake; but each time had fallen into a more and more singular dream.

"At length I was awakened by the old woman—it was morning; and she soon found some work for me. She began by teaching me to spin, the method of which I shortly acquired. I was also desired to look after the bird and the dog; and introduced into the management of housekeeping. Every thing around soon became familiar to me; and it now was evident to me that every thing ought to be as it was. I no longer imagined the old woman looked strange and whimsical, or that her dwelling was odd, and lay remote from other human habitations; not even that there was any thing unnatural in the bird. Indeed I was struck with his plumage, which shone with a thousand dyes—the richest azure, and the most glowing red, with alternate streaks on his neck and body. And when he

sang, he spread his feathers both bold and proudly to the eye, which then assumed their richest brilliancy.

"The old woman was in the habit of leaving her abode in the morning, and not returning until night. On these occasions, I was accustomed to take the dog, and go out to meet her, when she would call me her pretty child and daughter. Shortly I grew quite attached to her; the mind of a mere child easily accustoming itself to any thing. In the evenings I was taught to read, in which I made good progress, and soon it became a source of constant pleasure to me, as the old dame had several books, written in an ancient style, containing wonderful adventures.

"The remembrance of my mode of life at that period always much affects me, even until now. Visited by no human being, and confined to so narrow a circle, even the bird and dog made an impression upon me which only long acquaintance, in other instances, can produce. Never since have I been able to call to mind the singular name of the little dog, though I have called him so repeatedly.

"Four years were thus spent, and I was about twelve years old, when the old body began to give me more of her confidence, and told me a great secret. Indeed, I daily observed that she busied

herself with something about the cage, but had never taken further notice of it. It now appeared, that the bird every day laid an egg, always containing either a pearl or a diamond. In her absence, I was permitted to take out the eggs, and to deposit them carefully in the odd shaped vessels before-mentioned. She left me my food, and her absence daily continued to grow longer and longer: first weeks, then months, elapsed; my wheel went round, the dog barked, the wonderful bird sang his old song, and all was so lone and still, that, during the whole period, I do not remember a single tempest, or rain, or thunder. No one wandered near the spot—no, not a beast of the forest drew nigh—day followed day—I pursued my toil and was contented.

"Perhaps if we could contrive to spend our whole lives in this manner, we should be happier in the end.

"From the little I read, my imagination was filled with the most extravagant notions of the world and of man. My views were borrowed only from myself and my companions: my idea of lively people consisted wholly in that of the little dog; richly arrayed ladies were compared to the beautiful bird; and every old body to my own ancient dame. I had read something too of love, and went over, in my fancy, the most wonderful scenes and ad-

ventures. I drew a picture of the handsomest knight in the world; I endowed him with perfection, and yet I was unable, after all my trouble, to understand the sort of personage I had made; I was melted with compassion at my own condition when, as was often the case, he refused to return my love. I began to pronounce long and affecting soliloquies, not unfrequently aloud, as if to win him back; I see you smile, for we are truly all of us past this stage of youth.

"At length I began to feel pleased at being alone, for I was then mistress of the house. The dog was quite a favourite with me, and obeyed my call; the bird answered all my questions with his pretty song; even my spinning-wheel hummed the same assiduous music, and I indulged no desire of change. The old woman, returning from her long excursion, commended my care and attention, observing her household had been better conducted since I arrived, and she then praised my growth and my good looks. In short, she just showed me the same kindness as if I had been her daughter.

"'You are my good child,' she one day said to me, in her harsh squeaking tone; 'if you only go on thus, every thing will be well with you. But we must keep the straight-forward path, or good fortune will soon leave us, and punishment be sure to follow, however slow.'

" I did not pay much heed to this good advice, being extremely volatile in all my motions; but it would often occur to me at night, though I was at a loss to conceive her meaning. I reflected, indeed, upon every word that dropped from her lips. I had heard of riches, and I began to suspect that her pearls and diamonds might be valuable. This notion soon appeared more clearly to me; but as to the straight-forward path, there I was quite at a loss. Yet long reflection even rendered this intelligible to me in time.

" I was now fourteen years old, and felt what a misfortune it is, that we do but attain our maturer knowledge, as it were, at the expense of the innocence of our souls. I became aware that it only rested with myself to take possession of the bird, and all the precious stones in the old woman's absence, and then visit the world of which I had heard so much. Besides, I might there, perhaps, meet with my handsome knight, who still floated so brightly before my imagination.

" This thought came and went like any other idea, though it ever haunted me while I sat at my wheel. Soon I became so absorbed in its flattering prospects, that I beheld myself magnificently attired, surrounded by a train of knights and princely personages. When I had so far forgotten myself, I became grieved at finding myself still confined to

the same narrow spot. Yet if I only did my duty, the old woman troubled herself very little with other points of behaviour.

"She one day went forth, saying, that she should be away much longer than usual; and that I must keep my eye upon every article, and at the same time contrive to amuse myself. I was more anxious at this parting than before, for I fancied I should never behold her again. I kept her in view as long as I could, though I knew not why I felt so uneasy: it was just as if my future intention stood forward to accuse me, without my being exactly aware what it was.

"I had never before attended to the little dog and the bird with so much tenderness; they appeared dearer to me than I can describe. The good old dame had not been gone many days before the same thought returned; and I rose one morning, with the fixed resolution of forsaking the cottage, and running away with the little bird, to seek my fortune in the world. My mind was greatly perplexed; I wished to persuade myself to stay, but the very idea had become hateful to me. There was a struggle in my soul; it was like the contention of two rival spirits. At one moment the quiet solitude of the scene appeared so delightful;—and the next my anticipation of a new world, so full of agreeable varieties, seemed to beckon me away.

"I was puzzled how to act: the little dog leapt up and caressed me; the sun's beams lay warm upon the fields, and the bright green of the birch leaves glittered in the morning light. I felt the pleasing sensation of having found something new; something that was to be done, and done speedily. Involuntarily I seized the dog, bound him fast in the room, and, taking down the cage, proceeded forth. The little dog barked and whined at being thus treated; looked up in my face as if to entreat me to take him with me; but I was too much afraid. I had courage, however, to seize upon a vessel filled with precious stones; and, putting it into my pocket, I left the remainder of them where they stood.

"In going through the door, the bird turned round with a very odd expression, I thought, for a bird; the poor dog made many attempts to follow; but he was compelled to remain in his prison. I sought to shun the path towards the wild and sterile rocks, by going directly the opposite way. I heard the dog's moans and howls incessantly, and the sound went to my heart. The bird often began his song, but the motion of his cage seemed to interfere with it. The barking at last began to die away in the distance, and soon entirely ceased: I wept, and was very near returning, had not my wish to behold something new impelled me to continue my route.

"Already I had traversed the mountains and the neighbouring woods, when the approach of evening compelled me to enter a village. As I walked into an inn, I was overpowered with a feeling of shame; they showed me into a room with a bed in it, and I passed a tranquil night, except that the idea of the old dame seemed to haunt me with terrific threats.

"My journey was rather uniform; only, the farther I went, the more sadly was I tormented with the thought of the old woman and her little dog. I was afraid he would be starved to death unless I assisted him; while, at every turn of the road, I fancied the old lady would suddenly start out before me. I continued my route, sighing and weeping as I went; and whenever I stopped and placed the cage upon the ground, the bird began his wonderful song; and I recalled to mind, with lively regret, the sweet secluded spot I had deserted. So wayward is the human mind, that I began to think my journey almost more wretched than the one I had made in my childhood; and I wished myself once more in my former situation.

"I disposed of some of my diamonds, and after proceeding for a few days, I arrived at a little village. I felt myself strangely affected as I entered the place; I was dreadfully alarmed, though I knew not wherefore, and I strove to recover my presence

of mind, when I found I had returned to my native village. How astonished I felt! Tears of delight ran down my cheeks, while a thousand tender recollections came across my mind. Many changes had taken place; new houses were built, others fallen into decay. I stood upon a spot where there had been a fire; and all around appeared more small and contracted than I should have imagined. I anticipated great pleasure in the idea of again beholding my parents, after so many years. Soon I discovered our little cottage,—the same threshold, the latch of the door—all was just the same as I had left them. It seemed but yesterday that I was leaning against the door,—my heart beat with emotion. I opened it in haste, and found myself amid a party of strangers, who fixed their eyes upon me in astonishment. I inquired for the shepherd Martin; they answered that he and his wife had died some three years ago; when, instantly withdrawing, I left the village, weeping aloud.

"Alas! I had pictured to myself the pleasure of surprising them with my wealth. By a very singular adventure, I had obtained what I only dreamed of in my childhood; yet all was now in vain; they could not partake it with me; and the most flattering prospect of my whole existence suddenly vanished from my view.

"I took a small house and garden, near a pleasant

country town, and also engaged an attendant. I was not half so much surprised with the world as I had fondly anticipated; yet, by degrees, I contrived to forget the old woman, and my former mode of life; in fact, living very contentedly.

"The bird had long ceased to sing; and I felt not a little terrified when one night he suddenly began a different song; it ran as follows:—

'The lone wood side, the lone wood side;
Lies very far from me,
Where late I loved to hide,
And fain again would be.
The lone wood side for me.'

"I could not compose myself to sleep; my memory was too busy with the past; I feared I had done wrong.

"The sight of the bird when I rose in the morning seemed a reproach to me; he looked at me continually, and his presence grew irksome to me. He now never ceased his song, which was louder and more sweet than usual. The oftener I looked at him the more uneasy I became; at length I opened the cage, and seizing him by the neck, pressed my fingers tightly together. He cast one imploring look; I loosed my hold,—but he was already dead. I then went and buried him in the garden.

"Next my fears turned towards my attendant,

when I reflected upon what I had myself done. I thought she might take it into her head to rob, and, perhaps, to murder me. Sometime previous to this, I became acquainted with a young knight, with whom I was much pleased. I gave him my hand in marriage—and it is thus, Mr. Walther, that my story comes to an end."

"Yes, you should have seen her then," cried the fond Egbert eagerly;—"you should have seen what youth, beauty, and inexpressible charms her secluded kind of education had given her. To me she appeared most like a miracle;—and I loved her most devotedly. I had no property: it was her love that brought me prosperity; we withdrew to this spot, and hitherto we have had no reason to regret our union."

"But," said Bertha, "we have continued to prattle until it is become very late. Suppose we retire to rest."

Saying this, she rose and went to the door; Walther wished her a good night, adding, as he kissed her hand, "I return you thanks, my noble lady. I think I can just imagine you with your wonderful bird, and the way in which you fed the pretty *Strohmian*."

Walther, then, also retired to his chamber; while Egbert walked up and down the hall with a dissatisfied air. At length he stopped, exclaiming,

"To think of the folly of mankind! I first persuaded my wife to relate her history, and such confidence now vexes me. Will he divulge it to others? Will he not, perhaps, for such is the human character—be seized with a fatal wish for our diamonds, and contrive some plan for obtaining them?"

It then occurred to him that Walther had not taken leave of him as he might have done, after receiving such a proof of confidence. Once bent upon suspicion, the soul is apt to construe the least trifle into a matter of importance. Egbert reproached himself for so very undeserved a distrust of his excellent friend; yet in vain he attempted to banish it. Full of these thoughts, he ranged about the house, and got very little sleep. The next morning he heard Bertha was unwell; she could not appear at breakfast. Walther seemed to trouble himself in no way at this; and took leave of the knight with an air of indifference. His friend was unable to account for this change; he went to inquire after his wife, and found her in a high fever. She was of opinion that the long narration of the preceding evening might thus have agitated her nerves. From this period, Walther seldom returned to the castle, and then soon took his leave, after a slight unmeaning conversation. Egbert now began to be greatly alarmed; but he concealed his feelings both from his friend and

his wife, though his anxiety must have been evident to them.

Bertha's indisposition grew daily more serious; her physician expressed his fears; for the roses had left her cheeks, while her eyes became more and more inflamed. One morning she intreated to see Egbert at her bedside, at the same time ordering her domestics to withdraw. When her husband drew nigh, she observed, "My dear husband, there is something which has very nearly deprived me of reason, and quite destroyed my health; and trifling as it may appear, I think it my duty to confide it to you. You may recollect that, in giving an account of my childhood, I never could call to mind the name of the little dog, which was so long with me. But on that evening when your friend took leave of me, he said, "I can imagine the way in which you used to feed the little *Strohmian.*" Could this be mere accident, or did he guess the real name? Does he perhaps know the dog, do you suppose, and could he name him to me purposely? How is this man connected with my destiny? Sometimes I strive to believe that I do but imagine this strange circumstance: yet you perceive that it is only too certain. A terrible emotion overpowered me when I found myself so strangely reminded of the name, and by a perfect stranger. What does my Egbert think of it?"

Egbert gazed upon the features of his suffering Bertha with tender compassion ; but for some time spoke not. At length he uttered a few consolatory words, and took his leave. In unutterable anguish he paced to and fro, in one of the most secluded chambers of the castle. For several years Walther had been his sole companion—yet now he was the only being in the world whose existence distressed him. He felt as if he should never enjoy happiness more until he were swept from across his path. To dissipate his anxiety, he took down his fowling-piece, and bent his steps towards the moors.

The air was chill, with a stormy sky ; the snow lay deep upon the ground ; and the naked branches of the trees were covered with it. The unhappy Egbert walked hard, until the perspiration stood upon his forehead ; and meeting with no game, it added to his secret vexation. Soon, however, he perceived some object moving in the distance ; it was his friend busied in collecting mosses. Scarcely conscious of what he did, Egbert levelled his piece ; Walther looked towards him with a silent, but threatening gesture. It was too late ; the fatal shot was fired, and Walther lay lifeless on the ground.

At first Egbert felt easy, or at least more composed, though a feeling of alarm impelled his footsteps back towards his castle. A long walk lay

before him; for he had wandered far across the moors, and into the woods.

He was informed on his return that Bertha had expired; raving, in a strange unintelligible manner, about Walther and the old woman.

For some time after this event, Egbert buried himself in the deepest solitude. Always of a pensive cast of mind, his wife's singular story had often filled him with uneasiness, lest some untoward occurrence was in store for them; and now he was quite overwhelmed.

The assassination of his friend continually haunted him; his life became a prey to remorse and misery; and such were his sufferings, that he was glad to seek the society of a neighbouring town, and mix in the reigning amusements. Still he wished to have a friend in whom to confide; he felt a vacancy in his soul; and when he thought of Walther his terror was redoubled, for what friend could alleviate such misery. Then he had passed so many delightful days with his dear, unhappy Bertha:—but friendship and love had both vanished from his view; and his life became more like a strange tale that had been told, than a mere human career.

Soon he met with a young knight, named Hugo, who appeared to take an interest in the sad and thoughtful Egbert. He returned the knight's cour-

tesies the more willingly, as he had not expected them; and ere long they were seldom separate. They never rode out except in each other's company; they visited in the same societies; and yet Egbert was far from being happy. He felt as if he were imposing upon his friend Hugo, whose affection for him was founded in error. He wished to confide the secret of his destiny, in order to learn whether his friendship would stand the test. He then felt so completely overwhelmed with a sense of his infamy, that he believed no one could really esteem him, to whom he was not totally unknown. Nevertheless he could not resist the impulse, and, during a solitary ride, he confided the history of his adventures to his friend. He then inquired whether Hugo could retain his esteem for an assassin. Hugo was affected, and tried to console him, as Egbert followed him, with lighter heart and feelings, back to the town.

But, alas! it was the curse of Egbert's nature to indulge suspicion, even in the hour of confidence; and hardly had they entered the public rooms together, before the features of his friend Hugo began to alarm him. He fancied he detected a malicious smile playing upon his lips; that he spoke very short; conversing with other people present, with a kind of marked neglect towards him.

Among the company was an old knight, who

had ever shown a decided enmity towards Egbert; often inquiring in a very peculiar manner respecting his wealth and his wife. Hugo was observed to associate much with this man; frequently conversing with him aside; while they directed their looks towards Egbert. Believing himself betrayed, his soul became a prey to the most violent rage. While still gazing on them, what was his horror suddenly to behold Walther's face, his exact features, his well known figure. He withdrew his eyes:—again he looked:—it was no one else but Walther whispering in the ear of the old man. His terror was extreme; he darted from the room with a look of distraction; and, abandoning the place that evening, immured himself once more in his castle.

There, with the restlessness of a troubled spirit, he paced from room to room, his thoughts incessantly busied with horrible ideas; while slumber no longer visited his eyes. Sometimes he believed himself insane; that it was only imagination which had produced so many terrific circumstances; yet, surely, he recollected Walther's features; here there could be no illusion, and again every thing became inexplicable. Soon he resolved to try whether travel would tend to dissipate these hateful feelings; for friendship and society seemed to be closed against him for ever. Without having fixed upon any set-

tled route, he instantly set forth, paying little attention to the country, and the objects before him. When he had proceeded during some days, he began to enter some defile, among the rocks, whence he found no outlet. At last he met with an old peasant, who led him to a path opposite a waterfall. He wished to bestow some pieces upon his guide, but he refused them.

"I could almost imagine," said Egbert to himself, "nay I could lay a wager, that this man is Walther." Again he turned round to look; it was indeed Walther! Egbert stuck his spurs into his horse, and sped through wood and field, until, worn down by fatigue, the noble beast fell upon the ground. He then continued his route on foot; and, half distracted, he ascended a hill; he thought he caught the sound of a dog barking near him; but the waving of the birch trees might, perhaps, deceive him, which interposed between the spot. Soon, however, he distinctly heard, in a kind of supernatural note, the following song:—

"The lonely wood
To me seems good,
So does the green-wood tree;
The song by night,
The pale moonlight,
The lonely wood for me."

At these sounds Egbert lost all sense of reason

and consciousness. Buried in the labyrinth of fear and mystery, he was uncertain whether he were awake, or whether he ever possessed such a wife as Bertha. He grew more and more confused; a variety of strange fancies whirled through his brain; he breathed in an enchanted world; he could not rightly conceive or recollect any thing.

Next he saw an aged woman, bent almost double, come creeping and coughing, with a crutch in her hand, along the hill-side.

"Dost thou bring back my dog; my bird; my jewels?" she shrieked aloud. "Now see how the unjust punish themselves; I was thy friend Walther; —I was thy Hugo; only I."

"Gracious God," cried Egbert, "in what an awful wilderness then have I spent my days!"

"And Bertha was thy own sister!" added the old crone.

The unhappy Egbert lay senseless on the earth.

"Why," continued the old woman, "why did she so deceitfully abandon me? Had she not done this, every thing would have yet been well. Her period of trial was already over. She was the daughter of a Knight, who confided her to the care of a herdsman—thy own father's daughter."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Egbert, "why have I ever predicted this fatal consequence—ever been haunted by this detested idea?'

"Because," said the old woman, "thy father himself informed thee that he had a daughter, whom he did not venture to bring up at home on account of his wife; being his daughter by another woman."

Egbert heard no more: he was lying in a raving and dying state upon the earth; the last voices that broke upon his ear, were the screaming voice of the old woman, the barking of the dog, and the strange bird's reiterated song.

GERMAN NOVELS.

LANGBEIN.

Augustus Frederick Langbein was born at Radeberg, near Dresden, the 6th day of September, 1757. He was employed for some time as a private tutor and censor of the press at Dresden, where he first produced 2 vols. of poems, Leipsick, 1788; followed, in 1795, by 3 vols. of novels, entitled "Evening Pastimes." He wrote his "Talisman against Ennui," in three parts, at Berlin, 1802, with "Ritter Gerhard and his Faithful One," a Romance, also in 1802. Another series of novels appeared in 1804; his "Ritter der Wahrheit, or True Knight," in 1805; followed by a variety of other works, chiefly belonging to the same class; but all remarkable for their spirit, and the ingenuity of their plots and incidents. Most of these are of a light and humorous character, approaching in point of excellence nearer to the manner of Wieland, (though without either his classical or romantic pretensions,) than any other Novels that can be mentioned.

In a work like the present, however, only a faint idea can be conveyed of the qualities of his more extended productions; many scenes and incidents of which, are of a highly animated character, though too diffuse and national to prove wholly acceptable to modern English tastes. Yet, extensive as they are, these novels constitute only a few of his lively and humorous compositions, both in prose and verse, many of which are become deservedly popular with the lighter readers among the author's countrymen; with those who delight rather in viewing the comic and burlesque, than the terrific and supernatural exhibitions of imaginative power. Specimens of the former kind have here been selected, as affording at once the most amusing materials—such as are best adapted to display the author's peculiar manner,—and as offering some degree of relief and contrast to the more powerful and appalling pictures from the hand of Tieck.

As a novel writer, Langbein will be found to rank among the foremost who have infused a more light and animated spirit into their productions, since the revival of the modern literature of Germany. He discovers less of a national and peculiar tone than most writers of fiction, who have either preceded or followed him; his delineation of manners and characters are more general and uni-

versal; the interest attaching to them is more in unison with modern tastes and feelings; while the keen and lively, yet good-natured air of satire, thrown over his reflections, presents us with much of the pleasure of ironical observation, without the sting.

MARIANNE RICHARDS;

OR, MEMOIRS OF AN ACTRESS.

THE Treasury-secretary Richards was a clever, clear-sighted man. On this account he was very naturally disliked by all those of an inferior character, who are inclined to consider the project for some lucrative office, or the despatch of some gracious commands, as the most distinguished and advantageous triumph of the human understanding. "A mighty genius, to be sure!" they would often observe to one another; at the same time shrugging their shoulders, in a way which rather betrayed their own malice than the justice of their reflections upon him.

True it was that Mr. Secretary Richards had committed an unpardonable offence in the eyes of these court pedants, which they conceived quite treasonable;—he had been long ago attached to polite literature, and had even written verses and comedies in his youth. And though he had long dismounted from this, his early hobby, discharging his official duties with the utmost degree of promptitude and care, they declared that the old

sinner had not fairly recanted his youthful error; and that his love for theatrical exhibitions still kept possession both of his head and his heart. Worse than all, they found his name in a list of members for a private theatre, which he furnished with—his advice; and, if the verses lied not, with occasional prologues and epilogues, as if to give greater zest to the sin. To be sure, he did not stalk the stage; but her lady-secretaryship was known to appear in certain fine maternal characters, which she represented with much nature and truth.

Such a *penchant*, however, did not seem to interfere with her other duties; for she very ably superintended her domestic affairs, and continued to live on the best terms with her consort. This highly-gifted pair possessed an only child; a lovely girl, who seemed to have derived a taste, as well as a genius, for theatrical performances, from her mother's breast. Before she was four years of age, Marianne displayed her infantine powers, with such a degree of excellence, combined with so much simplicity and ease, as to delight every one who beheld her. So beautiful and accomplished a young creature, thus early attracting the plaudits of her parents and their friends, became almost an object of idolatry in their eyes, and they spared no

means of cultivating her uncommon powers to the greatest advantage.

Nor did she disappoint their fond expectations. At fifteen years of age, Mariane spoke the French and Italian languages with fluency; painted beautifully, and danced still more enchantingly. In all the most pleasing feminine accomplishments, she far surpassed her companions, for rivals she had none: there was an inimitable grace in her least actions, which appealed with irresistible power both to the eye, and to the heart.

Her genuine vivacity and wit rendered her the soul of the society in which she moved. She could enliven the most sedate and sorrowful groups of antiquated belles and beaux in the world, by the magic of her looks and words, while, at the same time, there was nothing approaching to levity or extravagance—nothing infringing on the most refined manners, or the feelings of others. Of course, with these shining qualities, she was cordially hated by all the awkward or plain women of her acquaintance; pitied and condemned by all the devotees; but vastly admired and prized by every man who had a heart to give. Yet, beyond the circle of her own family and most confidential friends, did Mariane's true worth, the native simplicity and tenderness of her whole character, remain unappreciated, in the recesses of her heart.

The truth of this she soon painfully experienced in the loss of an excellent mother, for whom she was almost inconsolable; but which brought some of her noblest and most valuable feelings into fuller play. Her devoted attachment to her father, and her respect for all his opinions, would now have led her to renounce her theatrical taste and pursuits, had he at all insisted on such a sacrifice; but in about a year, he requested her to appear once more upon the private boards. Here her characters were always of the most pathetic and exalted cast. The hero's part was in general played by a fine promising young man, one of her father's secretaries, in whom he placed the utmost confidence, and whose talents he justly appreciated, uniformly treating him less like an assistant than like a son.

Unfortunately, there are always certain busy and officious people, whose chief occupation seems to be that of deciding upon other people's affairs, without possessing, or wishing to possess, any competent information on the subject: so it happened in this instance. Secretary Richards' real elevation of mind, which induced him thus to indulge his daughter's tastes and his own, was regarded by them as absurd and romantic extravagance, highly unjust towards his daughter. He deigned not, however, to notice any of these idle and injurious

reports, though he well knew their object, and the source whence they were derived.

It did not escape him, likewise, that his young friend Werner and Marianne were not satisfied with strictly confining their love-scenes to the circle of the stage; but, in order to perfect themselves in such characters, held frequent rehearsals elsewhere. And this they both frankly confessed on his first allusion to the subject.

From this time he seemed to regard Werner as his son, and the new alliance soon became the familiar conversation of every circle in the city. This gave peculiar zest to the pleasure of the privileged few, admitted to the private boards, who watched the progress of the lovers in their assumed characters, through all the difficulties and sufferings opposed to their mutual passion, until on being sometimes eventually surmounted, the lovely heroine yielded her hand, amidst the smiles and whispers of the spectators; "How long will it be, before she gives it him for good—at least for better or worse:—When will they leave off these heroics, and cease weeping, and making *us* weep thus?"

This was one of those prophecies, however, destined never to be fulfilled. Mr. Secretary Richards fell a sudden victim to an apoplectic seizure, unconscious even that he died in his unhappy daughter's arms. Young Werner, too, beheld himself at

once deprived of a benefactor and a father, at a moment when he was fast rising into notice; and might shortly have laid claim to the legal title of his son. But this was not the sole change it produced; the noble Secretary had served his country better than himself, and had, consequently, amassed little fortune. His influence no longer promoted the young statesman's advancement; he began to question the policy of the proposed alliance, and his attentions to the daughter of his benefactor became less warm and assiduous. His language assumed a more measured tone, and the word of friendship was more frequently upon his lips. In this manner did the ungrateful seek gradually to loosen those bands of affection, which it had late been his proudest ambition to form, until, at length, he had the cruel audacity, within a few months after her father's decease, to write to her, stating the insurmountable obstacles that now presented themselves to their union, which he expressed in the most cold and calculating language, regretting that prudence would no longer sanction their mutual regard. Marianne, however, exhibited less emotion at the reception of these tidings, than the politic Werner had probably anticipated. A girl of her sense and spirit, possessed of so many and such varied accomplishments, thought it due to her insulted pride, rather to congratulate her-

self on having detected the real character of *such* a lover, than to regret his loss. His interested motives, and his bad taste, were conspicuously displayed shortly afterwards, in his marriage with the daughter of a wealthy, but notorious usurer; a girl as opposite to Mariane, as darkness to light, equally inferior to her in person as in the endowments of mind. The affairs of the late Secretary had been placed in the hands of Commissioners, appointed on his sudden demise, who shortly informed his orphan daughter, that, after the discharge of his outstanding debts, a very small surplus was found remaining due to her. This wrought a complete change in poor Mariane's situation, both in society and in the world at large. At first she was caressed and consoled, then pitied, and by degrees, she felt that she began to be forsaken and despised. This was too much; "Whither shall I turn! to what shall I betake myself!" cried the lovely, but unhappy Mariane, as she became daily more sensible of the altered manners of her late friends and associates, the growing coolness of the ladies, and the familiarity of the courtiers.—"for this I cannot and will not bear! Let me rather perform the most menial services, expose myself to all trials and to every risk, than longer endure these painful conflicts of heart and soul. Oh, my dear, dear father! could you see the cruel sufferings and temp-

tations to which I have been exposed here in the very scene of your honourable toils and faithful services, from the very hearts which ought to have been so truly bounden by them, how much you would pity me. But I must fly from this hateful scene, though penury and privation pursue my steps, if I would not become a voluntary victim, most vile and hateful to myself. Henceforth I have only to rely upon my own principles, and my own powers of exertion."

True to these resolutions, she instantly abandoned the courtly mansion, where she was residing on sufferance, without even consulting its ungenerous owners, and took private lodgings; where she might reflect in safety, upon some means of future support. She first sought refuge at the house of a wealthy tradesman, whose sole ambition centered in adding fresh sums, however small, to his growing capital. This man, judging of her fortune by her appearance, had the conscience, in the course of a few weeks, to present her with the most unjust charges for her residence, making out a variety of false items; at the same time, giving her notice to leave the house, if his bill was not settled within eight days. The wretched Mariane, almost reduced to extremities, found it expedient to decide upon new measures; and, in the hurry and agony of her thoughts, the idea of the stage,

now, for the first time, since the loss of her father, recurred to her mind.

Scarcely had she adopted the resolution of applying to some theatrical manager, when a respectable old man of the name of Oswald, who had been an actor from his fifteenth year, announced himself, and was gladly admitted. He had retired from the stage, within the last five or six years, and taken up his residence near that of Marianne's father, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and had made repeated inquiries, since his death, respecting his unfortunate daughter. His appearance, at this moment, was hailed with lively pleasure, as it was her first wish to consult him upon her future prospects, and avail herself of his known good-nature and experience.

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome!" she cried; "how kind this is of you! You are among the few of my old friends—of my father's friends, I mean, who have been at the trouble of inquiring about me. But sit down, pray sit down quickly; for I have most important affairs on which to consult you, I do assure you."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the old dramatic veteran, as he seated himself laughing; "most important affairs! so, so. I hope you don't want me to fight a duel; any thing else in reason."

"No, no, you need not look so alarmed; but

you know the whole history of my unhappy affairs. You think I have been sadly wronged in respect to my father's property, and that advantage has been taken of his dying so suddenly, and intestate. But let it pass: heaven pardon all my enemies, if I have any! It is enough that henceforward I must rely upon my own efforts; I feel that it is equally indispensable to my self-respect, to my comfort, and to my character, that I should no longer live dependent upon the bounty of others; and, finally, I have resolved to lose no time in applying to your friend the manager, though I am sorry to think it is directly against your last advice and injunctions."

"I should be sorry, too, if I did not believe you were only in jest. Ye Powers forbid that you should be serious!" replied her good old friend.

"Very serious, dear Oswald."

"To become an actress! you alarm me."

"Why should it? But, perhaps, I misunderstand you;—you doubt my talent—you think I shall not succeed."

"No, not that; but I almost wish it were so," said the old player, with one of his comic expressions of face; "if I thought so truly, I would rate you well. Unfortunately, you possess too many fine qualities, without any flattery, to give me hopes of that. I only fear you would assume too high a

rank in the annals of our stage, excite too much admiration, love, hate, jealousy; foment divisions, plots, and all manner of conspiracies, until you had set the poor manager's house on fire. Would then, at this moment, Marianne, that thou wert rather so dull of wit and hearing, as to render thee quite unfit to enact the least part of a poor page or pedlar; and had such a villanous stuttering, and such a halting in thy gait, as to mar the majesty of a dumb messenger, who has only to bear some royal despatches; would that thy memory would not lead thee three words running aright; and that, withal, thou wert darker than a gypsey, and plainer than those that envy thee most!"

"Extremely obliged, Mr. Oswald; very friendly wishes."

"Yes, friendly, by Heavens," repeated Oswald, very earnestly; "better you had all these disadvantages, with indigence added to the number, than expose yourself to the dreadful risks you wot not of."

"But, good Mr. Oswald——"

"Oh that cursed private theatre! Oh Mr. Secretary, Mr. Secretary!—A thousand pardons, my dear girl," interrupted the old man, drawing his hands across his eyes; "but you see this is the fruit of such tricks. I perceive that you have moulded your ideas upon that scale.

There you had every advantage—whole weeks to study a character;—buoyed up with praise and pleasure, all grace and ease and confidence; and applauded until your ears tingled with the sound. Peace, pleasure, and affluence were around you, and such a theatre gave a zest to all. It is thus a delightful pastime deceives the heart of youth; it will always continue as enchanting as it now is;—we think the same scene and season will recur, and always please us as well. Such now appear to you the attractions of a public theatre, comparing it with that which you once enjoyed; and you would encounter the cruel sport and violence of fortune, upon a scene exposed to all her most trying variations, while you imagined you were perhaps flying to a place of refuge. Too soon you are rudely awakened from a delightful dream; the real truth bursts upon your startled vision; the real evils of life rise in succession before you; the storm grows louder and louder; you tremble,—you draw back; —you would fain wrap your cloak around you, and fly; when it is perhaps already too late. In vain you look round for the flowers you once plucked in other fields, when they blossomed round your home; thorns, sharp thorns, are strewed along your path, which pierce you the more keenly, the more tender your feelings are."

"Surely your zeal for me misleads you," replied

Marianne, or I do not quite understand you. I do hope your portrait is too highly coloured and extravagant."

"I will draw no portrait then," replied Oswald; "I will give you the original itself; and mark me well, while I honestly declare that an actor's life is one of the most pitiable and wretched, more especially for persons of good family and education, to whom it soon becomes wholly intolerable."

"But I think you ought at least to bring me some proofs of these harsh assertions. You too, after playing for half a century, you must be a very old sinner!"

"Oh, I will give abundant proofs, if you will only listen patiently," replied the humorous old actor, laughing.

"My first evidence, short and conclusive enough, is in this single question—can you bear up against contempt?"

"As little as any one of honourable feelings."

"Therefore, my dear girl, recant, recant quickly these, your villanous errors. For contempt, bitter, heavy contempt, falls to the lot of those who tread the magic scene."

"Who despises them?"

"Nearly all the world."

"Such a feeling, then, is excessively unjust; as I suppose the world's opinions in general are. Still, every situation on earth is mingled with good and

evil. The profession we speak of must embrace many worthy members—ornaments to any society, who in no way merit the world's censure or scorn."

"That is very true; but the innocent very frequently suffer along with those who are not so, you know."

"They must then assert their own self respect, and prove by their actions that they belong to the better class, in defiance of the prejudices and scandal of the world."

"Why, you speak like a philosopher, like a man," exclaimed Oswald, with evident surprise and pleasure, "but will this sage philosophy stand the test? Can it cope with all the difficulties which that thousand-headed despot, the public, has prepared for it? Can it repress your just indignation, when the highest triumph of your art,—on which each little despot believes he sits in judgment after paying his entrance-mite—shall either fail to make an impression, or be decried by the worst portion of an indiscriminate and tasteless audience? Suppose some absurd, but high-born and influential leader of the ton, with a vast deal of conceit, and as little sense or feeling, should take upon himself the part of censor, and decide upon your best and most laboured efforts in the presence of the public, and in favour of a party who echo back his opinions;

pronounced, perhaps, too near, and loud enough to be heard by the unhappy actress on the stage."

"The value of the praise or blame of such men," replied Marianne, "must be pretty equal. The good opinion of a few disinterested and able judges ought to be the great object of every first-rate actor."

"So thought my much valued friend, the celebrated Ekhof, whom I have often heard relate the following anecdote. One evening, when representing the part of an honest countryman, in which he studied to display strong and simple nature, there happened to be an original of the same class, as one of the spectators in the house, not far from him. He gazed upon his counterpart long and intently, with his mouth as wide open as his eyes, until at last he exclaimed aloud to his next neighbour—'How in the world have they persuaded one of our chaps to come here?' 'This simple and hearty enquiry,' added my friend Ekhof, 'was more gratifying to my pride, than any compliment of the best critic in the world.' Unluckily, however, there are not many spectators who feel so correctly, or explain themselves so clearly, as the honest rustic. In truth, a company of players is a singular kind of corporation, whose several members are generally at open warfare with each other; while, at the same time, they must take care to make up among them a most harmonious whole. Jealousy of favourite parts,

and of public favour, creates perpetual broils, which so far injure the temper of the most mild and good humoured, as to display itself to the eye of an experienced spectator. Then the indispensable necessity of speaking and acting in opposition to your better feelings is a painful task, to those who are not naturally hypocritical; for how is it possible to go nobly through with scenes of splendid action, of pathos, and of love, with actors whose whole lives and manners are perhaps in direct contradiction to the characters they sustain, and such as it must be your object to avoid and to abhor? How is it possible to express with spirit, characters full of vivacity and humour, while the heart is oppressed with its heavy burden of care and grief? To think of sporting, amidst the abundance of fancied wealth and honours, while the contrast is so indelibly impressed upon the mind, without a sigh? For alas! penury and privations do not only dog the footsteps of the grossly abandoned or imprudent; the most cautious and economical frequently fall victims to this dangerous profession, without a single fault. An unsettled and wandering life renders prudence and domestic happiness almost unavailing; the changes of war, of fashion, and the humour of the great, are not unfrequently the cause of suddenly reducing the most respectable members to utter wretchedness and ruin. Should talent and

spirit even triumph for a period, the evil day is sure to arrive, when, broken and dispirited, the aged actor, with feeble, and still feebler, efforts, and with shattered nerves, looks round him for some supporting hand in vain; and sometimes faints, or actually dies, with intense exertions to maintain his former fame. Thousands, who gazed with pleasure upon the triumphs of his art, look coldly down upon his less vivid scenes—his declining fire and pathos; nor are there wanting pharasaical friends among them ready to condole with him, when at length he yields—'Ah, why not aim at something beyond a comedian?'"

"My dear friend," exclaimed Marianne, "you give a sad—a very sad account."

"Nay, I have not completed it yet. I must now present you with the foreground of the picture;—all those disagreeable incidents and inconveniences attending on such a life,—in particular to a young, unmarried actress; exposed to a thousand perils and temptations, when destitute of parental support; and these not only from her companions on the stage, but from the most insidious, violent, and dangerous men of the world. The corruption, too, of manners in all great cities, creates absolute disbelief in female virtue, and is treated as a matter of fashionable notoriety by young lords and gentlemen who lead the ton. This despicable

feeling, arising out of sheer assurance and the most paltry vanity, leads these young fashionables to imagine themselves possessed of irresistible attractions, and that they have merely to make their appearance, like the Roman hero, 'to come, to see, and to conquer,' and their fame is achieved. Such worthies only laugh in their sleeve, when a man of real merit expresses a nobler opinion of the sex; and in particular, as respects the stage. They seek to confirm existing prejudices, and imagine that every pretty actress will be glad to listen to the best proposals she can meet withal. In this persuasion, these little heroes arm themselves for conquest: with brazen front, bold eye, unblushing cheek, they have recourse to the most despicable manœuvres; they lie in ambush, they advance, they retreat, but never once lose sight of their unfortunate prey. Should some being of superior character, of purer and loftier views than those by whom she is surrounded, present herself;—one whose soul were capable of abhorring the beauty of an Apollo, when disguising the temptations of a demon,—what a fate is reserved for her! She may forfeit her reputation, though pure and spotless as the snow; she may be condemned to the humiliation of hearing a repetition of proposals which place her upon a level with the most abandoned and unfortunate of her sex. Yes, by Heavens!

were there no other evil, no deeper reproach and bitterness attaching to such a life than this; were the stage a paradise of delight for the display of female talents and accomplishments; yet this single source of shame and sorrow must render it, in the eyes of every noble and pure-minded woman, a life of incessant danger and anxiety—a perfect purgatory upon earth!"

He ceased, but Marianne was unable to reply. She was evidently struggling to repress her emotions; and Oswald did not wish to check her feelings, in order that his arguments might have their full weight: but the next moment she burst into a flood of tears.

"Wretch that I am," she cried; "on all sides I am surrounded by precipices yawning to receive me; yet I must press forward. I must encounter all those difficulties, severe and alarming as you depict them. For tell me, dear Oswald, decide for me yourself—is it not more becoming, and nobler far, to contend with difficulties, however great and appalling, than to live dependent upon the bounty of others, or to sit down and weep, and die of despair? If destruction must come, let us not yield without an effort; let us have the price of it; let us fall at least with one's own applause, conscious of one's own innocence; with honour and integrity to embalm our names."

" Very good, very noble, my poor Marianne," replied Oswald much affected; and he pressed the subject no farther.

" Yes, my decision is made, irrevocably made," pursued Marianne; " seek to oppose me no longer. Yet, believe me, your kind motives are deeply, very deeply felt and appreciated, nor shall they be lost upon me. And now I have to solicit your friendly aid and intercession, in obtaining for me such a situation in some respectable company, as you may judge best adapted for me."

" Then be it so," replied Oswald; " I have discharged my duty as an old friend; and should you live to regret your present decision, either sooner or later, I hope I shall not need to upbraid myself. For, I confess, I cannot augur good; the words of Hamlet to Ophelia occur to my mind too forcibly upon this occasion:—

> ' Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not escape calùmny.'

Perceiving, however, that you are fixed in your determination, I am happy to think that I can be of some advantage to you, in facilitating the object you have in view. I am well acquainted with Wolfram, one of our managers, who is most distinguished for the maintenance of strict order and propriety; and who, I know, is just now desirous

of engaging some lady of ability to take leading parts as the heroine of the piece. I received a letter from him this very day, stating that he had discharged the person who had hitherto conducted them, on account of her presumption, and the levity of her manners; and entreating that I would be on the look-out to find him the best substitute in my power."

"Oh, how extremely fortunate!" exclaimed Marianne, brightly smiling through her tears. "It really seems as if Heaven meant to favour my attempt. Yet, perhaps, I am only deceiving myself;—your friend Wolfram may not like to engage with a mere novice."

"Indulge no anxiety on that head. I have not the least hesitation in recommending you; and I can vouch for your reception, should not the vacancy happen to have been already filled up."

"Ah, pray then write, write quickly. I will not delay you a moment," cried Marianne, as she reached her old friend his hat and stick, and almost hurried him away."

CHAPTER II.

In a very few days Oswald again made his appearance, with a letter in his hand; "Here! I have brought you friend Wolfram's answer, my dear; for henceforward I must talk to you like a father. Your wishes are complied with; he longs to see you; and the sooner the better." The next day was, therefore, appointed. Marianne spent the interval in trying to compose the hurry of her spirits, and recalling to mind her most favourite and successful efforts in other times.

Half smiles, half tears, she received the kind old man, accompanied by his friend the manager; and expressed her gratitude in the most lively terms.

Wolfram appeared delighted with her manners and conversation; and felt no hesitation in offering her the part of Emilia Galotti.* She accepted it; and on the important night, exhibited it with a degree of brilliant power, which gained her undivided applause. She was equally happy in Minna of Barnhelm; and the public seemed to appreciate her rare talent and unequalled assiduity. She seemed to penetrate into the inmost foldings of the pas-

* One of the most favourite pieces of Lessing.

sions, in developing the meaning of her characters; she threw fervent heart and spirit into their thoughts; and soared above all that conventional tone, and mechanical play of the art, which rests satisfied with following the language, without the spirit of the author; much as a young tyro repeats the Psalms in verse. At the same time, such was her correctness, that she was never observed to be at a loss for a syllable, so as to be able wholly to dispense with the presence of a prompter; often such an indispensable requisite, even to good actors.

She was no less correct and tasteful in her selection of dramatic costume. That vanity and coquetry which would have induced others, in playing the character of village maidens, to array themselves in the dress of a countess, never occupied her thoughts; and she studied only to adapt her dress and whole appearance, to the nature of the character she had to sustain. During the performance, she was wholly absorbed in the scene before her; nothing seemed capable of distracting her attention for a moment. Apparently, she regarded the audience as little as if there had been a wall of separation between them and her. Even in the intervals, she was still busied with her part, and preserved the same harmonious spirit until the close; while many of her companions were jesting in the green-room, and sometimes missing, when they ought to be ready to appear.

The manager was a very different character to the usual run of the profession, whose ideas are wholly confined to the mechanical process of the scenes. He had taste to appreciate the full meaning of the spectacle, and understood the laws by which its most complete representation was to be attained, insomuch that the most experienced members of his company were glad to avail themselves of his suggestions. This they did the more freely, because they were discreetly and delicately delivered; even their most glaring errors were pointed out in a kind and friendly spirit: though he could be extremely earnest and severe, if occasion required. This was particularly experienced by such members of the company as were less assiduous, and less attentive in rehearsal than the rest, thus requiring frequent repetitions, which exhausted the time and patience of the leading characters.

The society, moreover, consisted, for the chief part, of respectable names,—of persons who had acquired general approbation and esteem by the propriety of their manners and conduct. At the head of the female class, was a widow lady of the name of Berger, whose virtues were justly appreciated by the manager. To her he intrusted the charge of Marianne, who took up her residence at her house, and received the kindest proofs of her affection and regard.

Several months elapsed; and Marianne continued to please and to be pleased. Not the slightest unpleasant incident had occurred; and she frequently wrote to her old friend, Oswald, representing the advantages which she enjoyed, and rallying him, in the most amusing terms, upon his unjust representations of the perils of a player's life, which did not at all deserve to be depicted in such dismal colours. The old actor's answers uniformly began, "I am rejoiced to hear that all is yet going well. Still you are only at the foot of the mountain, and you have a long journey before you. Look well to yourself."

And in a short time, Oswald's histrionic prophecies began to be fulfilled. Notwithstanding the manager's utmost caution and reserve, there were certain young lords who found their way into the green-room, and vied with each other in lavishing applauses upon Marianne's theatrical genius and skill. These, however, she politely repelled or refused to hear; but her artful flatterers were not easily repulsed, and their commendations were shortly directed to the charms of her manners and her person.

Marianne blushing, shrunk back, and made no reply.

Such discreet conduct, however, did not deter them from again making their appearance behind the

scenes; and sometimes they even followed her into the green-room, when they were preparing to dress.

At the head of this uncivil company, there figured a smart young lord of the Prince's chamber, named Windhorst, one of the most dissolute but successful intriguers of the court. He possessed fortune, a good person, and infinite assurance, qualities which he believed would invariably entitle him to the admiration of the women, whether in single or married life. At the same time his determined perseverance, united to his utter want of feeling, his audacity, and his wily experience, rendered him one of the most dangerous characters, dreaded by every woman of real virtue, who was so unfortunate as to attract his attentions. The city annals of scandal were filled with his evil exploits, containing the number of wives whom he had embroiled with their husbands—the daughters whom he had decoyed from their parent's roof. Moreover, he had frequently betrayed the tender confidence reposed in him; and in several instances, where he had been repulsed and foiled, had boasted of favours which he never enjoyed.

Such was the young lord's character, who now daily began to lay closer siege to Marianne's affections, sometimes attended by companions of the same stamp, sometimes alone; but always incessant in his visits to the theatre, behind the scenes,

and in the green-room. Marianne, however, as invariably shunned his approach, and even showed greater reluctance to listen to him, than to any others who accompanied him. But in vain she avoided him: he followed; "he insisted upon being heard, let her only admit him in the rank of her friends, and he would require no more." She still sought to avoid him, and at length complained of his incessant persecutions to the manager. He instantly took the matter up, called upon the young courtier, and after expressing his feelings warmly upon the subject, concluded with repeating his prohibition of his appearing behind the scenes. The artful young courtier received his reproaches with a good-natured laugh, treated the whole matter as mere jest, and clapping the manager upon the shoulder, hoped that he would not insist upon banishing him, and all his friends, from the theatre.

The next day he presented himself, as usual, at the side entrance of the theatre, leading to the green-room, as if nothing had occurred. This time, however, the manager had been as good as his word, and the young lord beheld it guarded by two fierce whiskered cherubims, with brandished swords, which he imagined blazed like those forbidding a return to Paradise; and somewhat with the feelings of a foiled demon, he retraced his steps, without venturing an attack.

Marianne's persecutions appeared now to have ceased; but, in a short while, she remarked with pain, that the manager's manners towards her began to grow more cold and distant. This she could not support; and with tears in her eyes, she one day pressed him to give her an explanation. He frankly confessed that the recent affair, on which she had consulted him, had somewhat disconcerted him. True it was, that she was quite the innocent occasion of what had occurred; yet, that he had suffered so much from similar disagreeable occurrences, that he was not always master of his temper, and that, indeed, it was nearly impossible for him to do strict justice in these matters, and even to escape the charge of confounding the innocent with the guilty: that she must not imagine she had in the least forfeited his esteem; and that she must judge nothing from any apparent change in his deportment; for most assuredly, as long as she continued to conduct herself with so much discretion and propriety, she might rely upon his friendship and protection.

After this conversation, the kind-hearted manager sought to repair his unintentional injustice and coolness, by lavishing more than usual attention and commendations upon her. But this did not produce on Marianne its intended effect; she thought she perceived a degree of restraint and

ceremony in his whole tone and manner; there was more politeness, and less openness and freedom.

She felt anxious and distressed; she was more and more convinced there was some secret cause of offence, and this feeling dwelt upon her imagination. She could scarcely conceal her feelings; her sadness and uneasiness appeared in her looks; it was in vain that her kind friend and hostess, Madame Berger, sought to cheer and console her. Henceforward her manner towards the manager became more timid and irresolute; and the change did not escape Wolfram's observation. It hurt and displeased him; and the former good understanding and mutual kind feelings which subsisted between them, were thus disturbed by the machinations of one, whose evil passions were still at work to effect more extensive mischief than he had already done.

CHAPTER III.

As Marianne was one day sitting in her own room adjoining that of Madame Berger's, a messenger was announced, who delivered a letter, and hastily withdrew. She saw that it was directed to her; but neither the hand nor the seal were known

to her. What still farther surprised her was, that she felt it contained money, and she stood hesitating whether she should open it. On hearing Madame Berger in the passage, she ran towards her, and opened it in her presence, when she found it contained a large sum of money, together with an epistle from the young lord Windhorst. Its tenor was as follows:—

"My life is becoming a most intolerable burthen to me, charming Marianne, if I am longer to be debarred from your society. How long will you refuse to hear—to understand me? I fear I have been calumniated, vilely calumniated, as a wretch unworthy of your notice; yet Heaven be my witness how much I honour virtue, and doubly so in one situated as you are. Believe me, all excellent and angel-minded as I now am convinced you are, that my late apparent faults were merely meant as trials of your exalted nature, affording proofs of your perfect and invulnerable excellence;—a triumph due to honour and to virtue. Oh, no, I am no longer a tempter—I can no longer doubt, or disbelieve in the perfection of female character, were I even capable of it. I would still entreat, conjure you, to persevere in your exalted and virtuous path, inspiring me, as it does, with feelings of such pure pleasure, admiration, and esteem for your character. I know what delight you take in

dispensng happiness around you; blessings ought every where to follow you. Consent for once, then, to become my almoner; do not refuse the enclosed trifle, and give me no thanks. Apply it in whatever manner you judge best; and once more let me beseech you ever to persevere in your virtuous career. I know you will; yet ah! if you should ever by any chance be led to swerve from it, then remember me, most charming Marianne; remember there is no one on earth who is half so devotedly, so distractedly attached to you, as your unfortunate

WINDHORST.

"P. S. Permit me to supply you with the same monthly donation for the indulgence of your benevolent feelings."

Marianne could not peruse this appeal to her feelings without momentary emotion; but her judgment remained true and unperverted. She threw the letter from her with an expression of contempt and abhorrence, and instantly wrote the following answer:—

"SIR,

"I stand in need of no encouragement to be virtuous; I have therefore returned to you the money which you enclosed me. I should esteem the treasures of all the world utterly worthless, from the hand of a man who is known to reward vice rather than virtue."

She lost not a moment in returning the young lord his insidious bribe, despatching it by the hand of her own maid Lisette, in order to be informed of its safe delivery. Hitherto the girl had been in the habit of decrying the character of the wicked young nobleman in the most indignant terms, exceeding even those of her mistress; but from that day forth, she began to venture a few words in his defence, and at length related instances of his charity, generosity, and great disinterestedness. She heard too, that he continued to bewail Marianne's cruelty,—that he was very unhappy, and could never refrain from tears when her name was mentioned. Her eloquence upon this theme continued so perfectly inexhaustible, as to rouse Marianne's suspicions; while Madame Berger remarked, that she must have received a portion of the bribe which she had carried back—suspicions which were farther confirmed by her hinting that it would only be an act of common justice to hear the poor young gentleman in his own defence.

Marianne enjoined silence, adding, that should he again venture to make his appearance, he must instantly, she insisted upon it, be shown from the door.

One evening, a gentle tap was heard at the room door; Lisette sprang up, and hastened out, closing it after her, while the young lord threw himself at the feet of the terrified Marianne.

"Here, even here," cried the wretched girl, her face glowing with shame and anger, "do you dare to intrude!" at the same time flying to an inner room, which she locked before he had time to prevent it. He long entreated to be heard and admitted. Marianne replied, that she would rather prefer dying of hunger, any death the most appalling, than think of listening to him for a moment. Still he persisted, and on her replying to his prayers and threats with scorn, he attempted to force open the door. At this moment Madame Berger walked into the room, and after starting back in surprise, she vented such a volley of hard epithets and reproaches upon the disappointed lordling, as completely astounded and disconcerted him. He attempted to stammer out some excuses, praised her kindness of heart, and her attachment to Marianne, and finally entreated that she would use her best persuasions to reconcile them.

"Never!" cried Madame Berger; "on the contrary, I will never cease my endeavours to excite Marianne's hatred—deep and lasting hatred against you. Should she think—should she dare, which is surely impossible, to bestow a single friendly word, a single smile upon you, it must be the signal of a final quarrel and separation between her and me."

"A great misfortune for Marianne, truly," ob-

served the young courtier, in an ironical tone; "a dreadful misfortune to be deserted by so doughty an Amazon, armed proof against all male champions, with sword in tongue, and invincible ill-breeding to boot. Alas! great heroine of the boards, I fear I am not sufficiently tongue-valiant to accept your bold challenge, and that I might earn too little honour in the lists. I yield the field, therefore, most bright and venerable champion of the stage; though, trust me, you shall hear from me again."

Then, taking up his hat without waiting a reply, he rushed out of the place, exclaiming "Fire and fury! what a spirit these players have!"

His loud tone, and the noise of his departure, brought together the rest of the inhabitants of the house, each of whom formed their own opinion upon the subject—some to the disadvantage of the young lord, and some to that of the lady. It happened that the floor under Marianne's chambers, belonged to a sober, fair-dealing, elderly man—a captain in the Prince's Guards, who had a particular aversion to the race of high-born gamblers, spendthrifts, idlers, *et hoc genus omne.*

Hearing such a horrible tumult over head, growing louder every moment—a fiercer encounter of tongues than had ever before dinned his ears, he felt a great inclination to ascertain the cause;

more particularly as he thought he recognized the voice of Lord Windhorst, and suspected him to be engaged in one of his usual adventures. Marianne was quite a stranger to him, for he seldom attended the theatre, and had only occasionally passed her; though he was not ignorant of the reputation she had acquired, and the propriety with which she was said to have conducted herself. He felt greatly hurt to perceive that so noble a creature had not been fortunate enough to escape the fangs of a man, whose evil conduct and success had rendered him so notorious. Such was the anxiety he felt for her fate, that unable, after all he had just heard and seen, to unravel the mystery, he at length determined to apply to the lady herself for an explanation; and to offer his best advice and services, if conceived requisite. When the uproar, therefore, had a little subsided, he sent in his name, and, owing to his general good character, he was instantly admitted. Marianne was still in tears as she rose to receive him, and, appealing to him for his good opinion, began to detail the history of her sufferings, and the scandalous proceeding that had just occurred. Her friend confirmed the truth of these statements, and at the same time besought his protection.

"That you shall have," he exclaimed with fervour, "by Heavens you shall, though it is the first

time that I ever meddled in other people's affairs, which I always avoided. But, indeed, it thundered so loud over my head—there was such an unmerciful uproar, that I could not refrain from looking up; particularly when I heard the voice of Lord Windhorst. Besides, it is the bounden duty of every honourable mind to defend innocence against the rapacious attacks of the destroyer. In future you need only give me a hint; say a few taps overhead, not quite so loud, though, as those this afternoon; and should I be at home you may depend upon seeing me. I expect my appearance alone, will be sufficient to put him to flight, without any hazard of lives in your presence, as rogues of his stamp are not overburthened with true courage."

With these words the old captain descended into his own rooms, much easier in his mind than before, and glad to find every thing once more quiet; for he was a declared enemy to all turbulence and noise, except in a regular battle.

The ladies now rang for Lisette, in order to take her to task, should it appear that she was an accessary in the late proceedings. She certainly cast down her eyes and looked a little flurried upon being summoned; but she stoutly maintained that the young lord had never tampered with *her* fidelity. Neither entreaties nor threats could prevail upon her to confess the real truth, and such

was the vehemence with which she protested her innocence, that they were obliged to confess themselves satisfied.

Madame Berger, however, advised Marianne, very seriously, to think of dismissing her as soon as possible, a step which the latter felt rather unwilling to adopt without some farther reasons, as she had uniformly conducted herself in a faithful and exemplary manner. "Don't you think," observed Marianne mildly, "it would appear too harsh to give her notice to leave me, without affording her any explanation, beyond entertaining mere suspicions?"

Her more prudent companion only shook her head in reply, but sought no further to prevail upon her to take her advice. Lisette, after receiving a slight lecture, was again restored to favour, and the whole transaction seemed to have been soon forgotten.

It was not very long, however, before Madame Berger found occasion to repeat her warnings. She kept her eye upon Lisette, and remarked that she was frequently sporting new fashions, of a style and quality that must have exceeded the reach of her little income.

This the girl, nevertheless, asserted not to be the case, confidently appealing to her relatives and acquaintance, whom she was continually in the habit of stealing out of the house to see; while her un-

settled looks and her forgetfulness, seemed to betray a mind ill at ease. Still Marianne could not ersuade herself that the girl was engaged in plotting and intriguing with other persons against her peace, after the many benefits and favours which she had conferred upon her. On this account, she paid so little attention to the suspicious proceedings of Lisette, that the more wary old lady began to feel not a little chagrined that she did not show a greater degree of respect for her opinions. Her ill-humour appeared to be as well-founded as her former suspicions; for, on the very same day that poor Marianne received a fresh lecture and more warnings, she experienced the unfortunate consequences of her too great confidence and indulgence.

She spent the evening of that day in company with her kind and considerate hostess, during which they had time to get reconciled, after the hasty and unpleasant words which had passed between them in the morning. Marianne, too, promised to watch the motions of her very *dangerous* and *mysterious* waiting-maid, as her old friend generally characterised her, more attentively than she had hitherto done. With this concession, so flattering to the superior judgment of her kind hostess, after kissing Marianne, as a proof of her satisfaction, the two friends parted for the night. Madame Berger's chamber lay at a considerable distance from

that of Marianne, which adjoined that of her maid Lisette; both had retired early, and, before midnight, the house was buried in perfect repose.

About that hour, however, Marianne, who had been in a sweet slumber, suddenly awoke, at the same moment that she felt a slight pressure of her lips. Upon looking up, she beheld a figure at her bedside, in the act of stretching out its arms to embrace her. It was Lord Windhorst, and the next moment she felt herself within his grasp. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed, in an agony of fear, "help, help! I am betrayed, vilely betrayed:" at the same time bursting, with almost supernatural energy, from her betrayer's arms, to reach the opposite side of the couch.

"Be still, be still, my angel!" whispered the young Lord; "what would it avail you to alarm the whole house to come and witness such a scene? It is all owing to that invisible little deity called Love, who has found his way, you see, through three fast folded doors, into the very sanctuary of beauty's repose. Your champion, that good old lady, is sound asleep; your faithful Lisette I have sent away; we two are only conscious that we are together, and we may remain so, during many hours, without the slightest risk to your reputation."

Saying these words, he again sought to em-

brace her, when gathering all her strength into one single effort, as it were, of despair and shame, she actually hurled him from her with such indignant passion, as to bring his head in contact with a chest of drawers, and he fell with a loud crash and fearful uproar to the ground.

At the same moment, Marianne began to shriek for assistance; and the incensed wretch again rose, grinding his teeth with pain and passion. Again he caught her in his arms, and again she struggled and cried for aid, no longer in vain; for though he had now half stifled her cries, the sound of his fall had reached the ears of the old captain, who leaped up in a fit of irritation on hearing "*such an infernal noise.*" His long heavy steps already resounded on the staircase, nearer and more near. With the same measured step, he marched into the room, his sword in one hand, and his candle in the other. "Be quiet, here," he cried; "what is the meaning of all this noise?" at the same time advancing fiercely towards the young courtier, who retreated into the corner. The old captain held up the light to gain a full view of his figure, and then brandishing his sword, inquired into the nature of the business which had brought him there.

The wily young lord shrugged up his shoulders, giving the old gentleman to understand, both by looks and signs, that he was not at liberty to state

the occasion of his presence, though he might judge that it was by mutual appointment. But the veteran refused to give any credit to such an answer. "Pshaw," he cried, "none of these monkey tricks will satisfy me. Speak out, Sir; speak out, I say, once for all. What *do* you here?"

Lord Windhorst attempted to retreat farther back, as he stammered out, "Would you betray our secret? my good captain, consider. We appeal to your honour."

"Honour, faith!" replied the captain; "the honour of a thief who steals into strange houses, and affrights poor maidens out of their sleep! But no more delay—march, quick—double quick time—out of my sight—away! And never venture to cross this threshold again; or by the soul of my forefathers——"

The young courtier did not give him time to proceed, but glad to escape on such easy terms, he gained the door, and making his obeisance to the old captain, he rejoined, in an ironical tone, "I hope you will pardon me; for had I known that you were engaged to keep an appointment with the lady, I should certainly have postponed my own."

"Ah, villain!" cried the old officer, suddenly catching him a blow with the flat side of his sword, "every word out of thy mouth stings like poison." Without awaiting a repetition of it, the disappoint-

ed lord disappeared, muttering curses as he went, nor did he venture to relax his speed until he found himself safe in his own mansion.

The old officer felt so incensed at his last observation, that he pursued him very close, regretting that he had shown so great a degree of forbearance to so hardened a wretch. Meanwhile, Marianne's friend Madame Berger hastened to her assistance, when, bursting into an agony of grief, the poor girl threw herself into her arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. In vain she attempted to express her gratitude for the protection so quickly afforded her by the kind old officer; whom at that moment they heard returning with his usual measured step, a slow march, from his pursuit of the routed enemy. Marianne, attired in an elegant dishabille, received him at the request of her friend, in the adjoining parlour, though ill recovered from the excessive alarm, in order to express her thanks with her own lips.

"Only make yourself easy, dear girl," replied the old veteran, panting a little to get his breath; "he is far enough, I assure you. What have you to fear? it is all nothing, except a contusion or two on the young gentleman's shoulders; for, at first, I pressed him a little hard. Moreover, from the sound it made, I imagine you must have given him a heavy fall; so that, between us both, I suspect it

is he that has the greatest reason to complain. Then, pray, do not distress yourself at this foolish affair; let it pass like an unpleasant dream: take heart again, my good girl, and go and take a fine refreshing sleep. Believe me, you shall always find me ready to serve you on similar occurrences; only I feel quite convinced that such will never more happen."

When the good veteran had retired, Madame Berger could no longer refrain from indulging her self-complacency at Marianne's expense, gently reproaching her for not having placed firmer reliance on her judgment. Had she duly appreciated the advantages of mature counsels, in preference to indulging her own childish and inexperienced fancy for an artful girl, so painful, so trying a scene could not possibly have taken place.

There could now no longer be any doubt of the criminal conduct, the base treachery of Lisette, and of her having been accessary to the whole of the vile plot throughout. That evening she had feigned herself unwell, and requested permission from her indulgent mistress to retire earlier than usual to rest. They now summoned her in vain; she had disappeared, and returned no more.

Stung with rage and disappointment, Lord Windhorst paced the floor of his spacious chamber, burning for revenge. He roused his confidential servant, and despatched him, during the night, to

summon one of his most villanous emissaries—the abettor of his secret schemes. This wretch, whose name was Luchs, was a disreputable and broken tradesman, whose sole ostensible business was to hawk about the remnants of his wares from house to house; but whose real object it was to promote intrigues, and to betray the folly and credulity of those who confided in him. He was the same person who conveyed the letter to Marianne; and was calculated to carry on and accomplish almost any kind of villainy or deceit, by successfully counterfeiting the most opposite characters. Thus his villany was so perfectly unexampled, and his diabolical machinations so secretly conducted, that he was looked upon by his acquaintance as a mere boon companion,—one of those idle and unlucky wights who have so often failed in their vocations, that they get disgusted, and refuse all serious employment—either to labour or to speculate any more. In Italy this smooth villain became a fierce and revolting leader of banditti; but in Germany he confined his triumphs to the assassination of character and reputation; employing his tongue instead of his dagger, and inflicting tortures and calamities worse than death.

With the wings of Mercury this prince of thieves appeared before his lordly patron, who replied to his low and servile obeisance, by a severe slap on

the cheek, on which Luchs turned to him the other also, and then held out his hand to receive the usual price for them. But this time Windhorst repulsed him. "Villain! dog! art thou come for wages before work? It was only to rouse thee from thy heavy, drunken slumber that clouds thy brains."

Luchs clapped his hand upon his dagger, and his lordship proceeded, in a somewhat milder tone: "Nay, thou knowest, Luchs, how madly impassioned I have been for that haughty beauty to whom thou hast carried love-letters and gold so long in vain. This heroine of the stage still aims at the ludicrous renown of setting herself up as the model of theatrical virtue; and treats me with sovereign contempt. Fool! madman that I am!—I have failed, egregiously failed; though admitted into her house, her chamber, I beheld her more fair and lovely than an angel, as she lay buried in profound repose. Yet I bartered all my happiness for one fatal pressure of those lips; and as I stood upon the verge of Paradise, then, even then, a fiend, in the shape of an old half-pay officer, came rumbling with his drawn broad sword into the room. It was that hoary-headed villain Nordheim; and he presented the naked blade to my breast, unarmed as I was, and compelled me to quit the field. Now the furies of love and vengeance are gnawing at my heart;—I cannot rest; I shall sleep no more until

I have chastised the old captain, and she is mine. Her reputation, at least, is now in my power; and, when once that is gone, the public idolatry, upon which she has hitherto so much prided herself, shall likewise cease. This it must be our object to achieve; and strange indeed if we cannot contrive to catch her, as she falls from the pinnacle of public favour and esteem. When, on all sides, she sees and hears herself proclaimed as the unfortunate object of my successful addresses,—when her name is mentioned only with that of frailty, from the lips of all parties,—when every possible means of escape is cut off, and the airy castles of fame and honour fade from view; then comes my hour of triumph. Perceiving that she has nothing more to lose, she will no longer maintain the struggle; no longer opposing herself to my wishes, the repentant charmer shall come, and throwing herself into my arms, still open to receive her, shall solicit my forgiveness, and confess herself still happy, amidst all her persecutions and difficulties."

"A noble plan, indeed," muttered Luchs; "more complete and skilful than I should have given you credit for."

"Art thou in earnest, rogue? thinkest thou it will succeed?"

"It cannot fail: I would stake my life on it."

"That thou shalt do, if need be; for it is

thou must proceed to carry the matter into execution. Apply thy villanous wit to the task; let thy winks and nods cut sharper than thy dagger; evoke all the demons of mischief to thy aid; make secret oath that Marianne has long loved—loved me to distraction; and that all this grand theatrical uproar and opposition is merely to save appearances to the public. At the same time, bind over your audience to strict secresy, which cannot fail to give the fiction wings, more effectually than our utmost efforts to bruit it abroad. Take care to forge proper love-letters from Marianne to me. Drop one or two by accident in the street, or in houses when occasion offers; and when questioned on the subject, give out that the fierce old captain is also one of her favoured lovers.

"In short, mystify the truth in such a manner with thy inextricable webs of lies, as to defy all attempts at discovery; while, on my side, I will not be idle.' We will play into each other's hands; and bribe as high as thou wilt, the gold shall never be wanting. So now, Satan, to thy work; and see, if possible, that thou excel thy former exploits—for once surpass thyself."

With these words, Lord Windhorst dismissed the infamous and abandoned minister of his more fatal and destructive pleasures;—pleasures, whose cruel and cowardly indulgence, while they evaded

or defied the laws by the cool villany, the art and secresy with which they were accomplished, inflicted greater suffering and calamity upon society, than numbers of more open but less atrocious offences against those laws.

CHAPTER IV.

No sooner had morning dawned, than the base agent of his lordship's projects began to prepare for carrying them into effect. He resumed his character of wandering dealer and chapman in a variety of cheap articles best calculated to attract the eye. Foreign silks and dresses of every description, obtained him access to a number of houses, where he contrived to ingratiate himself by his accounts of the last fashions, scandal, and any kind of news. He was often even welcomed by the more opulent and fashionable class of citizens; in particular by the females, whose waiting-maids had almost as much occasion to amuse their hours of idleness with the affairs of their neighbours as their ladies themselves.

It was in these, his casual visits, that he made the first attack, by mingling anecdotes with insinuations, upon the reputation of the noble-hearted

Marianne. But it would be too weary and disgusting a task to follow him through his tissues of villany and defamatory falsehoods; it is enough to be informed, that he executed the project of his employer with unexampled effrontery and treachery. Within a few days Marianne became the general topic, no less of private parties than of the whole city. At the same time, Windhorst himself exhibited the utmost pleasure and vivacity in his features, as if he had met with some sudden piece of good fortune. He was equally happy and joyous in his conversation, which he displayed in the most pointed manner, and the change was not allowed to pass unobserved. His uncommon good humour was ascribed to the success of his addresses, and he was frequently rallied upon the subject, with allusions to Marianne. In companies where he did not like to give it an air of sanction, he assumed a reserved and grave look, which had only the effect of confirming people's suspicions. But such inquiries in other parties, more particularly connected with him, excited merely expressions of mirth; while the young lord, in his more elevated moments, would bring his own adventures upon the *tapis*,—boasted of his successes, and sought to confirm his statements, by adducing letters from the ladies themselves; among which were the fictitious ones of Marianne.

But, as if it were not enough thus gradually to undermine her reputation, he proceeded to mature his diabolical project, by acquainting his devoted victim with the loss of her reputation; thus rudely tearing her from her last and sweetest solace—her dreams of innocence and peace. But who would be guilty of the heartless cruelty of inflicting such a wound? to whom confide so hateful a commission? The deep insatiable malignity of his nature, in the dread of implicating himself personally in the transaction, determined that the avowal should come from a public audience, and manifest itself on the very scene of her intellectual excellence and her triumphs. Here he vowed to humble her pride of innocence and honour; here she must submit to her fate, and hear herself censured and condemned by the public voice.

With this view he brought the whole strength of his party into action: cabals were formed in the pit; other parts of the house were divided, but all seemed to favour his object, by fomenting the spirit of discord and desolation, in which he was to look for the triumph of his schemes. The chief leaders of these self-elected critics were in the class of his lordship's own friends, and, like puppets, obeyed the motion of the wires, drawn by the invisible master spirit's hand.

Those among the young courtiers, who had been

most forward to patronise, and pay their court to the object of their idolatry, as if actuated by jealousy and revenge at the supposed success of a more favoured lover, became Marianne's bitterest enemies, and omitted no occasion of testifying their feelings by hooting and knocking, and even hissing her off the stage. There was a party, indeed, that wavered and sought to support her; but their efforts were in vain, and only added to the tumult of the scene. Many of her real friends, however, and all who acted under the influence of the manager, and were best known to her, continued to oppose the flood of popular clamour and injustice; until no longer able to witness the unhappy girl's agony and alarm, they retired from the house.

Such, indeed, was the pitch of treachery and hypocrisy to which the artful villain carried his designs, that he was almost the only one who seemed her friend, and continued his plaudits to the last; a proceeding which led the audience to presume that he was her avowed protector, and secretly upon the best terms with her in the world. This appeared to combine all parties against her more strongly than before. There were no longer bounds to their opposition; pale and trembling, their wretched victim appealed in vain to their mercy and justice; in vain attempted to walk through her

part. She was driven weeping and almost heart-broken from the stage, and no longer able to control her emotions, she fainted, just as she was going to accost him, in the manager's arms.

With indignant feelings, but with mild and courteous demeanour, Wolfram himself came forward, entreating to be heard a few moments, and with much difficulty he *was* heard. He respectfully informed the audience of what had just occurred, and inquired how the unhappy young lady could have displeased the public, so as to incur such severity of treatment? He waited a reply, but no one spoke; and, for the next three minutes, a pin might have been heard to drop; the whole house was silent as the grave. He again looked round for an answer, and then with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he retired, and the curtain fell.

This seemed to be the signal for fresh disturbance, and some of the most riotous spirits repeated their clamour, both against the actress and the manager, more loudly than before: but the manager permitted them to hoot and storm as much as they pleased: the curtain was no longer raised, in spite of all their calls and murmurs; the boxes were already empty; the lights were extinguished; and the disappointed parties, with the malignant and abandoned author of the plot, and his myrmidons, were at length compelled to resign their stations, and the ill-earned triumph of that night.

Poor Marianne lay half unconscious in a stupor of astonishment and grief. She was unable to divine the fatal cause of her persecution; her heart led her to pronounce mankind better than they really are; and she indulged not the least suspicion of so foul a plot. On reverting to the whole of her theatrical career, she in vain sought to ascertain in what manner she could have forfeited public patronage and regard. She had ever studied correctness and propriety both in her language and costume; her efforts had been most earnest and incessant to merit public approbation and good-will. Such a reception then, as she had recently met with, was to her a fearful mystery, and her surprise was only equalled by her heart-rending grief.

Soon too, she perceived a change in the deportment of the players themselves, in particular the females, who had an expression of saucy pleasure and triumph in their eyes. The younger members, likewise, who had never ventured to address her, except when receiving her instructions in rehearsing their parts, now indulged themselves in taunting epithets and replies.

Even Wolfram could ill disguise his vexation, and often cast glances which pierced her to the heart, and brought tears into her eyes. It is true he then appeared to pity her, and would accost her in a gentle tone: "I am quite concerned for you,

Miss Richards; and I am fully convinced that the enmity exhibited towards you by the tasteless public is highly absurd and unjust. On what it can be founded I am at a loss to judge; for I confess I am not one of those who concern themselves with the idle gossip of the day. The best plan would appear, after all, that of humouring the madness of the multitude, and during the whole of the ensuing week, they shall not be honoured at all with your appearance. Pass the time as quietly as you well can; recruit your strength and spirits for a fresh attempt, and endeavour to appear as pleasant and as confident, as if nothing serious had occurred. Evil-minded men will continue to delight in mischief, but, believe me, they are not deserving of our notice, much less that we should make ourselves miserable on their account."

On rejoining her friend Madame Berger, Marianne gave full vent to her feelings, and deplored the unhappy circumstance which had compelled her thus to surrender her rights; to be suspended from her former employments and privileges, and to suffer this humiliation without knowing the cause. Upon detailing the trying persecution and ignominious treatment of the last evening, her friend interrupted her with indignant exclamations, and at length observed:—"That is like him! Oh, the monster! this is his work!"

"Whose work? what can you mean?" inquired Marianne.

"Poor innocent," replied Madame Berger, "how can you be so blind!—You had better know it. Who should be the author of such sufferings—who should be capable of achieving such consummate villany but Lord Windhorst? Yes, it is he;—I dare venture my life upon it. Events will in time show that I have not done injustice to the character of that arch-fiend—capable of any enormity—insatiable in his thirst for revenge."

During this conversation, the subject of it was in truth seated in his own chamber, engaged in writing a letter to his destined victim. In this master-piece of deceit, he affected to lament the unhappy occurrence of the other evening; its unaccountable but manifest injustice; an injustice which he had exerted his uttermost efforts to avert. He felt apprehensive from the violent opposition which she had encountered, that her next appearance would be attended with a similar or even more disagreeable result; but, that he trusted there might be some method devised that would finally restore her to public favour and admiration. For her own sake, therefore, if she wished once more to appear with her accustomed triumph and eclat, he hoped that she would not refuse to grant him an interview, which would clear up all difficulties, explain all

errors and misunderstanding, and convince her that she did not possess a more attached friend in the world.

Conceiving that her pride and virtue would now be alike humbled, he entrusted this epistle to his confidential emissary, with a commission to deliver it, if possible, in the absence of her friend Madame Berger,—and he would hold himself in readiness, near at hand, to avail himself, either by guile or force, of the proposed interview, when he should have the less difficulty in carrying her off. Luchs again assumed his character of the wandering merchant, and announced his arrival at Madame Berger's door, exhibiting to the maiden's astonished eyes an assortment of the prettiest fashions in the world. In an ecstasy of delight the girl ran to acquaint the ladies, who were just then sitting down to their tea. Madame Berger's curiosity was too powerful to be resisted, and she persuaded Marianne also to accompany her. Neither of them, however, at all recognized the villain in his new disguise. The contents of his pack, however, did not at all answer to the samples; and after a critical examination, Madame Berger shook her head and turned away, affording an opportunity which did not escape the false merchant's eye. He slyly thrust the young lord's letter into Marianne's hand, giving her at the same time a wink, as if to keep her own counsel.

Marianne, however, exclaimed aloud, " What is that;—or from whom? My dear Madame Berger, come here. The old lady looking back, and catching the glimpse of a letter, snatched it out of Marianne's hand, flung it at the rogue's head, and cried out in a great passion, " Away with thee, villain! out of my sight—I know the devil and his works; back to your master, slave; his words and gifts are poison; we shall not contaminate ourselves with touching them."

Luchs affected the utmost surprize at this reception, entreated the angry lady to be pacified, and promised, that in case they accepted the letter, and returned such an answer as was expected, he would not reveal certain secrets, which would wholly ruin the reputation of both the ladies, and utterly destroy all their prospects; but that they must accompany him quietly back, without murmuring, to his master; and they would then hear what plans he had to propose in order to restore the young lady to public favour.

At these words Madame B.'s rage knew no bounds, and with a face flushed with passion, and a scornful laugh, she exclaimed: " Oh, thou wretch! thinkest thou I tremble before thy lordly patron! I know him too well. I insist on your repeating to him every word of scornful abhorrence, of defiance, of ridicule, and contempt. Say from

me, that he is as mad as he is wicked; and that I will proclaim his folly and wickedness to the world. He shall no longer continue to infest society—he shall no longer betray and destroy: and know that he must assassinate me before his vile and unhallowed grasp can reach my dear young friend. Say, too, that if from this time forth he should not cease to persecute us, I will go and solicit the interference and protection of our gracious Prince."

At the same time she indignantly dashed the door in the face of his lordship's ambassador, and led the terrified Marianne away in triumph. They had scarcely reached their own apartments before the old officer, Nordheim, made his appearance, with his left arm in a sling, and halting a little in his march: "Pray don't be alarmed, ladies, at my heroic appearance; only a little love affair; and nobody killed. Now I dare say you imagine I have been fighting a duel, but you are quite mistaken, for there were three of us. A brace of bullies set upon me as I was turning the corner of the street in the dark; rather an unfair distance, I confess; and one began to cut at my arm, and the other at my leg, so that I thought they were actually going to ham-string me. But I contrived to return the compliment as well as I could, and I believe I have sent both these uncivil gentlemen to the surgeon's. I am sorry I have not the pleasure of knowing the

parties, though I strongly suspect that I am acquainted with the gentleman who sent to introduce them to me. For to-day I was upon parade, and I observed a group of young officers, who seemed greatly amused at some observation or other, and it struck me that I overheard the name of Miss Richards frequently repeated; but on joining their circle they appeared to me to change the subject. It looked suspicious, and I determined on returning home this evening to mention the matter to you, and inquire whether anything at all unpleasant had occurred, since I saw you?"

Madame Berger then repeated what we already know. "Is it possible," exclaimed the good veteran,—"is it possible that a man boasting a good education, fortune, title, a high descent, and his Prince's favour, can descend to such mean and treacherous practices? The audacity of the author of such plots can be equalled only by his artful perseverance; but, in this instance, his own overweening confidence, I trust, has betrayed him. How strange that the spectators of so respectable a theatre as Wolfram's, should lend themselves, like puppets, to the direction of an abandoned villain, who avails himself of their folly and credulity to execute his base designs. And it is quite as unaccountable, why my young messmates should avoid conversing with me on the subject, when they must be aware that it forms a topic of general conversation."

"Oh, my dear Sir," exclaimed Madame Berger, "it is no longer a mystery; I have long had my eye upon him; I have traced the course of his defamatory plots and projects. There is no degree of art, and no baseness, of which he is not capable; and it is he who has excited all the public prejudice and opposition, which has caused my angelic young friend such extreme suffering."

"Then how fortunate," observed Nordheim, "that we are aware of the sort of animal with which we have to deal. I should really be much amused, were I not too anxious respecting the feelings of your excellent young friend, at the idea of exposing this intriguing villain to the world, in all his consummate meanness, impudence, and baseness. Shall I do it? shall I drive my sword deeper into the hornet's nest, that has thus stung you to the heart? shall I wholly destroy it?

"The attempt would be too dangerous—he is too powerful," replied Madame Berger, "and you would only incur your own ruin. My advice is, on more mature consideration, to foil his inveterate malice and hostility by quitting the field; a measure which doubtless he does not contemplate. Yes, Marianne, let us leave a place where such irreconcilable hatred, injustice, and prejudices of the worst kind, such as thy gentle spirit could ill brook, are all arrayed against us. I am sensible of the full ex-

extent of the evil; and it will be vain to contend against the tide of general opinion, so foully tainted and perverted as it has been by the arts of this unexampled villain. Even, the most humane and reasonable portion of the community has been imposed upon, and I fear no explanation could be of any avail."

"Oh, how willingly," replied Marianne, "how very willingly would I fly for refuge to the poorest hut; could I only retire with credit, or at least, with the feeling of public approbation! No, I cannot steal like a guilty thing away; it would look like self-accusation; it would afford a triumph to my worst enemies, and it would be nobler to perish than to yield in such a cause; it would look like betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I would scorn to leave the place, before I have succeeded in recovering the public opinion, and completely established my innocence."

"Very just, very noble!" exclaimed the old officer."

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Madame Berger; "and I have only to wish it were as prudent. But you are too good and too young, my dear, to know what the world and what mankind really are. Believe me, the most respectable, the most distinguished families in all great cities are not free from curiosity to hear and entertain reports of an

injurious and scandalous character, which passion or interest may be led to disseminate at the expense of others. These tales of tatlers, most generally published by anonymous authors, are received with uncommon relish and avidity; they are looked upon as a kind of general present made to the public, which it is never known to refuse, and is very loath to part with. How easily, by such means, may an innocent person be deprived of an excellent reputation; and when once attacked, how difficult a task to recover it. The former may be achieved with the ease of childish sport; but the latter is one of those Herculean labours, which calls for the efforts of a giant and the eloquence of Apollo himself.

"How then can you hope, my poor dear girl, to maintain such a struggle with the least chance of success; you who are all gentleness, and soul, and heart. You would only provoke still more inveterate hostility, and perhaps perish in the attempt."

"Then be it so," replied Marianne, in a tone of sorrow that went to the heart. "That death, which to the happy and fortunate may boast so many terrors, can have none for me. I am resigned; but I must still persevere."

In this determination she continued to persist, notwithstanding the persuasions of Nordheim, and the tears and prayers of Madame Berger. She

could not even be prevailed upon by the letters of her old friend Oswald, who had regularly corresponded with her, and afforded her every assistance in his power. At this juncture, though aged and infirm, perceiving that his letters had not made the impression which he had hoped, he instantly set out on a journey of many miles, in order to use his personal influence. But this interview, though truly distressing to the feelings of Marianne, could not alter her determination; while she refused with equal spirit and firmness every proposal of providing for her in some different career, or for accepting a secure asylum.

CHAPTER V.

A month had now elapsed since Marianne's last appearance upon the stage. The manager, Wolfram, still delayed to select any drama in which she was to take the leading character, though he had been frequently entreated by her not to keep her longer in suspense. Reasons, however, were advanced, though urged with great feeling and delicacy, to show the advantage of postponing the night yet a little longer.

Meanwhile Marianne lived in perfect seclusion,

seeing few persons except her two kind friends, Nordheim and Madame Berger. It was the object of both to support her spirits for the approaching trial at the bar of the public; and to prevent, as far as possible, any of those cruel and scandalous reports, current at the theatre and other places, from reaching her ears. She had recently experienced no fresh alarm on the part of her persecutor, though it was known that his emissary had been lurking about the place, as if desirous of obtaining another interview with Marianne. One day, likewise, in Madame Berger's absence, a man in genteel livery knocked at the door and handed a letter, which he requested might be immediately delivered to Marianne. On perusing it, she was shocked to find, that it was from the lady at whose house Madame Berger had intended to call when she left home; and stated, that she had suddenly been taken extremely ill, and had entreated to see her without a moment's delay. Such was poor Marianne's anxiety, that she instantly hurried on her shawl and bonnet, and without hesitating a single instant, she bade the footman walk first, and direct her the very nearest path to the lady's dwelling.

Within a short distance they approached a gentleman's carriage, which her conductor informed her had been sent for the sake of greater expedition to convey her to her friend. She was just on the

point of stepping into it, when she observed Madame Berger herself, within a very few yards of her, walking very leisurely along the other side of the way. Uttering a sudden exclamation of joy, she flew into her arms, inquiring most tenderly how she had ventured to think of walking home alone?

At this discovery the footman mounted behind the carriage, and it drove rapidly away; leaving the two ladies to put what construction upon its sudden disappearance they pleased.

"Oh, what joy! what triumph!" exclaimed Madame B., when an explanation had taken place, "could I only witness the villain's disappointment and despair; and I, too, to be the happy cause of this blessed result. How very, very providential, my sweet love; another minute, and you would have been utterly and irretrievably lost—lost beyond hope—fallen—undone!"

Marianne shuddered, and pressing closer to Madame B., gave way to her feelings in expressions of the most lively gratitude. On their return home they found a letter from the manager, containing an invitation to resume one of her favourite characters, as soon as she pleased. Wolfram himself appeared shortly afterwards, declaring, with an air of good-natured satisfaction, that the offended gods of the pit seemed at length to be propitiated, and that he had moreover received several anonymous

communications, all testifying an anxiety to behold her once more upon the boards: "Yet it remains with yourself—I would not be supposed to influence your decision; but if it be still your wish to appear, you have only to mention your own day, and the character you most approve."

Marianne's eyes sparkled with pleasure: "Emilia," she said, "Emilia Galotti was my first appearance here, and it was played with general approbation. I will again introduce myself, under her auspices, to the public; I will strive to forget the trials I have gone through, as much as if I were a perfect stranger; and I may succeed, perhaps, in impressing the spectators with some portion of the same delusion. Heaven grant that I may be so happy as to recover half that heartfelt approbation and esteem, which I enjoyed on the fortunate night of my first appearance. This would be a double triumph; a thousand times more delightful than my former one; it would restore me to new life, and with such hopes I shall be cheerfully prepared to encounter my destiny without shrinking, on as early a night as you can mention."

The manager was pleased to observe she possessed so much spirit, and appointed the following day for the rehearsal of the play, certainly Lessing's master-piece; though now, alas! almost consigned to oblivion. Though a man of singular penetration

and knowledge of the world, Wolfram, in the present instance, had been made the dupe of Windhorst's artifice. Disappointed in his late attempts, he now vowed more bitter hostility than before; and with the view of accomplishing his final designs by destroying the last hopes of Marianne, and proving to her that there was not a chance of her recovering her lost honour and celebrity, he contrived to have her invited, through the medium of anonymous letters, to make her re-appearance on the stage.

The unfortunate girl entertained not the most distant suspicion of the scene preparing for her; she fondly believed, on the other hand, that the public would seek to recompense her for her late injuries, by renewed acclamations. She repeated over her part with equal spirit and assiduity, devoting herself to the task both night and day, in order wholly to disarm prejudice or criticism of their sting, and carry away public feeling by an union of vivid strength, vivacity, and correctness of representation.

Above two hours before the curtain drew up, the house was crowded to excess. Boxes were taken at nearly double the usual price, nearly a third part returned from the doors, and every corner of the pit was filled. So great was the throng and the curiosity that inspired all parties, that every

moment was numbered until the heroine of the night should herself appear.

The wished-for moment at length arrived, the curtain was drawn; but still Emilia does not make her appearance during the first scene. This, then, produced not the slightest impression; every eye and every ear seemed intent alone upon hailing the voice and features of Marianne. And what a picture of truth and passion did her first appearance exhibit!

Rushing from the Prince's presence, who had surprized and avowed his passion for her in the church, she entered trembling and breathless upon the stage. The resemblance was too striking not to be perceived, and it was played in the most natural and affecting manner. Emilia then throws herself into Claudia's arms,—a matronly character, filled that night by Madame Berger; and this was done with such a masterly and touching expression of alarm, that most of the spectators, impressed with its exquisite power and reality, loudly applauded her, both with their hands and voice.

Alas! this appeared only to act as a signal for a burst of violence and clamour from the opposite party, more virulent and incessant than it had before been. The friends of the old officer Nordheim and of Madame, however, were not easily intimidated; they had been equally active in appeal-

ing to public opinion, during Marianne's retirement, by their persuasions and explanations. When the storm, then, had a little subsided, it was followed by fresh, louder and more continued plaudits; and on a second attempt to renew the clamour, it was speedily drowned in reiterated bursts of approbation, both of voice and hands.

Thus silence was obtained; but Marianne was cruelly agitated;—and her confidence seemed to be gone. The first violence of the clamour which had assailed her ears, had nearly overpowered her; and when this was repeated, along with the struggle that ensued, the applause proved nearly as trying to her feelings, and she felt herself sinking to the ground. Yet her efforts were great. She again rallied her enfeebled powers; her soul was again absorbed in the scene before her, and such was the sudden transition of character as not only restored her courage, but seemed to electrify the whole house.

She had already begun to proceed with her usual tone and spirit, and perfect silence appeared to have been restored, when once more summoning their strength, her enemies raised so violent and unexpected an attack as wholly disconcerted her, and she was borne fainting from the stage.

This occurred during the scene, in which Emilia relates to the Countess Appiani, that she had

dreamed she beheld the set of diamonds, with which she presented her, changed into so many pearls. Just as Marianne, filled with sorrowful forebodings, with tears in her eyes, and trembling voice utters the words: "Pearls, dear mother; pearls betoken tears." At that moment there burst, both from pit and gallery, so loud a clamour, preceded by a loud harsh voice, as if spoken through a speaking trumpet, "Crocodile's tears,"—as to bid defiance to all farther attempts at preserving order.

This savage remark was accompanied by peals of laughter, succeeded by showers of oranges and apples; one of which unfortunately struck the victim of their inhuman persecution upon her forehead, and she fell without a struggle into the arms of Madame Berger.

Every spectator of any feeling and honour, broke out into expressions of the most lively indignation, on witnessing the success of this detestable project. It was only the particular partizans of Lord Windhorst, who still ventured from the side boxes, seconded by the most despicable portion of the pit and gallery, to continue their discordant hootings and shoutings, as if in triumph at their base success. This brought down upon them the indignant displeasure of the more numerous and enlightened class; and a scene of turbulence and violence ensued, which beggars all description;

and which terminated in a contest which called for the interference of the civil power.

Meanwhile the unhappy Marianne was conveyed home in a state bordering upon distraction; she was seized with repeated faintings, and it was long before she was restored to consciousness, in the arms of Madame Berger.

The manager instantly came forward after the blow had been struck, and with scorn and indignation in his countenance, called loudly for justice on the offender, on the author of the atrocious plot as destitute of honour as of humanity; be he who he might!" He then withdrew, and commanded the curtain to be dropped for that evening.

Marianne's situation was now truly pitiable:—the light of her last hopes, the fire of her soul, was quenched. Her features, which late were lightened up with the finest expression of intellectual vivacity and joy, were now pale and sad and motionless as death. She gazed with dull and vacant eye on all around. Her least accents were mingled with her tears; and once, when she casually caught a sight of the theatre, when accompanied by her friend Madame Berger, she burst into an uncontrolable flood of grief. About a week after this occurrence, she was seized with a violent fever, which long baffled the skill of the physician. She refused almost all sustenance; could with difficulty

be prevailed upon to listen to any kind of consolation, and frequently rambled during her sleep. The desire of death seemed to be the prevailing tone of her imagination; and it was only towards morning that her excited feelings began to grow calm, when she would fall into a stupor, rather than sleep;—about the same hour, and resembling that which occurred on the fatal night of her disappointment.

A letter, too, which she had received from the manager on the ensuing day, was calculated to aggravate her sufferings,—sufferings already rendered more keen and terrible by their influence over the imagination and the heart. This letter, written with a view to dissuade her from again attempting to appear on the boards, ran as follows:—

"I am truly concerned on your account, Miss Richards; but I may also solicit your compassion for myself. The past night has gone far to destroy the reputation of my theatre. You may be innocent, and deeply wronged,—but that does not relieve me from the weight of odium I have incurred.

"It is quite incumbent upon me to declare, that henceforth your connection with my theatre must cease. At the same time, I am prepared to advance you six months' salary, in consideration of this sudden termination of our agreement.

"WOLFRAM."

Short as it was, Marianne was unable to read this

letter to the close. She clasped her hands; she writhed in the agony of her emotion and her despair. "No, no," she cried, "this I cannot survive! If Wolfram can write thus—if he can question . . . . Oh! what must the world believe?—Then my persecutor has indeed triumphed.—Yes, Windhorst, thou hast triumphed—thou hast trampled my soul in the dust—thou hast made me doubt the worth of virtue and of truth! come, behold thy victim—come, claim the vile, despicable creature which thou hast made me appear to the whole world. Of what account are all my long assiduous hours—my days, my nights of toil—the pure and honest hopes that once inspired me, of delighting and informing my own and others' hearts—the human heart, and faculties almost divine. Alas for honour, virtue, truth! is this the reward I am to reap; are these the fruits of all my studied efforts, my self-denial, my shrinking caution, and fear of giving the least offence to any living soul? Away then with these airy phantoms of honest virtue and renown! away with these self-denying ordinances, which cannot, after all, exempt their votary from the heart-rending punishment, the scorn and wretchedness, due only to crime. The world has already pronounced me guilty; why should I longer contend? Why should I continue to *be* better with lost hopes and reputation, than those

who I am told are much worse, and are still caressed and honoured by the world? I feel I cannot long breathe in this atmosphere of reputed vice, while I coldly sit a sullen sacrifice, like the vestal watching her solitary fire. To me this half and nameless state is torture: I must decide it—and they say that I am virtuous no more. They have pronounced me a meet companion for the author of my woes; for him, whom I scorned and detested beyond all other men. But now I am no longer what I was. I need no longer care for honour or for virtue; for he has ruined all my dearest hopes. I am cast like a helpless victim at his feet: he has broken my pride, humbled my very heart with the fierceness of his persecutions; he has taught me to fear, to submit to his wrongs, and to obey him. Yes, he has become the master of my destiny; and let it be fulfilled;—welcome dishonour, distraction, and despair!

"Oh my God, my God!" then exclaimed the half wild, unhappy girl,—"what have I said—what have I thought! Save me, save me!" she continued, sinking upon her knees, "from my own madness and evil despair; grant me, oh grant me patience, or relieve me from my doom."

It was in this state of mind that Madame Berger found her weeping by her bed side, and conjured her, as she knelt down by her, to become more

patient and resigned. "Rest, my dearest, rest your hopes on higher objects than any earthly powers can give or take away; than any frail and evil mortals can disturb; fix them beyond the confines of this imperfect, perishable world. There is one in which you will enjoy true peace; a reward for all your sorrows."

"Shall I?" said Marianne, in a sad and almost inarticulate tone of voice.

"My poor Marianne! oh my God, your voice, your look, pierce me to the soul. Nay do not, I beseech you, continue to brood thus darkly over your griefs. All may yet be well. Only speak the word. I will go to the manager; he shall explain that it was you who insisted on retiring from the stage."

Marianne shook her head; but said nothing. Her friend insisted upon going; when the poor girl, pressing her hand upon her bosom, fell weeping upon her neck. She held her fast and faster during some moments; but neither could utter a word.

It was their last embrace; they parted to meet no more. Scarcely had Madame B. left the room, before Marianne, springing from her couch, hurried on her garments. She was fixed in her resolution to die.

She took down a poem of Bürgher's, and reading the following lines, she transcribed them has-

tily, and leaving them on her toilet, quitted the room :—

"On every side by treachery compass'd round,
Pursued, ensnared by ruthless demon-arts ;
Pierced e'en to death I stood in cruel strife.
There was no place of refuge—none—
Save under me the grave.
The laurel branch, for which I smiling bled,
Turn'd to the cypress dark, that deck'd my grave."

There happened to be a pleasure party, consisting of Windhorst and other young lords, sailing on the river which lies at no great distance from the city. When from shore, one of them remarked, as they were returning, something white fluttering upon the cliffs above. The next moment it seemed to descend with the rapidity of a bird, diving into the waves below. "What was that! did you hear it dash into the water? can it be a sea-bird? See it has come to the surface—it floats on the tide—and now it dives again!" Again it appeared and sank ; but before they reached the spot, it had wholly vanished.

On the same evening, at the fall of the tide, two fishermen discovered the body of the hapless Marianne, and conveyed it back into the town. Full of anxiety for the sufferings of her friend, Madame Berger had hastened to the manager's house, in order to prevail upon him to recall the

purport of his hasty letter, and she was just returning home with tidings of her success. She observed a crowd of persons engaged in earnest discourse as she passed, and heard some one mention aloud that a very beautiful well-dressed young woman had been found drowned. These words startled her; and she quickened her steps without making any farther inquiry; until with beating heart she knocked at her own door. She spoke not a word, but ran almost breathless into Marianne's room. The first object that met her eye was the paper containing the above lines; she seized it, and in her terror ran back to Wolfram's house, without venturing even to look at it. It was enough that Marianne was no more; she handed the fatal paper to the manager, and burst into a flood of tears. His sorrow was little less than her own, while his feelings of indignation knew no bounds. He vowed bitterly to leave no means untried to bring the base delinquent to justice; and to spare no pains in procuring evidence of his guilt.

In this laudable attempt he succeeded. Three very respectable persons came forward to declare, that they had seen a man with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, on the night of the riot, extremely active in assailing the heroine both with his voice and missiles, one of which last had struck the lady on the head. That instantly afterwards he had made

his escape, but that they should easily recognize him again. Here Wolfram ordered a man whom he had in custody to be brought forward—it was his lordship's emissary, Luchs, who had been arrested on the charge of attempting Marianne's abduction; and the gentlemen instantly verified him as the same man. They then went before a magistrate, and deposed to that effect; and when the villain perceived that all his farther subterfuges were in vain, he confessed in his examination that he had been instigated by Lord Windhorst, and on promise of pardon by making more full confession, he detailed the whole history of his master's nefarious plots.

The friends of Marianne, having taken a copy of these depositions, forwarded them, drawn up in a simple, but heart-rending narrative, to the Prince's Secretary. His Highness perused it with expressions of surprise and displeasure; he then sent for the manager and for Madame B., and after establishing the accuracy of the facts stated from their lips, he dismissed them without making any comment on the report.

Meanwhile Lord Windhorst, boldly relying upon his rank and influence, and quite unconscious that the affair had reached the Prince's ear, had arrived in the royal ante-room, and stood jesting with other courtiers, who were waiting for admission.

But suddenly the state doors opened, and the Prince himself made his appearance. With a quick step he walked directly up to the spot where his lordship was engaged in conversation. "Am I to believe, Sir," he exclaimed in a stern and threatening voice, "that your present good-humour proceeds from the accomplishment of your late atrocious villany? Yes, Sir, I am acquainted with all you have done; I will become the avenger of that lady's injured innocence. You are a prisoner; your guards are in attendance at the door. Go, prepare for your trial; you shall not have to assert that you were condemned unheard. Should you be unable, however, to clear your character from the foul charges advanced, prepare likewise for a visit to a distant fortress; you are no longer a favourite of ours. I can yet scarcely credit such accusations, and against you, too, Windhorst... I am deeply concerned and shocked... but away," added the Prince, checking the milder tone he had begun to assume; "away, Sir; my utter contempt accompanies you."

Mute and deadly pale, Lord Windhorst slunk from the Prince's presence; who then turned to his other courtiers, with a frown that struck terror to their hearts. He fixed his eyes upon some of Windhorst's nearest friends. "Let that serve as a mirror for you, gentlemen, to view yourselves. Take example from his destiny, and try to become a little

wiser and better, while it is yet time. I am well aware that many of you were accessaries to his crimes, and feasted at the cowardly assassin's board. I will have you instructed in the history of more chivalric times;—go read the lives of your truly brave and gallant forefathers, whose sword was ever ready in the cause of injured innocence and beauty, but who would have scorned to destroy and assassinate innocent women with their tongues.

"Let me ever hear of a similar piece of treachery on the part of any officer in my service, and he shall share the same disgrace and punishment as must fall to the lot of the heartless Windhorst."

The Prince then left them to their own cogitations. Windhorst and his emissary expiated some portion of their offences by a long and severe imprisonment, and perpetual banishment from the city and the court. The sole distinction between the punishment of the emissary and his master, consisted in the former being condemned to the house of correction, and the latter to a fortress.

SEVEN MARRIAGES AND NEVER A HUSBAND.

ADELINE was the daughter of a rich French merchant; a young lady, who, if not quite as prudent, was perhaps as beautiful as Penelope; and could number almost as many admirers soon after she had entered into her teens. In truth, she was a great favourite; and advocates, court retainers, members of parliament, officers, and general officers, seemed to vie with each other for her good opinion; but they had, hitherto, all met with the same reception; namely, that flat little monosyllable, no! At length a handsome young officer of the name of Alson, had the happy fortune to obtain her good graces, but her father still shook his head. He was of a good old family, he admitted, only he had hardly a stiver to bless himself withal, except what came out of the military chest; and why this should entitle him to a preference over so many wealthy and noble offers, he was at a loss to account. M. Molines, however, did not belong to that class of cruel fathers, who boast of the right divine of tyrannizing over their children; and by the combined effect of frowning and fuming, and fretting and petting, mixed with a little solitary confinement and low diet, bring their girls into a fit frame of mind to

bear the matrimonial yoke along with some ugly, hateful-looking wretch, whom they would otherwise, perhaps, have by no means admired. So, without making much ado about nothing, this sensible French father, after a few imprecations, which helped him to recover his gaiety, no longer withheld his consent. "The young fools like one another," he said; "and the boy wants nothing but money, which, I dare say, he will allow me the honour to supply. By such means, his valour will entitle him to a captain's commission, at a jump; another and another, till he reaches a colonel's; and it will not sound amiss, when the world, in my hearing, shall designate the commander of a whole heroic regiment with the dear name of son—the wealthy old merchant's son."

In a short while, Lieutenant Alson's promotion began, and kept pace with his father-in-law's prophecies of his valour. When he had risen a few degrees, Molinet agreed to celebrate his marriage with his daughter, in a magnificent manner. As the young lady, however, was only yet in her fifteenth year, and her father quite doated upon her, he had so contrived it, in consideration of her youth, and his own old age, to have her company a year or two longer; and on the same morning that the ceremony was solemnized, his son's regiment received orders to march; and he peremptorily insisted

upon its commander marching along with it, upon a foreign destination.

The parting scene was truly tender and romantic, but the old merchant conceived that he was doing his duty (for he believed that she was too young to encounter the trials of the married state); and it did not move him a whit. Alson's sole consolation was in the hoped-for termination of the American war, which would enable him to return speedily to his own country; while he had, at all events, secured his prize,—barring the usual chances of being drowned, shot, captured, or knocked upon the head.

And truly his name seemed to have been entered upon the debit side of the Day-book of destiny; for though his regiment joined the party of the English colonists, in their contest against the mother country, it so happened that our hero was wounded and taken prisoner by a troop of Indians, allies of the British forces, in the first engagement. Fortunately, they neither sacrificed nor eat him, contenting themselves with the torture of curing him of his wounds, which, with their assistance, left him a cripple for life. This he found to be a serious impediment in the way of making his escape from the swift-footed sable chiefs; though he was over-persuaded to make the attempt by one of his fellow-prisoners. The latter was quick

enough to secure his retreat, but the unlucky Alson was overtaken while limping at an extraordinary pace, in the hope of rejoining his young bride and his wealthy father-in-law, with the addition of enjoying a quiet pension for life. Poor fellow! he was caught when within a stone's throw or two of the American lines, and immediately compelled to limp his way back again, with an Indian spear, by way of goad, pricking him in the rear. On his arrival he was thrown into a large wooden cage, with orders to be fattened, as soon as possible, for one of the chiefs' tables, whose stomach refused almost every other kind of food.

Meanwhile Victor, the young officer who accompanied him in his flight, under plea of extreme sickness and his late sufferings, obtained leave of absence, and proceeded back to his own country. During his captivity he had heard a great deal in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of Adeline, while conversing with the unfortunate Alson. Aware, at the same time, of her vast fortune, a thought now struck him on which he continued to ponder during his whole voyage home. He conceived that he might possibly be fortunate enough to supply Alson's loss; for he had little doubt but that the sable heroes would very quickly dispose of their prisoner, in such a way as to leave him no source of uneasiness on that head.

Taking this, at all events, for granted, and flattered with the idea of his future prospects, he hastened with the rueful looks of an undertaker, to the house of M. Molinet, and, without much ceremony, regretted that he was the bearer of ill-tidings. A little shocked, the good merchant began to pull almost as long a face as his own. The wily Victor, wishing to make a still deeper impression, so as to introduce himself in the character of a comforter, entreated that he would not alarm himself; and drawing his hand across his eyes, at the same time heaving a few sighs, he observed that his poor friend Alson had unfortunately been scalped and murdered before his eyes, by a party of wild Indians.

M. Molinet uttered an exclamation of horror, that brought his whole household together, old and young. Victor was still singing his doleful dirge as they gathered round; and he next drew forth a packet of forged letters, in order to give a greater air of veracity to his story. This, however, was superfluous; no one offered to question the truth of his statements, while his well-feigned sorrow recommended him strongly to his new friends, as Alson's companion and fellow soldier. Here he flattered himself that he had laid a good foundation for his future plans; and in a few days he repeated his visit, when he had the pleasure of being introduced to the lovely Adeline.

Mutual sorrow and sympathy in regard to the young soldier's fate, drew them into conversation, and Victor was quite charmed with her manners; while her beauty surpassed his expectations. By degrees, his person and language appeared equally interesting to Adeline, and not many months had elapsed before their acquaintance began to ripen into a more tender regard. M. Molinet, being satisfied that his connections were respectable, and not in the least aware of the stratagem which he had adopted in order more effectually to succeed in his views, was shortly afterwards prevailed upon to give his consent.

The mourning having at length ceased, Adeline cast aside her widow's weeds, and gave her hand to the happy Victor, who now fancied he had secured the fair prize for life. But Fortune, that had hitherto shown herself so remarkably favourable, now, when he stood on the very brink of Paradise, began, like a vile jilt as she is, to change her tone. He was much in the situation of a spoiled child, when the careless nurse slips its leading-strings: he fell, not figuratively, but actually and heavily, as he was cutting too high a curvet in the plenitude of his satisfaction in the bridal dance. He fell on the smooth chalked floor, and disjointed one of his thighs: a compound fracture, which would require him to lie in one position for the period of one or

two months. What a horrible contrast! the bridal chamber was turned into a sick-room; his bride became head nurse, and all his fondest hopes disappeared in surgical operations.

His recovery was equally tedious and vexatious, and before he grew at all convalescent, another character appeared upon the scene. Victor felt not a little alarmed on learning that Clermont, another young officer, who had been captured by the Indians, had just arrived in Paris. His first question, on arriving at the hotel, was respecting the residence of M. Molinet, and he did not long leave Victor in suspense, as to the particulars of his escape, and the fate of Alson. In fact, he was the bearer of letters from the latter to his wife, and he was naturally somewhat surprized on hearing from his host that the lady had contracted a second marriage. He was still more astonished to find that Victor was the second husband; but he revealed nothing of what he knew to his host, being first determined to have an interview with the wily usurper of Alson's rights, of whom he knew enough, before delivering his letters. Victor lost all courage, and looked quite crest-fallen as Clermont was announced, and briskly followed up his name with the familiarity of a former comrade, into the sick man's chamber, "Oh, Victor!" he cried, "what a wretch you are! what a piece of villany you have

committed against Alson! he is alive, poor fellow; and I have brought letters from him for his wife—I must go and deliver them."

"Alive?" exclaimed Victor, "Alson alive? impossible! why he was overtaken and put to death by the Indians, in my company, while we were trying to make our escape."

"Stop there, Victor; he was overtaken, but not killed; though he would have been, and eaten too, had it not been for a party of the colonists, who fell on the Indians during the night, and rescued our friend from his perilous situation. But come, I must deliver my letters."

"For God's sake! my good Clermont," cried the wretched Victor, at the same time tumbling headforemost in his hurry to prevent him, "for God's sake, help me up! I fear I have broken my leg again;—I beseech you not to put the climax to my misery. Truly, take half of all I am worth, and do not betray me. Command me in every thing for ever after; but do spare me; and try to raise me upon the sofa before Adeline comes in."

Touched with pity at his helpless situation, Clermont assisted the unlucky patient from the ground, who feigned a vast deal more pain than he really felt.

Meanwhile, Adeline, who had heard from one of the maidens that a stranger had arrived, and was

then in her husband's room; and likewise hearing high words, ran full of anxiety to inquire.

Victor was now in momentary dread of beholding the fatal letter drawn from Clermont's pocket; but the latter was too magnanimous, and too much delighted at the sight of Adeline's surpassing charms and loveliness to think of causing her any such alarm and unhappiness. It is true that he enjoyed the unhappy man's suspense and tortures, and would then burst out into an uncontrolable fit of laughter to see the rueful faces which he made, and which his lovely bride put to the account of his lame leg, no better for his fall. Clermont lingered long enough to catch the fascinating poison that lurked in Adeline's bright eyes; his soul was fired at the first interview; and it was clear that Victor's last sands of promised happiness and good fortune—most tantalizing good fortune—were nearly run. He no longer felt so indignant as he ought at Victor's base conduct; he rather sighed more effectually to imitate it; and having, like him, been in the habits of pleasing himself whenever he well could, a thought suddenly struck him to avail himself, as far as possible, of the information and influence which he possessed.

Adeline, pleased to observe that there seemed nothing unpleasant between the two gentlemen, as she had feared, soon after left the room. Clermont

again turned to his companion with a portentous frown upon his brow:—" I am thinking, my good Sir, that you have brought yourself into a very pretty dilemma indeed. Your situation is desperate; and besides, I never could reconcile it to my conscience to become the means of concealing your treacherous conduct from the parties concerned. I say, Sir, too, that it would be ill discharging the trust reposed in me by our unhappy friend Alson, in any degree to countenance so base a conspiracy against his peace. No, I am decided in the course I shall take; to deliver his letters, along with other proofs, showing that, though infirm, he is still in existence. The sole lenity which in such an affair I can be induced to grant, would be to postpone the communication until you were sufficiently recovered to be removed; and the sooner you can save yourself by flight, the better it will be. I can afford you no greater proof of my regard; for if you continue here much longer, I shall, however reluctantly, be compelled to expose you to the world. Spare yourself the trouble of any farther intreaties;—I cannot listen to them; I cannot consent to become accessary to so cruel an imposition."

Having come to this explanation, Clermont took his leave, leaving the unlucky patient in no very enviable state of mind. He was unable even to

make his escape; and he lay ruminating all possible plans, either for counteracting Clermont's influence or for effecting an able retreat. It was in vain, however, that he beat his brains for a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. The only resource that offered itself to his choice seemed to be that of throwing himself voluntarily upon Adeline's mercy, and relying upon the strength of her attachment, for a happy termination of the business. Should he, however, be successful in his appeals to her tenderness and compassion, still he would have to encounter the storm, raised by her incensed friends and her father, which in his present helpless situation would be doubly trying. At length, finding nothing that was likely to relieve him from his awkward dilemma, he resigned himself quietly to his destiny, desirous only of getting his head out of the scrape with as little damage as possible; and, wearied with conjectures, he fell asleep.

Adeline remarked that there was something or other pressing upon his spirits, and with a thousand endearing words she sought to discover the cause. But he only affected greater cheerfulness, and lavished fresh thanks and caresses for all the affection and devotedness which, he said, she had so generously shown him. By such means he removed her suspicions; and she regarded the

assiduous visits on the part of Clermont, only in the light of friendly inquiries after his friend's health. Entertaining, however, the designs before mentioned, it was his object not to permit Victor's health to get so fully established, as to take a final and affectionate leave of his young bride; he must be removed suddenly and secretly. For this purpose Clermont now daily made his appearance with Alson's letters in his hand, which he held before Victor's eyes; while he threatened the unfortunate wight with instant exposure, if he longer refused to quit the field.

This, after many vain appeals for pity, he was compelled to do. Under pretence of taking a first airing, Clermont provided him with a conveyance, and then destroyed those important documents which he had held up, like the angel's flaming sword behind our first parents, to drive the unlucky Victor out of Paradise. Having accompanied him some distance, Clermont received his parting letter for Adeline, and returned in the same carriage to M. Molinet's house.

"Where is Victor? what has happened?" was the first inquiry.

"He bids you an eternal farewell!" replied Clermont; "and you may rejoice that you will never behold his face again. His own letter will inform you that he basely deceived you; that he

forged the account of Captain Alson's death, and married Adeline during his life-time. I threatened to reveal his treachery, and he quickly decamped, well knowing that he was not legally united to your daughter, nor entitled to her person any more than to her fortune.

"Poor Alson, indeed, is since dead; but this does not in any degree diminish his guilt, or ratify his marriage. It is now just three months since my friend died in prison, where we were both confined for above a year. 'Should you ever,' said he, 'be fortunate enough to reach our dear country, salute my excellent Adeline, my dearly beloved wife!' Shortly afterwards he breathed his last; and peace be to the ashes of my respected friend! He beguiled the hours of our imprisonment with his sweet and noble discourse, and he even watched over me, I may say, after his decease; for as they were carrying his remains out of the prison, I contrived to make my escape."

At this account, both father and daughter stood wrapt in astonishment, and in particular Adeline fixed her eyes in breathless wonder upon the ingenious inventor of so many fictions. He retailed them with so much ease and confidence, answered every question, and gave the whole fable so natural an air, as to carry conviction to their hearts, equal to any thing that was ever felt for the truth of the Gospel.

The lovely bride of two absent husbands then expressed her lively gratitude to the intended third, for his timely interference in rescuing her out of the hands of so base a character, while the good old merchant begged for the favour of his friendship, and more frequent visits.

But the artful Clermont checked his wishes for a short period, in order not to betray his own project. He called so very seldom, that, being bent upon evincing their gratitude, they were obliged to send him formal invitations. In fact, so deeply was he smitten with the charms of Adeline, that he was almost afraid of anticipating his views upon her, and tried to accost her with all the starched politeness of some grey-haired matron during his first visits. Yet he was handsome and entertaining; and Adeline, a little piqued at his excessive indifference, sought to thaw the icy region about his heart by her sunny smiles and glances, and a thousand delicate little attentions. He replied, however, very cautiously, though in such a way as showed he was quite sensible of her power, and feared to trust himself within the enchanted circle of her charms.

To smooth the way more effectually to his wishes, he next brought forward the agreeable intelligence of the rogue Victor's death. It was apparently under the sign manual and seal of the

curate who had confessed him, during his last moments, stating how he had fallen sick at a little village, as the curate was passing through;—how he had received sacrament; and how he had died in peace and blessedness shortly afterwards. This account of his decease he, the curate, had been induced to furnish at poor Victor's request, which duty he had discharged after giving him decent interment.

Adeline was again free; and how happy that she was released from so awkward a kind of engagement! Of this the arch-traitor Clermont was soon assured, by the manner of his reception; it was no longer difficult to perceive that his artful diffidence and constrained demeanour, had pleaded his cause more effectually than, in such circumstances, his utmost assiduities could have done. The coldness of his manner gradually died away; he began to assume his real character; every day they grew more and more passionately attached to each other; and Adeline gave him her hand with greater pleasure than she did to either of her other husbands.

A splendid banquet welcomed the happy pair from the altar; the guests made their appearance; and the afternoon was at length far advanced. The sound of a carriage was now heard advancing at a smart pace up the street, and it drew up at

M. Molinet's door. "Ha!" cried the good host; "an idle guest, by Our Lady, but he drives briskly up."

All eyes were now turned towards the door; it opened; and, to the surprize of all the company, in rushed the deceased Victor, with his drawn sword in his hand, which he pointed with threatening gesture at Clermont: "Up, up, and defend your life!" he cried; at the same time dragging the astonished bridegroom with firm grasp out of the hall.

Every guest sat too much terrified at his ghastly appearance to interfere, feeling quite assured that it was wholly supernatural. So that, with the assistance of his servant, Victor had thrust the unlucky bridegroom into his carriage, and driven away with him, before any body had sufficiently recovered his senses to think of a rescue.

When arrived a short distance from the city, Victor called to the coachman to halt, and bursting into a loud laugh, he said, "Well, friend, there are now two knaves instead of one, and one raven must not pull out the other's eyes. There would be little use in hanging ourselves, if others will save us that trouble, for what we have done. My object in carrying you off, arises from the most disinterested motives; it will save you from a great deal of plague:—for, as you were kind enough to

bring me tidings of Alson, I have now to inform you that he is actually in Paris, and would speedily have fallen upon you like a thunderbolt, and sacrificed both his wife and you to his fury. We have both of us the best reason in the world for keeping out of his way; for he is already half-witted from the effect of his Indian adventures, and being fattened, during the course of a whole month, for the chief's table."

"I wish he had eaten him, then," exclaimed Clermont, in very ill-humour; "the fellow must have as many lives as a cat."

"So it seems! but we must wait patiently till the affair has blown over; and meanwhile seek some safe retreat, in a corner of the kingdom, and near a sea port, in case the madman should run desperate, and proceed to extremities against us."

Now this was all a fresh tissue of lies, invented by Victor to revenge himself. So far from being in Paris, Alson had been taken prisoner during his voyage home, and was now passing his time in England. Having given out that he had left France under an assumed name, Victor, after parting with his rival, had returned, and kept a watchful eye upon all his proceedings. In order more effectually to screen himself, and to get his rival completely into his power, he permitted him to accept the hand of Adeline, and then seized

upon him in the manner that has just been related. Clermont easily fell into the snare; and no longer ventured to think of retracing his steps to Paris, when he believed that Alson, whom he had disposed of in so summary a manner, had again appeared on the scene of action. Half stupefied with the news, he suffered himself to be rolled away, as he had been taken, in his rich bridal apparel, without hat or gloves, and arrayed from head to foot in silk; while the lovely Adeline was thus deserted by her third husband—and left to reflect upon her wayward lot alone.

Such a series of unexpected occurrences almost turned the old merchant's head. He began to be alarmed lest they should afford a topic of scandal to the whole city; and after a short consultation with his daughter, he came to the resolution of quitting Paris, and retiring into the country for a short time.

So having settled his affairs, he proceeded, accompanied by his daughter, about eighty leagues into the country, where he purchased an agreeable residence, and spent a whole year, more to his own, than to Adeline's satisfaction. So sudden and striking a contrast was too trying and too solitary, after the loss of three husbands, though she had already almost banished them from her mind. For no one any longer doubted the decease of Captain

Alson, her first betrothed; while, in regard to both the others, it was currently reported, and in a short while generally credited, that they had fought a duel, and fallen by each other's hands. Since the night of their strange disappearance, they had neither of them been heard of; until one day in a wood, at some distance from Paris, two bodies were found dreadfully mangled, and there seemed no longer any doubt of their being the two ill-fated lovers; at least, such was the account that reached M. Molinet and his daughter. It was also stated that the bodies had been interred, after remaining above-ground until their features were no longer discernible, and no persons coming forward to lay claim to them.

However, to set the matter at rest, M. Molinet sent for the chief witness who had given evidence on the inquest; and having received from him an account of the persons of the deceased, he found it agree, in many points, with his two sons-in-law; a discovery which so greatly delighted him that, in the height of his satisfaction, he cried out: "Aye, the knaves! you describe them to a hair; and both dead and buried, you say?"

With this consolatory assurance, he hastened to his daughter Adeline, and they now began to visit with their neighbours, and see a little more of the world; while they even talked of returning the ensu-

ing winter to Paris. Before that period arrived, however, the old gentleman had been again solicited for his consent; his consent for the fourth time! and he gave it with much the same easy temper as on former occasions; only his daughter was this time to be united to a young nobleman, Baron Marly.

The marriage ceremony was performed without the slightest interruption. The feast and the dance passed pleasantly away; and the bride-maids were already busied in disarraying the fair Adeline of her ornaments and jewels; when, as fate would have it, a long and loud resounding knock was heard at the hall-door, enough to throw a nervous patient into fits. It was just midnight too; yet one of the footmen had courage enough to open the door; and in stept a shabby-drest man with a wooden leg; and, limping as fast as he could along the hall, begged to be allowed an interview with the host.

The servant grinned at him over his shoulder, and said that it would be better to postpone it to the following day.

"No, my good friend, it will not," replied the stranger; "my affair will admit of no delay. I must see your master this moment."

But the man only stared and shook his head, as if in contempt of his request. Upon this, the stranger, flying into a passion, raised his crutch.

"Go, thou base varlet, or I will break every bone in thy skin!" and the footman ran to acquaint his master with this very unseasonable visit.

M. Molinet made his appearance in his night-gown and slippers. With a presentiment of something wrong, he looked the stranger sharply in the face, as he limped towards him, with a black patch over his left eye, and a great plaster on the other cheek. The good old host uttered an exclamation of alarm at the very sight of him.

"Who are you, Sir?" he inquired in a subdued and quivering tone; "and what is your pleasure with me?"

"Alas! don't you know me," sighed the stranger; "don't you know your own son-in-law, Alson?"

Poor M. Molinet started back several yards at one bound; raised up his hands in perfect wonder; and then called out to a servant at some distance from them: "For God's sake, run,—call my daughter and her husband; and make haste—make haste!"

"Nay, *I* am already here, father," observed the one-legged man.

"Oh, unhappy wretches as we all are!" cried the poor distracted father of so many sons, pacing backwards and forwards, and looking ruefully up the staircase, to see whether they would ever come.

Baron Marly first made his appearance, attired in a rich and elegant undress; looking as proud and glorious as Mars himself, just before he was caught with the lovely wife of ugly limping Vulcan: who could scarcely have cut a more sorry figure than the one-legged man now did. The Baron could not help smiling at the stranger, as he said:—

"What are your commands with me, father? I was just this moment retiring for the night."

"But I will take care that you never shall," cried the lame man; at the same time striking his crutch in most threatening style upon the ground.

"Is the fellow out of his senses?" returned the Baron, with a glance of contempt.

Poor M. Molinet was now quite beside himself. He trembled sadly at the necessity he was under of introducing the gentlemen to one another, on this occasion. He did it, but it was with a very ill grace.

"Fine doings, indeed!" exclaimed the crutch-man, again stamping his wooden leg, more fiercely than before, upon the ground. "It is lucky, however, that I am arrived in time to prevent this Baron from casting a stain upon my honour, and that of my family. You will please, father, to show him to the very farthest chamber from my wife's and mine, that you can find in the house; I shall keep strict watch on the outside."

At these words, Baron Marly instantly mounted his high horse of noble-blood, and replied, with an air of disdain: "Night watches, my good fellow, do not seem very well adapted to your present crippled condition, and I will spare you that trouble. As matters turn out, you are quite welcome to your first bargain, with all the manorial rights and appurtenances thereto belonging. In fact, I shall be happy to make the transfer; by which you will help me to untie a knot, which I was beginning to fear might chance to be tied too tight. For my part, I am a friend to freedom; and there are some of my relations at court, who will not be sorry to hear of what has happened, for truly I have had very little peace since my alliance with this very worthy family, because they imagined that henceforward I was about to unite myself with that less shining, but useful class of honest citizens. They solemnly declared that my marriage had raised an eternal barrier between me and them; between the city and the court; and that they knew how to respect their own station, if I did not. This was a sad blow in the face of my escutcheon; and I should, doubtless, soon have died of mortification, had not this lucky incident restored me to my injured nobility and pride. This somewhat consoles me for the personal loss of a lady, for whom I entertained the greatest tenderness and esteem. But I am no sentimental

worshipper of sighs and tears. I entreat you, therefore, my dear M. Molinet, to break this little matter to your daughter—to present her with my parting regards, and wish her all happiness and good fortune. So farewell, gentlemen; if you have any commands to Paris, I shall feel most happy to be the bearer. There I shall take out a formal divorce, and so the matter rests." With an air of lordly *nonchalance*, he turned upon his heel, and left his father-in-law lost in astonishment at the strange situation in which he stood.

"Nay, let the nimble puppy run," cried the man with the crutch; "and cheer up, old gentleman, you see you have got me quite safe; I wish I could add quite sound; but any how safe home again. True, I am a bit of a cripple—but what of that?—I am none of your noble impostors—I am Alson, your honourable son-in-law. I hope Adeline will not think the worse of me; though, I confess, I do not much relish the thought of our first interview: better perhaps to put it off until to-morrow. You will thus have time to reconcile her to the change of partners; but, as you seem rather weary and nervous, you had better yourself retire to rest, and let me, likewise, be shown to a chamber. To-morrow I will amuse Adeline and you with some account of my adventures in America. You will be much astonished, if not entertained; but

for to-night, dear father, not a word more—let us get a little rest."

M. Molinet, like one half moon-stricken, tottered out of the room: he replied not a word; and his son was obliged to shake him well by the shoulders and stamp his wooden leg, before he could make him comprehend that he wanted to be shown to his chamber.

Just at this moment one of Adeline's maids came running, to say that her young mistress had fallen into fits. She had heard the uproar; and insisted upon being instantly attired, in order to arrive in time to prevent any fatal consequences—having already lost two husbands, who had fallen a sacrifice to their mutual fury; but such was the tumult of her emotions, that she fainted in the bridemaid's arms.

Greatly concerned at this event, the cripple bridegroom observed, that had he not unluckily been so shabbily dressed, and altogether cut so very dismal and forbidding a figure, with the patches on his wounds, and his wooden leg—which might perhaps frighten her into fits again as she was recovering—nothing should keep him from her presence. "Besides, my crutch makes such a plaguey loud noise in walking, she might imagine some kobold or house-goblin was coming into her chamber. Such things she must get used to by degrees; so my

good girl, I must be content with thy recommending me most affectionately to thy sweet mistress, and here is my father-in-law will go along with you."

Poor M. Molinet, quite puzzled what to think or what to do, suffered himself to be led, like a man walking in his sleep, into his daughter's chamber; while his son-in-law walked another way into his own.

At this moment, the Baron's servants having packed up his wardrobe, and brought the coach, he was heard giving his orders respecting these two most important and favourite subjects of his thoughts; and then he rattled off along the pavement, in all the offended, yet newly recovered, dignity of his ancient house.

Adeline, on her side, again passed a lonely night, on the very day of her fourth nuptials; besides being half frightened to death.

On the morrow of this eventful evening, M. Molinet's household was early in motion. The good host himself began at length to console himself with the idea, that even a wooden-legged son-in-law was preferable to none, and hastened down stairs with a fixed determination to welcome him in a hearty and hospitable style. The latter, however, seemed to think more of a good night's rest, than rising at an early hour to reclaim the hand of

his beautiful betrothed. The clock had already struck nine; breakfast was waiting; yet the sluggard showed no signs of appearance. He had not even rung his bell; and the old merchant, beginning to feel impatient for his first meal, waited and grumbled; until, declaring that he must be one of the seven sleepers, he ordered one of the servants to knock, and to knock hard, at his door; for it was now near eleven o'clock, and the old gentleman, in momentary dread of an attack of his spasms, was fast helping himself to whatever came nearest to him. Before he had half done, however, the lacquey came to inform him that he had knocked repeatedly at the lame gentleman's door, but had received no answer.

His master shook his head wistfully, and, ordering the servant to walk first, followed him up stairs, and bade him enter the room; not liking the risk of receiving any farther shock, added to that of the former night.

So he stationed himself at the head of the stairs, and called out to the man, from time to time, "Now, John, is he asleep?" "No, Sir!" "Is he awake?" "No, Sir!" "What, is he dead, then?" "Oh no, Sir, he is only gone—at least I cannot find him." "Gone!" repeated the merchant, advancing a little more boldly, "What, crutch, and leg, and all?" "No, Sir; his leg is

here; only it is nothing but a cork!" "Nothing but a cork," repeated the old merchant, "then I dare say he must have a stock of them, and it is that, perhaps, which makes him so light afoot. The scoundrel!—the base deserter! to think of running away from his own wife and father, the very morning after returning to them. Surely I am bewitched, or this is all a dream. It cannot be: I am perhaps too hard upon him to suspect him; he has, perhaps, only got up in the night, and gone into the garden: and then been unable to find his way back into the right room. Do you run into the garden, John, and I will examine the other bed-rooms; he must be somewhere—he cannot be gone: call Adeline, call all the women, and the men, and the children, about the place; bid them look sharp every where—he cannot be gone."

There was soon a general muster; and the house was searched from top to bottom; but he was neither in the garret nor the cellar: the new son-in-law was gone! At length, when it came to the old porter's turn to be examined, who kept the lodge gates, and just then came hobbling up, he declared that about day-break a lame, ill-favoured kind of man, with black patches on his cheeks, most like a broken-down soldier, had ordered him to unbar the gate, as he was going to see after

some of his luggage which was left at the next inn, but he said nothing about coming back.

With this gleam of hope M. Molinet despatched a messenger to the place, but no person answering the porter's description had been there.

The lovely Adeline sat pale and weeping in her chamber: until this trying moment she had borne her strange adventures and vicissitudes with the sweet temper and patience of an angel; but this was too much. There was no affectation in her sufferings; her tears and sighs were genuine; for she had really loved Alson—he was her first choice, and she sank overpowered with grief, on learning this his second and more cruel loss.

Her father, little less affected at witnessing her grief, retired with downcast looks, and full of perplexing thoughts, to devise some method of proceeding, to his own chamber. The reader, however, shall not be left in the same dilemma; but shall forthwith be introduced behind the curtain of the mystery; as here follows:—In the first place he need hardly be informed, that those two arch-hypocrites and impostors, Victor and Clermont, were still in existence. In truth, they were far too interested and notorious villains to think of sparing the criminal law any trouble by honestly knocking one another's brains out; and in fact were on the best terms, for persons of their stamp. As fortune,

too, would have it, M. Molinet, in retiring to the country, had settled not far from the place of their retreat, which they kept as secret as possible; no less from fear of Alson's return, than from that of being brought to account for having deserted their military duties. They were, likewise, enabled, from this spot, to observe the proceedings of M. Molinet, their father-in-law, and to learn whether the affair had at all subsided.

The report of the fourth marriage acted like poison upon their jealous and revengeful feelings; and not venturing, from a sense of mutual safety, to wreak them upon each other, they swore to prevent any other person availing himself of any advantage which they had forfeited themselves. With this view, they pitched upon a wily young mendicant, who in some degree resembled Alson, and who could assume any character, and, equipping him in the manner already stated, their base stratagem turned out completely successful.

About the period that Baron Marly forwarded a copy of his divorce to his father-in-law, the latter became aware of the species of imposture that had been practised upon him, owing to the recognition and the subsequent confession of the roguish mendicant himself. Still he did not betray his employers, and M. Molinet, supposing *them* to be deceased, was now more at a loss than ever what to conjecture on the subject.

Adeline, on her part, seemed inclined to make no farther adventures in the matrimonial lottery; while her father was more intent than ever upon finding a real and *bonâ fide* son-in-law. Suitors again began to make their appearance, and he allowed her no peace, until she agreed to make a fresh choice, for the fifth time, in the person of the Marquis Gilles.

The marriage ceremony was fixed to take place at a country-seat at some distance, belonging to the new bridegroom. Every thing appeared in a good train; the day, the dinner, and the dance were all happily concluded. M. Molinet had himself seen to the security of all the doors and windows, and given orders to admit no more guests after that hour, be they who they would.

The house was just beginning to settle to rest, when, horrible to relate, a cry of fire was heard, and the room next the bridal chamber was found to be in flames. The Marquis ran down stairs half undrest, and disappeared through the front-door. The fire was fortunately got under, but the bridegroom was no longer to be seen. What had befallen him no one knew; his destiny remained a secret; and all that could be gathered was, that some countrymen had beheld a carriage driving with great rapidity from the castle.

Two days of grievous anxiety elapsed, when a

courier made his appearance with the following letter, and after its delivery instantly galloped away:—

"Madam,

"Your bridals are surely bewitched, and some dragon guards the entrance of the bridal chamber. I am no St. George, and feel no inclination to run a tilt with the monster; very willingly making room for the sixth fool, as I am told, who takes a fancy for such an adventure.

GILLES."

M. Molinet tore this precious epistle in a great rage; then ordered his carriage to the door, and taking his daughter along with him, ordered them to drive quick towards Paris. He left a letter behind him for his son-in-law, summoning him to appear and answer for his conduct; but this he never did; and consequently the marriage was annulled. But, in the course of this affair, an aged advocate became so deeply smitten with Adeline's charms, as to be quite unable to devote himself longer to his profession, without his fair client's consent and assistance. The lady, however, would certainly have refused it, had not her father, an old friend of the lawyer's, kindly stepped in to second the plea; and she was, at last, overpersuaded to yield her hand.

This time the ceremony was performed in as private a manner as possible. Only a few persons were aware that it was about to take place, and the domestics were in perfect ignorance of it until all was concluded. The supper-table had been removed, and the happy old bridegroom was just thinking of moving after it, when the waiter entered, and announced—the Marquis Gilles!

What a thunder-bolt of surprise for the whole party! M. Molinet alone had presence of mind to cry out: "Let the Marquis go to the Devil! tell him we have nothing to say to each other."

But the noble Marquis was already in the room: "First, my dear father," he said, "do me the justice to hear my defence, and send me there afterwards. On the eventful night of my marriage, I was seized by robbers in my own court, and kidnapped blindfolded into a carriage, which proceeded the whole night. When it stopped, I was conducted into a place up steps, and down steps, until they took the bandage from my eyes;—of very little service to me, in a dark room, with iron door and windows. Here the villains compelled me, by dint of threatening my life, to indite that false and wicked epistle to my beloved Adeline, but which procured me better treatment, and, perhaps, saved my life. Shortly afterwards they promised to release me, which they only did, however,

within these last few hours. Yesterday they again blind folded me; brought me out of the labyrinth; and conveyed me in a carriage to this very neighbourhood. Bidding me alight in some fields, they said to me: "That is your road to Paris; put your best foot foremost, and try to reach it before nightfall; for your young bride is celebrating her nuptials to-day with an old Parliament Advocate. So make haste, or you will have no chance of avoiding the honours that are in store for you." They then directed me to this house; and, before I had time to recover from my astonishment, they dragged me out of the carriage, and drove me with bitter mocks and gibings from their presence."

"A fine romantic history," exclaimed the old Advocate; "but, my Lord Marquis, who will bear witness to all this? Besides, if you could, what would that help you? Your former marriage with my present bride, Sir, has been formally revoked, rescinded, cancelled, and annulled."

"I know nothing of your quirks of law; and I should be a fool to contend with you; I will put it into the hands of some skilful expounder of justice like yourself. My present object in coming here, is loudly to protest, once for all, against your presuming to usurp my place; for I neither can nor will listen to it."

"Good," replied the Advocate; "and that

you likewise shall not venture to sport upon my manor, Marquis, I hereby appeal to the sovereign fount of justice, to his Majesty the King."

"A most servile appeal;" exclaimed the Marquis.

"And, moreover," continued the lawyer, "my wife shall be entrusted, as a sacred deposit, until the decision of the case, into the hands of her father. I will soon get your bill of divorce confirmed."

The noble Marquis expressed himself satisfied with these terms. Both the litigants then took leave of their father-in-law, and left his house in company with the other guests. The poor merchant, in the bitterness of his feelings, pronounced his malediction upon the whole tribe of suitors, sons-in-law, and husbands in the world. He had not the least idea, however, that two of them had set fire to the mansion of the third, and also abducted the unfortunate Marquis from his bridal chamber. Such information would doubtless have driven him stark mad; for, hard as the case was, he had not the least idea that he was now the father of six sons-in-law, while his only daughter remained without a husband. Yet such a strange fatality had fortune, in the variety of her vagaries, produced; though she spared the unlucky old gentleman the additional torment of hearing that so many of his sons were still alive. The two traitors, his second

and third sons, instantly fled from the country, after the success of their last exploit, leaving the young Marquis and the old decayed barrister to settle their differences as they pleased.

They forthwith proceeded to try the question of *e thoro et mensa*, as respected the rich old merchant's daughter; but the cause, from one reason or other, was protracted so long, that the old advocate died before the conclusion; an event which was hailed with singular pleasure by the young Marquis. Finding that the aged barrister was too impatient to await the result of the trial, the Marquis, on his side, began to sue for a restoration of conjugal rights, but met with unexpected difficulties from the young lady, no less than from her father. They refused to give credit to the story of his abduction, and declared that he had meant to insult the family, in order to afford grounds for future separation; as he had before pleased himself by taking French leave of them, he might this time take himself off again in order to please them.

The sighing shepherd, shocked at this reception, pleaded his perfect innocence of the charge, invoking all the saints to bear witness to the truth of his assertion. But the young lady was inexorable, declaring that she would rather die than think of receiving so ungallant a swain, who had once so basely deserted her.

So the Marquis went to take the opinion of counsel; whose first question was: "whether he could procure any witness or witnesses to his forcible abduction?"—He replied in the negative, and the lawyers shrugged up their shoulders; and advised him to think of proceeding no farther with such a case in a legal form. The same opinion seemed to be entertained by all his lordship's friends. They attempted to impress upon him how unbecoming his dignity it was, to sigh and languish for the daughter of a citizen, who rewarded him only with indifference and contempt. His pride took the alarm; and, shifting his affection for Adeline as well as he could, he disposed of his possessions in France, and set off in a great huff on a tour into Spain.

How must we account, however, for the surprising coolness and cruelty, evinced towards him by Adeline, unless we believe her to have been quite of a heartless, jilting disposition, and the most variable of her sex? There was something, indeed, in this; but it must, at the same time, be observed in her praise, that she had never been seriously attached to any of her six husbands, except the first, having yielded her hand more in compliance with her father's wishes, and a transitory feeling of regard, than from sentiments of esteem and love. Besides, in regard to the Marquis, her recollections

were soon effaced by the appearance of a rival, a very handsome young officer of Hussars, which made her more anxious than before to break off her engagements with the former. On this occasion, her father had less difficulty than on any of the preceding, in persuading her to listen to the young man's vows; and she accepted him with the same dutiful sentiments as heretofore.

Previous to the ceremony, the good old merchant took his future son-in-law aside: "You are aware, my friend, that you are only following in the wake of six other lovers, who are most of them now deceased. Theirs has been a strange fate, and I imagine they must all have been bewitched. If you are bent upon running the same risk, and will not be advised to think better of it, there is one little piece of advice which I shall give you, and which may perhaps serve to counteract the charm. All manœuvres, you know, are lawful in love and war; and, after you come from church, I would have you never once lose sight of your bride, until you have secured her for your own."

Adeline was conducted from the altar, between her father and her seventh husband, and was just proceeding up the steps into the house. Suddenly hasty footsteps were heard behind them, and some one inquired for M. Molinet. Upon turning round, the bridal party beheld a pale, haggard young man,

in an officer's faded uniform, who stood looking at them supported upon a crutch.

"Who inquires for me," said M. Molinet, trembling in every limb as he spoke: "who are you? what is your business with me?"

"I am an unfortunate being," murmured the stranger, "betrayed by false friends; don't you recognize me."

"No, Sir," said Molinet; as the wedded pair were hurrying him up the steps; "I know nobody now."

"What," replied the stranger, "have my long sufferings so completely metamorphosed me?—Are you too a stranger to me, Adeline? not recognized by my own wife! My first and only love, I am Alson!"

"Just Heavens!" cried the bride, "surely that voice—"

"Away with you!" exclaimed M. Molinet; "do not listen to him, girl! he is only an impostor. Take her away, my dear son-in-law, and follow my advice." At the same time, M. Molinet pushed the young Hussar and his daughter before him into the house.

The stranger here clapped his hand upon his sword, and confronting his rival:—"Not a step farther, on your life, Sir. Would you be guilty of eloping with my wife before my eyes?"

With enraged looks, the Hussar drew his broad-sword; but Adeline arrested his arm. "No bloodshed," she cried, with entreating accents, "for that man is Alson.—My first and best beloved! my eye indeed can scarcely recognize you, but my heart speaks the truth too feelingly—it is you. Yet I have already been so vilely deceived in this manner, that I am become suspicious of every one; I must, therefore, insist upon receiving still more positive proofs of your existence, than your mere appearance will afford; nor deem it want of affection that dictates our separation until the period when these can be adduced. Believe me, I indulge not the least suspicion; but I owe thus much to my own character, and to the world. When once I am happy enough to be pronounced yours, lawfully yours, I will most joyfully give you my hand, and live and die with you alone."

Adeline then retired weeping into her chamber. The young Hussar left the place with a bitter curse; and M. Molinet, with his eyes fixed in mute and perplexed dismay upon the features of Alson, after some cogitating and talking with himself, at length reached out his hand, saying, "The longer I puzzle myself with your face and figure, the more I seem to recollect somebody very like you; but I think it must have been in some other world. Be that, however, as it may, you are heartily welcome, my boy; my poor son Alson—if you are Alson: and

forgive me for giving you so rude a reception, and for having you sent, so soon after your marriage, abroad. I had no idea you would stay so long."

Alson, for in fact it was no one else, had no very great ordeal to undergo, before he succeeded in establishing proofs of his identity. Wherever he appeared, the resemblance between him and his former self became more and more apparent, on slight examination.

The strange history of his capture and his subsequent adventures, and final release, are reserved for the ear of Adeline; and would, perhaps, appear tedious to any one else. By her he was received with unaffected tenderness, and they had the pleasure of being twice married to each other, the old gentleman insisting upon a repetition of the ceremony after so long an absence; and it was the only real marriage out of seven, or rather eight.

They were now truly happy and blest with each other's society; and, had not the poor broken-down soldier died about a month after the ceremony, their happiness might have continued much longer. Adeline lamented him with true widow's tears; yet, after wearing her weeds awhile, being of a somewhat volatile and easy temper, she suffered the handsome young Hussar to come and wipe away her tears.

She consented to become his, as usual, at her

father's request; and she was too sweet-tempered and gentle, long to have resisted the request of any one who bespoke her kindly. They lived very happily together,—though she had wed seven husbands in about the space of six years;—and she spent about half a century with her last consort.

THE IRRECONCILEABLE MAN

Away with insults, hate, oppression;
Reach me still the friendly hand;
Soon we part unreconciled,
Travellers to a distant land.
Feel we not life's bridge beneath us,
Trembling 'mid the o'erwhelming tide?
See how fast it rushes over!
Say we loved before we died.

WITH these words the unfortunate Counsellor Lambert despatched an appealing letter to President Dornfeld, one who had formerly been his inseparable friend and companion, but who had become estranged, and was now even one of his bitterest foes. Their acquaintance had commenced at college; amidst study or amusement they were ever at each other's side; and it was only the self-willed and somewhat overbearing disposition of Dornfeld that had, at any time, interrupted their mutual regard; but they were always reconciled in a few hours. And it was Lambert's gentle and noble feelings which usually led to this reconciliation; he recovered his friend's affection and esteem without humbling himself to his whims.

Their friendship followed them into the affairs of life, and, what is more, continued during the space of ten years after they left college. Although

greatly inferior to his friend, both in knowledge and in talent, Dornfeld had the advantage in point of wealth and influence, and by such a lever quickly assumed a situation in life somewhat higher than the former. This, however, was assigned to its real cause, and pronounced unjust; but Lambert was rejoiced at his friend's good fortune, and it only served to increase their attachment.

They had severally attained to the age of thirty-five, connected together in all their pursuits; but a dark cloud hung over them, and love it was that threw the apple of discord across their path. On the same day, and in the same hour, they beheld the beautiful Amelia, and both left the house where they had seen her with a burning secret in their breasts. It was then first they had kept from each other, for both were deeply smitten, and it was long that night before they could close their eyes. They had leisure enough to think of the lovely lady; they had never seen any so attractive and beautiful; and their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of again seeing her, and if possible of engaging her affections. Each proceeded in his own way, without a word confided to the other, to accomplish the end he had in view.

Dornfeld, whose busy influence had already raised him to the level of nobility, considered wealth and rank as boasting the most irresistible attractions

for the female heart. He imagined that a man of his vast consequence, united to his person, must be the object of admiration and of the secret wishes of all young unmarried ladies whom he knew. Under this impression, his attentions to Amelia betrayed any thing but diffidence and doubt; he appeared to make quite sure of success from the first, while his manner expressed all the confidence and triumph which he really felt. His proposal assumed the air of condescension, and he could not conceal his astonishment on receiving a refusal. He left her highly offended; his admiration was converted into a feeling of hatred and revenge.

Amelia's heart was already won by the more gentle and modest assiduities of his friend. He had displayed little or nothing, indeed, of those shining qualities so highly valued by the vain; but in every word and action was the evidence of a gentle and noble mind, which drew its source from the purest and best feelings of our nature. It was thus their mutual esteem ripened into love; their thoughts and feelings knit in unison together; and Amelia's parents approved her choice.

Delighted beyond his hopes, Lambert hastened to acquaint his friend, entreating his attendance at their marriage in quality of bridegroom's man. What was the new President's (for he was just made President of Council) astonishment and

chagrin, on hearing this request!—he leapt from his chair, and loudly inveighed against Amelia's character. In a fit of scorn and passion, he likewise betrayed his own secret, until then unknown even to his friend; and concluded by beseeching him, as he valued their long friendship, not to prosecute his suit; to abandon one scornful woman out of pity to the agony of his feelings, for he could not yet bear the idea; and that every thing he had in the world he might consider as his own.

"Ah, you require too much, my dear Dornfeld," replied his friend:—"Do not refuse me possession of a blessing which Fortune has denied you; think how many others you possess—as I would have done were she about to become yours."

"Nay, do not imagine I am going to hang myself," cried Dornfeld with a bitter laugh; "it is not that, but the scornful simpleton ought to be well punished for her airs; and you, my noble friend, can do it. Let us be revenged upon her heartless pride: for my sake, draw back, and let her die an old maid!"

Lambert, while he expressed his surprise and sorrow at such words, attempted to inspire him with nobler feelings, and to dissuade him from all idea of taking revenge where no injury had been intended. Yet he could not in the least soften him. Dornfeld insisted upon revenge; aud spoke

as if he were extorting it from a slave. Lambert then directly declared that he was free, and should please himself, without binding himself down to the consent of any one. "Do it at your risk," thundered Dornfeld, while scorn and rage shot from his eyes. Without deigning a reply, Lambert turned his back upon him, and walked away.

Not long after this separation, followed the nuptials of Lambert and the lovely Amelia. The name of President Dornfeld was never omitted in their cards of invitation to their friends; and this they did out of respect, but he never came.

This scornful conduct served the President as a declaration of hostility. He even broke off all kind of communication with his old friend; and when he once called to inquire after his health, the President being unwell, he told his servant to order him from the door. Nor was he content with this; he opposed him in public, and in all his affairs, crossing him on every side, and dogging his steps, like an evil spirit, resolved to embitter his whole existence. This he was, likewise, enabled to do, owing to their respective situations in the council: the most heavy and laborious share fell to the lot of Counsellor Lambert; a sort of conspiracy was at work against him; yet he cheerfully persevered in his duties, though he had hardly an hour's relaxation that he could call his own. He was

employed in writing incessantly, often whole nights as well as days. It hurt him, however, to find that his best exertions were not appreciated; that they were even reviled, and rejected in favour of those of known inferior worth. Yet the President's opposition and aversion did not stop here. He spoke ill of the Counsellor in all societies where he could venture to do so; and on one occasion, when it was expected that he would be raised to a higher rank in the Legislature, and one of greater profit, such were the representations made to the Prince that another was elected, and all his just hopes of promotion disappointed.

Until this occurrence, he had borne all the insults that had been heaped upon him with patience. But he was now the father of a family, and he began to find his present means inadequate to their support. He had never wished to become the enemy of the President; he had never retaliated; and he now more than ever wished to become reconciled to him for the sake of his family, as he found that he had both power and inclination to injure him. So he resolved to come to an open explanation with his bitter and unrelenting foe, and he wrote the letter mentioned at the commencement of this account. He sent it, but received no answer; while he still continued to receive the same harsh and ungenerous usage at his hands. He had then

recourse to other methods of resisting or of softening his hostility; but they proved equally abortive. Here was only a fresh source of triumph to the President, who loudly boasted of it among his friends and dependants. "Counsellor Lambert had humbled himself before his rival; he had resisted, and he was now in disgrace." And there, he had the unfeeling malice to add, that he would leave him, as a punishment for venturing to become his rival—would leave him, without giving him a helping hand, though he lay there until the day of judgment!

About the same time, Lambert was sitting one evening engaged as usual at his desk; suddenly, one of his most intimate college friends, Counsellor Von Buhren, entered his apartment. His manner was hurried, and his features bore traces of strong emotion. "My best friend," he cried, half out of breath, "I am in one of the most awkward predicaments you can imagine; to you only I look for support. I am just now in want of five hundred dollars; my life and honour are both at stake; save me, I beseech you." Lambert expressed his astonishment; for Buhren did not stand first in the list of his friends. On the contrary, he was extremely intimate with the President; and, till this moment, had either slighted, or given him proofs of the ill-will of the latter. Yet the weakness of Lambert's heart

was not able to resist the appeal of one apparently in distress; and he did not now even reproach him. He sought to console him in the most friendly manner, declaring he would have been glad to assist him had it been in his power; but for a truth he did not possess the tenth part of that sum, just then.

This was the simple fact; though he had cash in his possession to a much higher amount, some of which he was employed in counting. Now Buhren, aware that it was public property, still persisted in his lamentations and prayers, beseeching that he would save him from despair, even by such a method.

"No; excuse me," said Lambert; "I would myself prefer dying of hunger, to touching the least portion of any property entrusted to my hands." Notwithstanding this honorable avowal, the other persisted in his entreaties, taking a most solemn oath that he would restore the sum without fail, within eight days; threatening at the same time to despatch himself, if Lambert did not consent to him that very moment.

The kind-hearted Lambert was greatly distressed between his feelings of duty and compassion. The last at length obtained the victory, and he tried to reconcile it to his conscience, by thinking that Buhren was one of the President's chief favou-

rites, and would be able to smooth the way, more than any one he knew, to a final reconciliation with him, when occasion should offer. Full of this hope, he opened the iron chest with a trembling hand, and took out a bag of five hundred dollars. "Behold then," he cried, "I am now doing that for you, which nothing on earth should induce me to think of doing for myself. Breathe it not to any one, but keep your word, and restore me the money, or you will assuredly ruin me." Buhren embraced him in the excess of his gratitude, and hastened with the money home.

Overwhelmed with business, Lambert had no time to indulge in reflections upon the possible consequences of what he had done. He again sat down to his desk, and wrote without interruption until midnight. At length, however, uneasy feelings began to prey upon his mind; and the thought of having disposed of property entrusted to his hands, upon his own responsibility, now filled him with alarm and remorse. He could not sleep, or when he closed his eyes, unpleasant dreams haunted his rest, and he fancied he beheld himself in chains and wasting in a dungeon. He rose on the break of day, like some wretch released from the rack. In his anxiety, he could remain in no one place; he went out to find one of his most faithful friends, and to him he communicated the cause of his unhappiness, and entreated his advice.

"Bad, very bad," said his friend, shaking his head;—"you have permitted your goodness of heart to blind your understanding. We can do nothing but provide, as soon as possible, against the worst that can happen, and replace the amount you have advanced instantly."

"There is the difficulty—I have no means;" replied Lambert.

"Then I will tell you how," continued his friend; "I am barely master of five hundred at this moment; but in two hours they shall be at your disposal. So give yourself no farther anxiety about it. I will send it to your house; go home."

Lambert thanked him, and went away. It was hardly eight o'clock when he returned. On entering the room, he found two state officers of rank with his Amelia, waiting for him. He was startled at their sight; and they requested to speak with him alone. They then submitted to his inspection an order from the government, for an examination of the amount of cash entrusted to his care. It met his eyes like a thunderbolt; and he had nearly fainted in his chair. It was only the consciousness of having committed no premeditated villany that supported him. He opened the coffers, and acquainted the officers with the sum of money that was wanting—(concealing the name of

Buhren) and besought them not to make the affair public, as it was certain of being replaced within a very few hours. They only shrugged up their shoulders by way of answer; took items of all the other sums; put the royal seal upon the coffers, and took leave, without committing themselves by any promise.

Two hours afterwards, Lambert's friend sent him the five hundred according to agreement. But at the same moment entered an officer of police, who handed him the order for his arrest, and a sentinel was placed before his door. It was now made evident that the president was in the plot, and directed every movement. Lambert instantly wrote to him in an indignant tone: "I know you, my lord President!—you are the sole author of all my misfortunes. You plotted the vile conspiracy of which I am made the victim, by means of your creature, Counsellor Buhren. My intention, much injured as I have been, was to hold out to you once more the right hand of fellowship, and I hoped I was conferring a favour upon you by assisting your favourite Buhren in his misfortunes. *You* have rewarded me by disgrace and imprisonment. When will your revenge be satiated? Surely you are not quite lost to humanity. Free me from the net in which you have entangled me! You can do it; you can stem the flood of ruin, before I am

engulfed. Think that I only disposed of the money, during a few hours, and to serve a friend of yours."

No answer was returned; though it was intended, on the ensuing day, to remove the sentinel from his door; serving an order at the same time upon the prisoner, to forbid his entrance into the council chamber, and removing him from the office he enjoyed. The affair quickly took wind, and Lambert was every where held up as an unprincipled man, unworthy of the confidence of government; which greatly surprised all classes of the people.

When he had been submitted to this species of moral torture for about a month, he received the following letter, from one of his few faithful friends:—

"I am this moment informed that your destiny is decided. The prosecution against you will be dropped; but you will be deprived of your rank and offices. Yet the President Dornfeld has it in his power to rescue you from this last degrading punishment; if you apply to him there is not a moment to be lost. To-morrow it will be too late."

Lambert was no longer proof against this last blow, it fell too heavy upon him, and he felt that he could never survive it. He had no hope in appealing to the stony heart of the President: yet it was his last resource; his family were on the edge of

ruin; and he sat down once more in the bitterness of his soul: he wrote, and despatched his letter by a trusty messenger. He not only entreated him to put it into the President's own hand, but to beseech him to read it; for that it was a matter of life or death

Dornfeld was that day engaged in celebrating his birth-day with a party of friends. It was already evening, and the Lord President was seated at the card table, when the messenger arrived. He took the letter, and put it unopened into his pocket, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of Lambert's bearer to consult the contents upon the spot. "There will be time enough," he answered, and gave it not a second thought.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up cards, and went to supper. Among the costly drinking vessels which decorated the tables, was a grand crystal vase, that had been presented to the President many years ago by Lambert, on his birth-day. What is more, the names of the donor and the receiver were to be seen in gold characters, apparent to every eye: it had never before been permitted to appear; and strange that it should be thus exposed, strange, thought every one, that the President's feelings can sustain such a sight. An uneasy and indescribable kind of emotion was felt by all present, which they sought to banish by forced gaiety,

and, as the clock tolled twelve, the host, according to an old German custom, filled it with wine, to be passed round from guest to guest.

Just as the Lord President was going to drink a health to his friends, and touched the edge of the crystal with his lips, a sharp, shrill sound struck his ear, and rung with a tremulous tone round the glass. It was heard by all the guests with an exclamation of surprise; the vase was examined by the lights; and a fresh flaw was very visible in it, running through the part where Lambert's name appeared upon the crystal. The letter now occurred to Dornfeld's memory, and he shuddered; he had already had it for more than six hours in his pocket. He rose from table, and went into another room to peruse it. He broke the seal and read: "I stand upon the brink of a precipice, between life and death. The tidings I have just heard, that I am to-morrow, without trial, to be deprived of my last means of livelihood, and overwhelmed with disgrace; to be ranked only in the list of beggars; has brought me to the close of my career, and I am resolved to free myself from my sufferings by one resolute effort. This, Dornfeld, is your work: but there is yet time to snatch me from inevitable fate; and you will, you must, do it, Dornfeld, if a drop of human blood yet courses in your veins. Send me, then, as a token of your

good-will, one word subscribed with your name, and let it be "*Yes!*" I will wait most patiently for this single word of comfort, until midnight. Yet do not delay it longer, as you would not in future wish to associate your birth-day with the day of my death. For the morning will never shine upon *me* which is to hold me up as an adjudged criminal to the world."

Now, for the first time, Dornfeld felt the pangs of conscience; he looked at his watch: it was past midnight, and he dreaded the worst. In an agony of remorse, terrific as it was sudden, he rushed out, in order to prevent a deed, which seemed to threaten to stamp his forehead, like that of Cain, with the indelible mark of murderous shame.

He was too late: that deed was already done. Before Lambert's residence he found a crowd of neighbouring people assembled, who had been drawn thither by the report of a pistol. With his hands over his face, Dornfeld, without asking a single question, made his way through the crowd. Loud and bitter lamentations smote his ear as he entered: guided only by such sounds, he found his way to the fatal chamber; and, with the impulse of agony and despair, he opened the door. The body of Lambert, bathed in blood, was the first object that met his sight: Amelia, his wife, was kneeling, convulsed with heart-breaking sobs and moans, be-

fore the couch on which he lay. She heard some one approaching; she looked round, as if expecting to behold a spirit, and there upon the threshold stood the deadly enemy of the deceased. He drew nigh, but she beckoned him wildly away, for she could not speak; yet he came nearer, and then she made an effort: "I beseech you to be gone!—the blood of my husband is crying out for vengeance to Heaven: save yourself—fly!"

He felt as if the voice of the Omnipotent were addressing him; and trembling, he obeyed. He hastened back to his own house, but he had not courage to go and take leave of his guests. He sent word to them that he had been taken suddenly unwell; and concealed himself from every eye as if he had been convicted and shunned by all. The fate of Lambert was universally commiserated; the real cause of his afflicting end remained no secret. Every humane and honest man avoided the President's society. His rank protected him, indeed, from open punishment; but a more terrific species of justice took possession of his breast, and condemned him never more to experience another hour's peace upon earth. Sorrow and remorse consumed him; and insanity only came to his relief. At length he imagined he was incessantly pursued by the angry spirit of his friend. Often was he heard wildly conversing with it aloud,

and always in a beseeching tone, stretching out his hands in supplication; and then he would break out into the ravings of despair, and beat his head against the walls of his cell, crying out that he would never, never be reconciled! Years did he continue in this state; and often his keepers were compelled to have him chained down to his bed, until the powers of nature being at length exhausted, he was suddenly restored to perfect reason for a few moments, uttered a prayer, and feebly adding, "He is reconciled!"—he died.

Away with insults, hate, oppression;
Give me still the friendly hand;
Soon we part unreconciled,
Travellers to a distant land.
Feel we not life's bridge beneath us,
Trembling 'mid the o'erwhelming tide?
Think how fast it rushes over;—
Say they loved before they died!

ALBERT LIMBACH;

OR, A MARTYR TO THE FAIR.

ALL the world agrees to flatter women. I only am bound to swim against the stream; for of a truth I have been singularly unfortunate in my dealings with this idolized sex. I have suffered too much to become their second panegyrist, like that happy genius, the sweetness of whose love-songs so far entitled him to their gratitude, that with their own soft hands they carried him to his last home.

Perhaps I may have been condemned to all the pains they have inflicted upon me, for having innocently caused the death of one of them in the first instance, my poor mother dying at the period of my birth. Yet surely that was not my fault; surely I did not deserve to be punished for what I could not help; but I know not. Certain it is, that from my youth upwards, the daughters of our first mother began to play tricks at my expense, not sparing me even when in my swathing clothes; as my father, a very respectable merchant, by the bye, has often informed me.

"You were never," he said, "so fortunate, my

dear boy, as to be nurtured at a mother's breast; I was compelled, alas! to entrust you into the hands of a nurse. She was a young, good-looking woman, and had just given birth to a boy, said to have survived only a few hours, on the same day that you were born. I believed myself very fortunate in having met with her, as she exhibited the affection of a tender mother, rather than the hired attentions of a menial. And in fact she was the mother of the boy whom she had introduced into my house to receive a princely education, and whom, during three years, I caressed as my own son. This I might still have continued to do, had not the sudden approach of death extorted the guilty secret from the nurse. She was taken ill at my house, and begged to be removed to her relations, which I granted. As she grew daily worse, she sent to inform me, that she had something very important to communicate, and I went to visit her. She was become a mere skeleton, and stood on the brink of the grave.

"'I feel I cannot die,' she sobbed out in a feeble tone, 'until I have informed you of a secret that weighs upon my soul; and perhaps the Lord and you will forgive me.'

"Touched at her sufferings, I said that I would forgive her, as Heaven would doubtless do, if she would make full confession of all that grieved her.

" ' Prepare then,' she continued: ' do not be too greatly shocked when I tell you, that the child nursed by me, during the last three years, as your son, is my own boy, who was given out to be dead.'

" ' Gracious Heavens!' I exclaimed, ' where then is my son, my Albert?—Base wretch! have you destroyed him?'

" ' No, I have not that sin to answer for,' she replied: ' he lives—in the Foundling.'

" ' In the Foundling Hospital! how is it possible?' I exclaimed, in astonishment.

" ' I will confess all, while I have yet strength, if you will permit me. When I accepted the place of nurse at your house, I committed my own child to the care of one of my relatives. In my account of its death, it was my sole object to remove all kind of suspicion; and no sooner did I remark the resemblance between your child and my own, than my resolution was taken. I abhor myself, when I think that it was not real affection that induced me, but pride and ambition that I might behold him a great man, and through his means, sometime perhaps, be made a lady.

" ' On returning with my own child, dressed in the clothes of yours, from my relations, I met you in going up the steps, and trembled lest you should detect the imposture; but you embraced him as your own Albert, who was that very night conveyed from my relation's house to the Foundling.'"

"The dying wretch here ceased; and I instantly sent for a legal witness to take down her account; and she was fortunately permitted time to complete and substantiate her confession.

"Her accessary in the crime was speedily secured, and her confession agreed in every point with that of the deceased; while the register of the Foundling contained the fact of a male child having been found and taken in on the day mentioned. Upon this I received you back to my arms; yet so strongly had your young rival laid hold on my affections, that I could not discard him without settling upon him sufficient to protect him from ignominy and want.

"Thus, my son," he continued, "you see in what a scandalous manner these women treated you—so early made a sacrifice to their vanity. I only trust, that you will not be condemned to receive further proofs of their enmity in the course of your future life."

Such were my father's hopes, doomed never to be fulfilled; nor did he, indeed, do much to promote them: for, after remaining about ten years a widower, he entered into the bonds of matrimony a second time, with a young woman, who united all the ill qualities of a step-mother. At first, she seemed tolerably well-disposed towards me, until an unlucky occurrence deprived me of her

good countenance; and she led me *such* a life—not so much like life, as a very hell upon earth.

Among my father's acquaintance was a young officer, who often frequented our house, and was always received with marks of pleasure and attention. One day, when my father was gone to the exchange, I saw his guest step into my step-mother's chamber. There was nothing remarkable, I then thought, in this; and I continued to play for about an hour, until beginning to be hungry, I went to ask my new mamma to let me have some breakfast.

Her door was fastened. "What is the matter—is the officer gone, and is mamma gone too?" thought I, as I looked through the key-hole. I then became convinced that they were both there, and laughed very hard to think that they should be playing together, like children, on the sofa. So I knocked, but knocked in vain, and was compelled to go away as hungry as I came.

Soon afterwards my father returned, when I ran and told him with great simplicity every thing I had seen; laughing heartily at the very amusing account I gave, and wondering that my father did not do the same. But no! he frowned, and wit hasty step advanced towards his wife's sitting-room. In about five minutes the lady came out, and seizing me by my hair with a furious look, she

treated me so roughly, that I soon lay almost senseless on the ground. Even the young lieutenant did not spare me, dealing me a sharp blow with his stick across my neck. In vain my father offered to interpose; my mother knew and exercised her power, and he played the pitiable part of a tame hen-pecked husband. From this unlucky period, my step-mother seemed determined, if possible, to torture me out of my existence; she struck and chaced me, like a dog, whenever I came in her way, and hardly gave me food enough to keep body and soul together. Though my father occasionally ventured to drop a word in my defence, he determined upon no measures for my relief, even when she seized and carried me from his presence, as often as he interfered. Once, also, he took a long journey, leaving me in the claws of this savage animal, this hyena of her sex, who, the moment his back was turned, immured me in a dark cellar, fed me upon bread and water for about a month, with a threat when she released me, that if I whispered a word of what had passed to my father, she would again imprison me, and never permit me more to behold the light of day. My health was nearly ruined; yet my tyrant was studying fresh plans for my perdition. She succeeded in impressing my father with the idea that I was not his son; and that the nurse had only invented the story to

provide for her child before her death, at the expense of the real heir. She declared it was an heinous sin to be thus educating a young bastard, while his son continued a beggar. She then applied to some abandoned practitioners of the law to draw out a process; witnesses were suborned; and some of the nurse's relations took their oath that I was a changeling; and I should doubtless soon have been disclaimed to make room for their young relation once more, had not my good genius at length interfered and opened my father's eyes.

The lady and her young hero presumed so much upon their own security and my father's submission, as to suffer themselves on one occasion to be surprized by him. The scales fell from his eyes, and he summoned some of his friends to his assistance, who advised a separation. This he effected, and I was no longer an object of this female's revenge and oppression.

The third scene of my martyrdom was somewhat more short and pleasant. My father and two other merchants maintained the same teacher for their children. We went daily to his house, learned very little, and cried a great deal. One of my fellow pupils was a fair little girl about eleven years of age, to whom I was excessively attached, though only about a year older. One day Annie came to me with tears in her eyes, complaining that the master

had been scolding her, in such a way that she should never forgive nor forget it as long as she lived. "Only think," she continued, "what a clown! He said I need not be so proud of a pretty face, that was not so pretty as I imagined!" and again she wept as loud as though her father and mother were just dead. I tried to console her vanity by abusing the school-master. Still she cried, declaring that she would never rest until she was revenged upon the old pedant, and entreating that I would play him some trick, were it only to pull off his wig.

"And what if I undertake it," said I; "what will you give me, Annie? will three kisses be too much, my pretty Annie?"—"Do it first;—you know I am not pretty," she replied laughing, while the tears were in her eyes; "do it, and then we shall see." I entreated for payment beforehand, but this was refused. The design against the great wig which ornamented the head of our great pedagogue gave me no little anxiety; for he was so horribly tall as to have well merited the post of leader among any corps of imperial guards. No, it was impossible I could succeed in an open attack; I must have recourse to more wily measures. So I took advantage of a moment when his eyes were fixed upon an arithmetical problem, and slipping behind his chair, carefully stuck a small hook, tied to a piece

of pack-thread, into his wig, without being in the least observed. The other end I fixed to the door latch, and then sat down very quietly in my place. I had scarcely cast my eye upon my book, before I heard one of the boys coming up the steps very hastily to make up loss of time. He snapped off the wig as quick as a star falling from the sky; it flew high in air as the door opened, and found a resting-place on the dusty floor.

With grim looks the bare-headed giant rose from his seat, and hastened to seize the unlucky little wight, who he imagined had robbed him of the honours of his graceful locks. Innocent of the deed, the urchin fled, and Dominie Bald-paterau in pursuit of him. He came in contact with the fatal thread, stumbled, lost his balance, and then, like a fallen tree, measured his length upon the ground.

He was thus feelingly convinced that he who had fled, as he entered the door, could not be the author of the plot, and have hooked him as he sat in his chair; so he directed his rage against those who were within his grasp. His looks were more especially bent upon me; and though I affected to play an innocent part, the blood rose into my cheeks. "Ah! young Mr. Albert," he exclaimed—"am I to charge you with this vile impious act?" "No, Sir," I stammered out as well as I could, but at the same time involuntarily took to flight.

Armed with his cane, the giant pursued; and just as I had got half down the steps, and he was in the act of griping me, my foot slipped, and I broke one of my arms in the fall.

The first visit I paid after my recovery was to my favourite Annie, intending to claim my due reward. I found her in company of a sweet smelling courtier, who had deigned to borrow a loan from her rich father, and was thus pleased to express his gratitude by calling and humouring his little daughter. Flattered with this glimpse of court favour, the young puppet hardly condescended to look at me as I entered. I waited impatiently for the empty chatterer to retire; but he kept his seat. I stood upon thorns, and at length somewhat pettishly entreated that she would allow me to speak to her. She followed me quite out of humour, and very snappishly inquired what I wanted? "You know, Annie, you have to give me .... dost not thou recollect?" "I recollect nothing; and will not be *thou'd* by thee," retorted the little vain thing, as she flung away from me in high dudgeon. Quite shocked, I ran after her whispering—"Are you no longer my good and gentle Annie? or must I come and claim my promised kiss some other time?" "Give yourself no trouble," she exclaimed in a mocking tone. "So," I cried, in a bitter voice, "then, who persuaded me to attack the Great Do-

minie's wig? who was the cause of my broken arm?" "Oh you will kill me with laughing if you talk so," she tittered out. "Did I, then, command you to get that unlucky tumble, you clumsy little fellow." I was fairly struck dumb with astonishment, and the little pert jade took advantage of my confusion to rejoin her flattering guest, taking no notice of me during the rest of the evening.

From this period we never spoke; and in the end she experienced the fate of all coquettes. At the age of thirteen, she delighted in the compliments of Counts and Barons, and subsequently refused the best offers from men of equal rank with herself. Thus, in time, ridiculed by all ranks, and pitied by none, she arrived to a good old maiden age, with the loss both of her temper and her charms. From the time of our quarrel until my twentieth year, there was a cessation of hostilities between me and my fair foes: at least there only occurred little skirmishes scarcely deserving of mention, and which led to no serious detriment on my part, though I had invariably the worst of it.

Meanwhile my father died, leaving me so considerable a fortune as to have permitted me to live without engaging in any profession. The military career, however, had too great charms for me; I applied for an officer's commission and obtained it. Yet soon wearied with the idle bacchanalian life

of my boon companions, I sought occupation for my feelings; and the image of the fair Rosalie next haunted my fancy both by day and night. She was the most beautiful girl in the city, and led so very retired and simple a kind of life, that the most vain-boasting and abandoned of our regiment ventured not to asperse her fair fame.

With much difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an introduction; and the modesty of this dove-like creature quite enraptured me. I had come with intentions, perhaps none of the best or purest; but I took a solemn vow as I departed, never to dream of injuring such innocence and heavenly-mindedness. It became my first object honourably to win her affections; for Rosalie was poor, and maintained an aged mother solely by her skill in embroidery; I became prodigal of my money in order to improve her circumstances; her humble dwelling was exchanged for a little palace; and seated at the side of my chaste and honoured love, I deemed myself happier than all the princes upon earth. This paradisaical kind of life had lasted for about two months, when my affairs called me from home. But I promised Rosalie, who seemed quite overwhelmed at my departure, to return in ten days at the farthest; and, in fact, I more than kept my word by arriving earlier. I rode post all the way, and threw myself from my horse about ten

o'clock in the evening. I flew like a special messenger to her house, ran over twenty people in my way, with my eyes fixed upon her windows, which I was surprised to see very brilliantly lighted. It at first struck me, to confess my egregious vanity, that the dear soul had in some way gathered tidings of my early return, which was thus honoured with some little festival and an illumination. With renewed delight I flew through the door, which her maid that moment opened, up stairs, and into her favourite apartment.

One step only did I advance over the threshold, for I beheld a sight that filled me with equal astonishment and grief. Rosalie lay in the arms of young Count Osseck, a notorious man of pleasure. I stood fixed as a statue; while the faithless, guilty girl sprang up, looking as if she had seen a spectre. The Count kept his seat, and somewhat haughtily measured me with his eye. In about half a minute, the false one recovered her presence of mind, and approaching me as if I had been a perfect stranger to her, who had madly broken into her presence, she said sharply, "What is your business, Sir? You have most probably mistaken the house!" "No, not the house," replied I; "I am deceived in the Lady Rosalie." "In me?" retorted the girl, with a bold laugh,—"how can that be, when I am not acquainted with you?" "Do you

deny that?" I exclaimed, provoked beyond all patience: "you must be an abandoned, wicked, fallen creature to assert the falsehood with such an unblushing front." I trembled with rage; I could have torn her to pieces: running behind the Count's chair, she cried out in great alarm, "Help! help me, Count! the man is stark mad."

"Pray retire, Sir," said the Count, as he rang the bell; and a servant made his appearance.

"What do you mean by this?" I inquired in a decided tone.

"To throw you down stairs," was the answer, "if you do not walk down instantly."

"You see me here, Count," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume, "only in my travelling dress, and perhaps mistake me for some adventurer. Sir! I am an officer, and a man of honour;—one who will not be insulted with impunity. I shall not condescend to enter into any vulgar contest with you and your lacquey; but I shall expect to meet you as early as six o'clock to-morrow morning to adjust our difference in the park.

"Certainly! I will be there," replied the Count, coolly, as I walked away.

I passed one of the most uneasy nights I ever recollect, and at dawn of day I was in the park. The Count made his appearance, and my blood

boiled as he approached. I abhorred him as the cool deliberate assassin of all my promised bliss. I drew my sword like a madman, and fought with the blindest rage and passion. It was such as to defy all science, and in a few moments my enemy lay bleeding on the ground.

"Fly!" he cried out, in a faint voice—"you have killed me!"

I had a horse waiting ready saddled, and I sought the nearest boundary; on reaching which I had full leisure to indulge all the despair I felt. In the last twelve hours, I had not only lost every thing that rendered life dear; I had fallen from my station in society, and become a vagrant and a murderer, for the sake of one false woman.

I had no motive, no inclination which ever way to turn: but I wanted to dissipate my cruel thoughts, and I bent my way towards the capital. The idea of being there secured and punished was not enough to deter me; for I set little store by existence then. The distance was about forty miles, and yet I sold my horse, changed my dress, and set out on foot; and instead of mixing in society when I reached, I led the life of a solitary, and some months expired before I walked out in public. I received no tidings from my native place, and no one knew, nor perhaps cared what was become of me. One evening, when I had been

leading this uneasy kind of life during more than half a year, as I was walking in one of the deserted alleys not far from the city, I observed a figure wrapped in a mantle, following me at a quick pace. I redoubled my haste, when my pursuer called after me in a mild voice:—"Limbach! Limbach!"

Still I only hastened forwards, while my pursuer running faster than before, again cried out, "If you are really Limbach, stop! I have good news for you from Count Osseck—he is alive—I am he."

It was like the voice of an angel awaking me from the tomb; my conscience was freed from a murderous weight of sin: I sprung towards him with an exclamation of joy, and burying all enmity in oblivion, accepted his proffered hand.

"Ah! what fools we have been," he said, "to have attacked one another like two wild beasts, for such a vile creature as Rosalie. Let us thank Heaven that the hypocrite herself let fall her mask in time. To you she displayed her heart in all its naked deformity, at the very moment she flattered herself she was making a sure conquest of me. Since then she has often changed her lovers; for hardly had you taken flight, and my life been despaired of, before she had supplied our places with other simpletons, simple as ourselves. But let us waste no more words upon the little wretch. Our quarrel is followed by happier results than we could have

expected. You worked me pretty smartly, my hot-headed friend, to be sure; yet in a week's time my wounds gave me less pain than the thought that you had banished yourself, and were wandering the lord knows where, without any occasion. So I had scarcely recovered before I resolved to set out in search of you. It would have been truly a Quixotic attempt, had I gone to all quarters of the globe, without knowing any thing of your *whereabout;* but, trust me, I had already got into your track, even to the place where you are standing. I also put our affair into such a train at court, before I left, that you can either return into your regiment or retire, which ever you please."

"Then what a wretch am I to think of having your life—you who have done all this! No, I shall never forgive myself, as I shall never forget your generosity, Count. I accept your good offices at court with thanks, and of the two I think I shall retire; as I can never think of returning to a place where the women have used me so ill."

I enjoyed the Count's society during several days, and experienced the truth of the observation, that men of spirit, if we except the extravagances of which they are guilty, and which most injure themselves, are generally men of excellent hearts.

On his return, I wrote to request my dismission, and obtained it; thus cutting off all kind of con-

nection with my native place, on account of a woman. It now struck me that I could not do better than resume the sword I had laid aside in our state, for the service of another; and I was fortunate enough to obtain the rank of captain in a newly-raised regiment from my recommendations to the war-minister.

With dread of the police and a trial no longer before my eyes, I again mingled in the world and enjoyed the acquaintance of many brave and noble characters; but I avoided that of women, as a scalded dog the sight of cold water. It was all in vain—my evil star brought me into the society of some, not very lovely, yet very learned ladies, who could give excellent rules, how the Greek and Roman voluptuaries prepared their delicate repasts; though they did not know how to make German water-gruel. In this way they contrived to make their poor husbands' mouths water by their repeated descriptions of the alluring dishes enjoyed by some ancient gourmand, and then, by way of contrast, serving up some of the more modern, by no means so savoury and inviting. Exactly at the hour when the dinner should have been prepared, they were busiest with some important oracle of receipt, which being laid aside in a moment, their poor persecuted spouses found they had nothing to eat.

These celebrated ladies were members of a weekly

society of Blues, which discussed philosophy, morals, criticism, &c. pouring forth such a torrent of declamations, as completely defied the gravity of the most serious personage present. On one occasion I was unlucky enough to laugh out aloud, which naturally brought down upon my head the thunder of their indignation, and it was with some difficulty they were appeased. Still I ventured in different companies to animadvert, in a jocular tone, upon their proceedings, which coming to the ears of the party, I was singled out as one of their most heretical enemies, though I continued to be invited, under the mask of friendship, to their meetings. I now approached them with some degree of awe; for they consisted of twelve experienced old Blues, the youngest at least fifty, and the others all older, uglier, and more dangerous than she. They rose at my entrance, from a long table groaning under some hundred weight of books. One whom I best knew advanced and led me—imagine my horror and surprise—to a seat prepared for me, in full view of the assembly, at the same time addressing the society, "Here, my friends, you behold the vile defamatory carper who dares to asperse the noble proceedings of our institution."

"Then, this is that paltry critic," exclaimed one in a shrill voice, who appeared to be lady president:—"let him wait a moment," she continued, in a still

more portentous tone, "it is our wish to embue him with a little anti-critical taste."

Upon this hint, the whole assembly made a simultaneous rush, each armed with a rod, towards their victim, and just as the first was on the point of seizing me round the neck, I started back, reached the door, crying out as I ran, "These are truly anti-critical weapons, ladies; and should you have any to spare, restore them to the witches' besoms on which they ride over the Blocksberg, on the last Walpurgis night."

Such an imputation roused their anger to the highest degree: they attempted to follow me, but I held the door. As they were about to make a fresh onset, however, I took to flight, when they burst through in such force, as to disconcert each other's measures, and many of Apollo's ancient daughters measured their length upon the floor.

I did not abate my speed, until I found myself standing pretty secure upon the steps; though even here I heard a torrent of abuse, of rods, books, slippers, ink-stands, and sand boxes, come pouring after me. To shield myself from these missiles I seized a large paper roll, flung with the rest at my head, and at length made off with it. I found it consisted of a MS. under the title of Lina's Poems, altogether so wretched in point of composition, that I put it into the hands of my

frizeur the next morning to dress my hair, reserving the remainder to light my cigars with. Just as I was doing this, a messenger from the war minister was announced, and in the idea that he was charged with my new appointment, I ordered him up into my chamber. He had no message from the minister; it was from the minister's lady, requesting to know if I had not found a certain MS. (describing the place), consisting of poems, which was then in my possession?

This was a staggering question. "What the deuce could the minister's lady have to do with so stupid a trifle as this?" thought I; and I was on the point of answering in the affirmative. But the idea of having applied it to the purposes I had done;—the heinous sin, the scandal of such a fact, if made public, all induced me to pause; and I soon mustered courage enough to deny all knowledge of the transaction.

"Then, I am to understand you found no such poem," said the messenger; "that is unlucky, for it is then doubtless lost. Her Excellency will be greatly disappointed: she is herself the author of it."

"Her Excellency an author!" I exclaimed, in great alarm; this was a thunderstroke upon me, with a vengeance.

"Yes, a great poetess," was the reply; "and

moreover, lady president of the learned society lately instituted."

A second thunderstroke; and a third more terrific than the former followed, as the special messenger, fixing his eyes upon my hair *en papillottes*, exclaimed in a terrified accent, "What do I behold! there is a piece of the MS., I dare swear, now visible. Gracious Heavens! it is the title-page; —the title-page in your hair!" and he pointed with his finger to one of my front locks. I snatched it with an involuntary motion, bringing along with it half the hair, and found it unluckily so disposed as to place the large court letters, grandly encircled "Lina's Poems," in full view. The special messenger wrung his hands in despair.

"Alas! with what fatal tidings must I return to her Excellency," he cried; and away he went. Such was my confusion, that I had not presence of mind to detain him, even to put a bribe into his hands. I instantly dressed myself, and went to consult some of my friends upon this very awkward occurrence. Most, however, were already acquainted with my adventure; the injured fair had bruited their wrongs throughout half the city, and I was strongly exhorted to appeal for mercy to the minister's lady. But I felt no inclination, and returned home again to consider the matter. Here I found a note from the minister, which removed all

my doubts; for he wrote without the least explanation, that I had no occasion to count farther upon the commission, or to think of calling at the office more.

"As your Excellency likes best," I exclaimed with a loud laugh, which made the walls of my room echo; "this will spare me a deal of trouble." For I had now reason to conclude, that since I had thrust my hand into a wasp's nest, I should have them continue buzzing about my ears as long as I remained in the vicinity, and that it would be to very little purpose to attempt to conciliate them; insomuch that I was resolved to live henceforward as a private man upon my fortune. I led this independent mode of life, and was a happy man for the two subsequent years; and though the wasps of literature occasionally buzzed about my ears, I was too firmly cased in a coat of indifference and scorn to feel their powerless stings; and the Lady President continued to preside, as before, over her stupid Blues.

But, alas! a man never knows when he is well; he wants to be better, for he cannot rest. He becomes ambitious of raising the brittle fabric of his happiness to so high a point that the whole tumbles to the ground together; and such was the result of my attempt. I began to quote some good old authorities, as I thought, that "it is not good for man

to be alone," and that it would be better for me to have a helpmate; and I ran over in my head all the good qualities of all the women I had ever seen. But I gave the flattering picture to the winds. "No," I exclaimed, "you have all run your town career; you have all imbibed the arts and evils that arise from it; and you are all cold and heartless. Give me one of nature's simple daughters; an innocent rural lass, one who will restore me more than all the happiness of which you artful creatures have deprived me."

Upon this hint of my own, I proceeded to beat up the country round, to find, if possible, a girl after my own heart. I took a female survey of all the farm and all the parsonage houses in the vicinity, and in one of the latter found a young blooming maiden, who appeared in every respect a partner adapted to me for life. She was, moreover, a very quiet, harmless creature, with no kind of pretensions, confining her observations to *yes* and *no*.

Now this good and simple-minded being I wished to make my own; so I solicited the hand of the pastor's daughter and met with no refusal. During the first year of our marriage, I had every reason to feel happy in my choice. My little rustic was an excellent housewife, agreed to every thing I said, and appeared desirous of pleasing no one but myself. To so exemplary a pitch did she carry

this latter point, that she looked exceedingly bluff at the young men who ventured to direct their glasses at her in the course of our walks. It is true that some very artful coquettes can do the same; yet certainly only such as have some particular view, or are beginning to age. On this ground, however, my rural love had no occasion to dread the most inquisitive eye, as she barely numbered seventeen summers, and bloomed as rosy as the flower whose namesake she was. Her aversion to ogling, then, could only be referred to her extreme delicacy and good behaviour. In fact, the only man with whom she conversed, and that was seldom, was an elderly gentleman, whose optics were chiefly directed towards the heavens, and their revolutions of every period. He was my next neighbour, and a professor of astronomy. Every evening, when he was not at a review of the starry host, he spent in my house, when he was in the habit of looking as intently at my wife's black eyes, as if he had discovered two new constellations every time he gazed.

Certainly I was not inclined to be jealous of the old gentleman; yet I felt a little curious to know whether he entertained any sort of designs. With this view, I one evening snuffed the candle out; and saying, I would find my way to the kitchen-fire myself, I contrived to blacken my wife's red

cheeks, as I went, with the snuff. It was natural enough to run against a person in the dark, and I found from the result that she had not remarked my new style of painting, as by the time I returned with the light, she had communicated a portion of it to the lips of the astronomer. Yes! the old star-gazing satyr had assuredly saluted my rural spouse, while I went to light the candle; there was most dark and diabolical evidence upon the very face of it; he looked more like an harlequin than a wise astronomer; and altogether cut so droll a figure, that I could not avoid bursting into a laugh, though I had perhaps the worst of it.

I placed the candle on the table with as much composure as possible, when the astronomer, throwing his eyes on a looking glass opposite to him, rose with a sudden exclamation from his chair, and cast a side look towards my wife. I threw myself in a fit of laughter on the sofa; while the star-gazer, taking up his hat, at once marched off. Rosa cast down her eyes very demurely, and did not laugh.

"Now see, my dear," I said, when I had a little recovered myself: "What have you done at the poor professor?"

"Nothing, my dear," replied Rosa blushing, "he only asked me for a kiss."

"So! do you call that nothing? And did you give him one?"

"Yes! Would you have had me refuse him!—I could not have had the heart."

"But that is not proper for a married woman, you know, Rosa," I cried, stamping my foot. "Not to refuse a gentleman—and an old gentleman!—it is a great weakness which you must overcome. You must treat him as you do the young gentlemen when they look at you as we walk—that is the way to keep them at a distance."

I had henceforward to regret the loss of the professor's company, which had served to while away many of my winter evenings; he came no more, leaving me to repent at leisure of my knavish trick.

I grew hipped and unwell, and was advised by my physician, the ensuing spring, to visit a watering place, at some distance, to which I agreed. Intending to return shortly, my wife did not accompany me; yet not much liking the idea of leaving her amidst the society of a great city, I took a pretty country-house for her, in a secluded situation, and provided an excellent old duenna for her companion while I was away.

"Farewell, for a short time, my dear Rosa," I said, "and promise me one thing."

"What is that, Mr. L.?"

"Why, promise me to say, No, should any silly impertinent fellow, whether an astronomer or

not, ask you any kind of questions whatsoever, will you?"

"It is very odd," replied Rosa; "but I will do it certainly if you please."

"That is like my good faithful Rose; for in that one little word *no*, there is included a great deal of wisdom, as close and safe as a nut in a shell. Just let me hear you repeat it—how will you say?"

"No, no, no!" she replied very resolutely.

"Quite right—quite right, my own love!—take care of yourself, and good bye, till I come again—soon."

I then jumped into the coach in a very good humour, and proceeded on my way. I was not surprised at receiving no letters from my wife, during my short stay, for she spoke little and wrote less; and with renewed health and spirits, I was preparing for my return. I soon bade the waters and invalids farewell, and found myself seated at mine host's well-furnished table at an excellent hotel, about half way on my journey home. The rest of the guests were full of life and spirits, and were amusing themselves with repeating a variety of anecdotes, among which was the following. "Only a short time ago, resumed one of my companions, there was a very amusing incident occurred at ——," mentioning the place of my country residence. "A certain adventurer, under the assumed

title of Baron, was the other day exploring this neighbourhood in search of any kind of booty he could find. Happening to cast his eye upon a rural residence close at hand, he drew near, and observed a pretty looking woman, quite alone, gazing out of one of the windows.

"He stopped, and entered into conversation under the plea of inquiring his way. 'Can you inform me?'

"'No!' replied the young lady. 'I cannot.'

"'Can you inform me of the name of the next village?'

"'No!' answered the lady; and this she followed up with a string of negatives for every question.

"Surely, thought our *soi-disant* Baron, this pretty creature is either dumb, or there is something I do not comprehend in all this. He then changed his tone of inquiry, saying, 'I hope, dear lady, you are not offended with the freedom I have thus taken in addressing you?'

"'No!'

"'And perhaps you will not be offended if I dismount to rest myself a little?'

"'No!'

"'And you will not forbid me to take a little refreshment; presenting, at the same time, my humble compliments and thanks.

"'No!'

"The happy traveller then dismounted, and proceeded, without farther ceremony, into the house. Here, with similar questions, he arrives at a knowledge of every thing he wishes to know, the lady still expressing all her wishes through the same monosyllable, as she had before done; the negative answering every purpose of an affirmative from the lips of any other person, exactly as the Baron could have wished."

During this recital, I was sitting upon thorns. The country-house, the beauty and simplicity of its inhabitant, her puppet-like reiteration of the negative; all convinced me that it could be no other than my own tender-hearted wife. The relater's last words went like a dagger to my heart; but I concealed my emotion, and it was not observed. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, who thus continued:—

"So far you see my anecdote resembles a mere love adventure; and it is not to be wondered at. The remaining portion, however, does not tell quite so well for our hero, the Baron; who, not contented with the lady, and the injury inflicted upon her absent husband, prevailed upon her to rob him of his property, and accompany him in his flight."

Here I uttered an exclamation of horror, and ran out of the room as if a legion of devils had been at my heels. "Horses, post horses," I cried; and while they were preparing, I locked myself up

in my own room. Then leaping into my chaise, amidst the titters and curiosity of the surrounding spectators, I gave the postilion a *douceur*, and told him to drive hard; and this I repeated at every stage, until I reached the place where I had left my wife.

The doors were fastened, and we were compelled to force our way into the house. With trembling step, I paced its floors; there was no one, and nothing to be seen. Every place was opened, rifled, and made away with. Even the old dragon, left in guard of all my treasures, had absconded; desks, chests, drawers, papers, had all become their prey; my property was gone—I was a beggar!

"Wretch that I am," exclaimed I, wringing my hands in bitterness of soul. "Now I see too well that I am destined to become the sport and prey of every woman I approach, whether wily, stupid, garrulous, or dumb. What remains for me, but to seek a refuge from their hatred and persecution in some far desert, where they can find nothing on which to prey!"

While thus giving vent to my despair, I cast my eye upon a sealed letter in a window corner. I opened it hastily: it was from an uncle, a rich old merchant in Russia. He entreated that I would come and see him (though I had almost forgotten he was in existence) once more before he died, as

he could not expect to live much longer, feeling himself daily growing worse. At the same time, he promised that I should not take the trouble for nothing, as he meant to leave me heir to his whole possessions.

In my present destitute condition, this was a most fortunate circumstance for me. I set out without farther delay, though I was compelled almost to beg my way to reach my uncle's residence, which lay above an hundred miles beyond the city of Petersburgh. Here I was reinstated in my former prosperity; my kind relative died, within a few weeks after my arrival, in my arms, and I found myself possessed of a greater fortune than before. I determined to pass the rest of my days in Russia; and the better to avoid my female persecutors, in as retired a way as possible. I assumed the fashion of the country, and permitted my beard to grow. In this respect I soon vied with some of the best-bearded natives. I looked as reverend as an aged Bramin, and as awful in the sight of children, as a bull-beggar, or King Bluebeard himself. I took a poor boy into my service, who played the part of my cook, my washerwoman, and my lacquey, with gratitude and delight. What degree of intercourse I was compelled to keep up with the other sex, was restricted to the agency of Jacob, and never disturbed the peaceful tenor of

my days. The dangerous creatures were not permitted to cross my threshold; and I was in the habit of casting up my eyes in prayer, and stopping my ears, when I passed by any of the more tempting of these syrens.

Owing to this wholesome discipline, I contrived to pass the next thirteen years in peace and comfort; and was beginning to grow a grey-headed, respectable old gentleman, free from the storms and anxieties of life, and flattering myself with the prospect of reaching the haven of my final rest by the same even and easy course.

But, alas! one evening, towards midnight, I heard a thundering knocking at my house-door. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window; the place was beset with soldiers; and I was called upon to surrender, in the name of the *Empress*. My faithful Jacob opened the door; they entered, seized, and bound me: then, thrusting me into a vehicle well guarded, they drove off with me, day and night, until it reached the capital. Here I was consigned to a dreary dungeon, where I had perfect leisure to reflect upon my past life without interruption. At least I had never violated any of the laws, I concluded; and how could I have merited my present residence and my chains? At length I was brought up to trial: "Confess your crimes," was the only examination to which I was subjected.

Appealing to the Judge, I begged the favour of being informed why I had been brought before him. "That," replied the Judge, with an infernal laugh, "we intend you to confess, you old rascal, or we shall help you to skip a little. Mark, we give you three days' grace, to think of your sins, and to confess them; if not, prepare for the knout."

I was then carried back to my prison, where I remained until I was again brought up. "Will you be wise and make confession yet?" cried the same tyrant. "What must I confess," I replied, with the tears in my eyes. "Heaven is witness of my innocence: I am guiltless of any crime, even in thought, or in any way affecting the laws." "Ay, ay; that is the usual song of an old bird, like you. But stop, we will soon make you sing to another tune. Off with him, and give him the knout, until he confesses the truth to a hair."

The ruffians forthwith proceeded to try the strength of their arms, and of their knout straps, for the space of five minutes, when they took breath. I bore the operation, sharp as it was, in perfect silence; while the hard-hearted judge stood by, expecting me to call out for mercy. I at least compelled him to order my executioners to stop of his own accord; and I was sent back to my dungeon. There I lingered during the space of six months, enduring all the horrors of solitary im-

prisonment, added to the uncertainty of my fate. I repeated daily inquiries of my gaoler, who brought my bread and water, as to my ultimate destination; whose constant reply was, that he knew nothing about it; as there was no farther mention made of me in the court of justice. At length he one day entered my apartment at a very unusual hour, in great haste, and panting exclaimed: "Up, up! and turn out; you are to be taken before the Prince—Prince Potemkin—immediately!"

Trembling at the sound of this dreadful name, I was borne, between a party of soldiers, more dead than alive, into the palace. They led me into a state hall, where a splendid assembly of courtiers was collected; all glittering with stars or ribbons of different orders. They gathered about me. At their head stood a young creature of astonishing beauty, who smiled, stroked my beard with her lily hand, as she said with heavenly mildness of manner: "Oh, what a beautiful, respectable beard;" and again she laughed. Upon this the Prince, whom I easily recognized from the great respect shown him by all around, turned towards me with a gracious expression and added, "Go; you are now free."

Filled with astonishment I left the hall; my guard had disappeared, and the sense of my long

wished-for freedom seemed to inspire me with fresh life and strength. With the vigour of youth, I ran down the palace steps; and the next moment I heard myself called by my name. I looked back in great alarm, and saw a Russian officer, whom I had already observed in the Prince's audience-chamber, hastening towards me. "Don't be alarmed," he said, "don't you know me again?" while he shook me very friendly by the hand.

I looked at him stedfastly a few moments, and then assured him that I had never to my knowledge seen him before. "And yet we have seen one another nearer than we well liked," was the reply.

I thought and thought; but he still remained a stranger to me. He then began to laugh, and said—"What don't you really then know Count Osseck?"

"'Osseck,' I repeated, as I threw myself upon his neck, "is it, indeed, possible; how came you here?"

"Shortly after our duel," he replied, "I entered into the Russian service, and have been fighting hard with the Turks ever since."

"Only with the Turks," I replied; "I have been engaged with women, who have used me most scandalously and barbarously since I saw you last, and you know they began before we parted. At length I was compelled to avoid them as one would

snakes and wild beasts. Yet, worsted and trampled upon as I have been, this day seems to reconcile me to them once more. Yes, for once, at least, I have met with a kind-hearted, excellent woman, the young and fair princess, who spoke so softly and stroked my beard. To her, doubtless, I owe my freedom."

"There, friend, you are in a great error," replied the Count, with a compassionate smile; "to this angelic creature you owe your torture and your chains!"

"Banter not so cruelly," I cried; "still let me hope that one good being lives to redeem the character of her sex."

"Doubtless, my whimsical friend," replied Osseck; "there are thousands of excellent, irreproachable women; though the eulogist of your fine beard is certainly not among the number; but a cold-hearted, vain, dissipated creature."

"How will you convince me of that?" said I, a little warmly; 'for, old as I am, I confess I was nearly falling in love with her wonderful beauty, united to so much kindness."

"I can easily convince you," replied the Count, "by explaining some little of the affair of your own sufferings and imprisonment, much as follows:—About seven months ago, a certain young prince happened to be dining with the great Potemkin. He was just returned from a tour through

some of the Russian provinces; and could find nothing more remarkable to relate, than his meeting with a man, who wore an extraordinary long beard, and dwelt upon it as a kind of phenomenon. The lady in a jocular tone, directly exclaimed: 'Oh, of all beards in the world, I should like to see this.'

"This wish was no sooner uttered, than Potemkin, a great admirer of the Princess, ordered particular inquiries to be made; when the young Prince, taking out his note-book, read aloud the place of your abode, adding, 'There he is to be found. I don't know his name, but no one can mistake him; no one being able to boast of a beard like his.'

"The proud favourite, calling his Secretary, ordered him to write to the commandant of the place; giving him instructions, without loss of time, to secure and forward the said long-beard, as soon as he could find him, to the capital.

"From that time forward, neither the Princess nor the Prince dreamed any thing about you: and it was not until to-day that the former, for the first time, recurred to the subject:

"'How does it happen, then, that your Excellency has never shown me the man with the astonishing long beard as I expected?'

"The Prince immediately sent to his Secretary, and in a savage tone, cried out as he entered:

'Have I not already commanded that the man with a long beard should be forwarded hither?'

"'It is true, please your Excellency, and he has already had the knout, and been for the last six months in close imprisonment: yet he refuses to confess his crime. Your Excellency has never since been applied to on the subject; the process and trial are yet remaining in the chancery.'

"'Let it be brought; and order the delinquent up into the audience chamber.'

"The lady was now as much delighted as a child with some new play-thing: she ordered you to be brought round; and at last she came towards me, when I recognized, with surprise, my friend Limbach in the prisoner. The rest you know: and what think you now of the court-lady? How tender and humane, out of mere jest to seize a worthy man, consign him to a dungeon, to show him like a wild beast, and dismiss him without offering to make the least reparation for his wrongs. Then to be called a guardian-angel by her victim, who, you know, had very nearly fallen in love with her!"

I stood mute with astonishment—I was buried in deep thought over my strange fate. The count roused me, and entreated I would think no more of what was past, but come like an old friend with him home, refresh myself, and then give him the whole of my history.

I agreed to accompany him, remained with him some weeks, and in order to amuse my brave host, sat down to write my own history and adventures. Having concluded them, I set out on my way back to my native place, rejoicing in the idea of again meeting, at least, my faithful Jacob.

But no! this good man never saw him more; for when he reached the house, which he supposed was ready prepared for him, a neighbour with a long face came out and handed him the key, again retiring without saying a word. Poor Limbach walked in, but there was no Jacob; the house was robbed and deserted like his former one. A number of people collected on hearing him shouting "Jacob! Jacob!" and he inquired of them, "What is become of him?"

"Oh, he is gone."

"Gone!" he exclaimed; "do you mean that he is dead?"

"No, not dead," was the answer:—"he has run away."

"Nay, good people; that cannot be! Jacob would not treat me so! never."

AN HOUR'S INSTRUCTION

IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*(In the manner of Philander Von Littewald.)**

In my earlier years, says Philander, I was certainly a merry blade, and it is no less certain that I dissipated my paternal inheritance, and at length found myself compelled to make business a pleasure, as I had formerly made pleasure my business. A court life looked the most inviting: in fact, I longed to become a statesman, and to offer my political services to some foreign prince. So leaving my native place, I set out upon my tour, in the course of which I lost my way in going through a wood; and losing it still more by trying to find it, I lay down out of sheer weariness and fell asleep.

* His real name, however, was Hans Michael Moscherosch. He lived in the 17th century, and wrote several satires under the title of Extraordinary and Real Apparitions, respecting which he observes in his preface: "I cannot believe that I have injured any one; my purpose, on the contrary, having been to promote the good of all. Such as do not find my writings to their taste, are either incapable of understanding them, or find themselves disagreeably pourtrayed; their conscience accuses them. Throughout the whole range of my productions, there is not a word that can be construed into a reflection upon a worthy man."

In a little while I felt a gentle tap upon my shoulder; I opened my eyes, and beheld a strange oddly dressed old man, with a long beard, standing before me. "Come, get up," he said, "and I will conduct you to a place where you may learn the whole art of government in a single hour."

This proposal was extremely agreeable to me; so I got up and followed the old man, step by step. He bent his path over a steep mountain, covered with mist, which finally led into a stately city, decorated with many lofty spires and towers. "Here, my son," resumed the old man, "is the court residence of a mighty German Prince, who can reach an extraordinary way with his long grasping hands, wherever he may happen to observe something dainty in the great state dish. But you shall become personally acquainted with him. One of his privy counsellors is dead within these few days past, and another is to be chosen to fill his place: we shall now have an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings; the real actuating motives on these occasions being thrown into the shape of questions, and befitting answers, for our better edification. It will, however, be as safe to be invisible;" and saying this, he touched his own forehead and mine with some balsamic drop, and we both became as imperceptible as the wind. Yet we contrived to see one another; and thus prepared, we wafted ourselves like

a summer breeze through a thick crowd of people, rolling up and down the street. The farther end of this brought us close up to the palace, and so into the hall of state, where shone the Prince surrounded by his grand officers of state, in the full splendour of his power, sitting upon his throne. Well, before him stood three figures, singled out of some half hundred lots of candidates, all eagerly on the scent for office, and their qualifications were now about to be proved, if not approved by royalty itself.

"What is the first and most indispensable virtue of a privy-counsellor, Sir?" inquired the Prince of one who stood with folded hands, and eyes upon the ground, most resembling a Moravian preacher.

"The fear of God," replied the man, bowing submissively, while he laid his hand upon his heart.

"What is the second virtue?"

"The fear of God."

"And the third?"

"The fear of God," and there he stuck fast.

The Prince laughed, bade him begone, and turning to his privy-counsellors, said, "See and find this holy, simple-spoken chucklehead, a schoolmaster's birth."

He next turned to the second of the three, and

inquired, "What are the principal qualifications of a good governor?"

This candidate, who had a peculiarly pedantic air, and the very essence of self-complacency glistening in his eyes, bowed much less low than the former, cleared his throat, and seemed to be preparing for a long set speech, which began as follows:—

"Plato, Aristotle, &c., I maintain that a prince is only the minister of his people," (devil a bit, thought the Prince) "and consequently bound to exercise only justice and equity; to promote the welfare of the state by every means in his power; and so to treat his subjects as he would himself like to be treated were he a subject.

'What you'd from others take amiss,
Be not guilty thou of this.'

"Now this proverb is the golden text to try all human proceedings; and one which nature implanted in our hearts. Let a prince direct his conduct by this rule, and he will be honoured and beloved as the father of his subjects. Let him, on the other hand, give way to selfish violence and passion, and exhaust the labour of his people in mere extravagance and show, and it must necessarily follow, as the poet says—

'That men whom princes teach to fear,
They teach to hate, and hating *hear*.'"

The Prince, during this discourse, frequently fixed his eyes upon his council and great officers of state, as much as to say, "How sounds that, my Lords? this bird sings a very different tune to that of my faithful privy-council!"

Lord Pakomus, High Privy President, as he was anciently called, of the secret council chamber, was an old wily courtier, who, in the enjoyment of this office, had accumulated immense riches. He concealed his feelings under a smiling countenance, shook the honours of his mighty wig with a scornful air at the speaker, and when the Prince began to express his great astonishment at what he heard, the Lord President, biting his lips, chimed in with the words: "Enough of this audacity! our royal master stands in no need of lessons, like these, on the art of government."

This conclusive piece of flattery had the intended effect; it brought all the Prince's notions back again to the monarchical level; he threw a black look upon the young Liberal, and commanded him to stand farther off. It now came to the third place-hunter's turn, a poor beardless youth, but one who had fashioned his court thoughts and phrases upon the model of the Lord President, and brought out every other word with a shake of his shoulders or of his empty head, as if to recommend this illustration of his reasoning to the Prince. The

first question put to him was—"To what, Sir, ought the chief aim of the sovereign to be directed?"

"To three points," he replied rather pertly, as he bent himself, at the same time, twice double in token of respect; "viz., first to the increase of the royal finances; secondly, to the enlargement of his boundaries; and thirdly, to the support of his prerogative, as the Almighty's vicegerent upon earth."

"Very properly remarked," exclaimed the Prince, "very properly indeed;" and in spite of his youth he nominated him one of his privy-counsellors upon the spot.

We invisibles exchanged a meaning look upon this speedy appointment, and the old man whispered me: "The young hypocrite, who has thus caught the Duke's ear, is son-in-law to the Lord President. The old experienced court-fox himself dictated both the question of the Prince and his son's answer; so you see they were like to fit as close as cup and cover, as hand and glove. Now mark, he will next proceed to give the lad an hour's instruction in his business with closed doors; which, however, we will contrive to hear, as it was the main object of our visit hither."

The Prince dismissed his council, and the Lord President took his relative under his arm: "Come along, my dear boy," said he, "I will give you a

proof of my paternal regard; I will disclose for your edification, the most important secrets of ministerial management, and the art of governing." Saying this, he led him through some dark, narrow passages, perfectly familiar to him, into one of the most secluded wings of the palace, at the end of which he entered into a chamber, enclosed on all sides with iron bars and doors. He cautiously unlocked a small aperture into this political sanctuary, and secured it after him, in order that no uninitiated wretch, by any chance, might happen to have slipped into any of his state secrets. But he could not contrive to bar *us* out, and we had the advantage of hearing the following wonderful revelations from his lips.

But first the Lord President proceeded to open a chest, containing a vast variety of cloaks, of smooth velvet, silk, or fine spun cloth. They were all richly lined on the exterior, but within they were made of nothing better than raw, coarse wool and hair, and in part sewn fast and strong with wolves and fox hides, forming an impenetrable disguise.

"Is that the Prince's wardrobe?" inquired the young privy-counsellor.

"By no means," replied the old one; "they are only state cloaks, intended to be worn according to the fashion in which we wish to impose upon the people; whether by a grand ceremony or by

a side wind. For this last, there is nothing like a smart, flashy cloak, which looks as if there were nothing under it. So this you see with fine gold fringes, this light, innocent-looking scarlet coat—is called the '*People's Favour.*'* A second here, of green velvet, is the '*Fleur du Pays;*' and a third, flounced with silver, is entitled the '*Common Best;*' and so on with these."

With earnest gaze did the young noviciate measure them all, one after another, eager to try them on. At last, however, he could not restrain his mirth, as his eyes encountered an old faded tattered cloak.

"Lord!" cried the young counsellor; "what can this dirty, ill-looking hide be doing here, among these fine state garments?"

"Wonder not at that," replied President Pakomus; "once this same mantle shone as brilliantly as its neighbours; and it is only the long, valuable services it has seen, that have given it so very shabby an exterior. It is called 'Good Intention;' it is like our daily bread for a court life. For if by chance the helm of state should be guided by the hand of a fool instead of a statesman, and the ship run clean upon the rocks; then,

* Whether the Lord President means here to allude to the service military, we do not presume to be sufficiently versed in his state secrets to decide. ED.

while the said ship is going to pieces, he takes care to conceal himself under this cloak, crying out from some safe corner that his *intentions* were good! Upon this the poor drowning passengers have no more to say; but, as some falling ministers are like giants, the mantle is not sufficiently long to reach, in which case his colleagues are compelled to cover him with the whole princely wardrobe, and bury him in state."

The examination of the cloaks being concluded, Lord Pakomus opened a court bandbox full of masks.

"What noble masks!" exclaimed the young counsellor; "I suppose these are only worn upon grand occasions; at court festivals, and so forth."

"That is good," cried his father-in-law, laughing, "they are to be worn as often as we want them. They are state masks, boy! that belong to the mantles, each to its own. It is for this they are made to resemble the human features, expressing, as you see, nothing but openness and honesty;" and saying this he placed one of them upon him. "Now, can you tell the difference between me and a famous patriot, who devotes his life for the good of his country?"

"Noble, indeed!" cried the young mocking-bird, imitating the old one; and clapping his new-fledged wings.

The noble pair then entered an adjoining chamber, apparently a bathing and dressing-room. There were razors, lancets, and cupping glasses, lying round in abundance.

"These articles," said Pakomus, "are the stock in trade of our financiers, our collectors, and, indeed, of all our receiving officers. With these shears they are accustomed to shear their flocks, both citizens and peasants; with the glasses they contrive to extract both blood and bone, and cup them frequently. When these leeches, however, have sucked their fill, a still stronger hand often compels them to regurgitate, and then throws them aside."

The old president then led his young friend back into the hall, where he opened a box of spectacles: "Now observe," he said, "there are three sorts of these state spectacles. The first kind are meant to magnify objects exceedingly; they will make a gnat into an elephant, or a silver penny into a round dollar. With these they bewilder the eyes of the subject, and can turn an old rotten tree into a large forest; and in particular, magnify a small alleviation of the people's burdens into an incalculable benefit. The second pair will as easily reduce mountains to mole-hills, and is particularly useful in regard to diminishing the apparent amount of new rates and levies: but

the third pair fairly convert black into white, and cover every thing they are applied to, with a fine dazzling polish."

"What rare spectacles!" exclaimed the young counsellor; entreating, at the same time, that he might possess a pair for himself. The old president, however, before venturing to try them on, cast a sharp look, and took a turn all round the room; and then in a low tone said, "These spectacles, besides their diminishing powers, enlighten us in other matters, which we do not always think it necessary to communicate to our good master, or to trouble him with a long-winded illustration. These glasses are not for *his* eyes. This, for instance, we only do when the Prince does not judge proper to countenance a new impost. We give him a view of the matter, very different to such as he would take with his mere scanty natural vision."

"And does this answer?" inquired the young man, with a solemn face.

"*Probatum est!*" cried Pakomus, with energy, and they shook each other cordially by the hand; "are you not elected a privy-counsellor, my son?"

"But what is that fine rose-coloured powder?" inquired the docile and inquisitive pupil; "it seems like tooth-powder."

"You are quite wrong, my boy," said the old courtier; "do you imagine government would trouble itself with furnishing tooth-powder for its subjects? No! it were better they had no teeth at all, and they would consume less."

"Then, what can it be for?" said the young statesman, a little dashed.

"Dust, man, dust!" returned the old fox; "it is eye-dust, intended to be thrown into the people's eyes, when we have no other way of blinding them. And that fast-corked and sealed bottle there, is ready for a similar kind of emergency. It contains the celebrated blue mist."

"I must confess," said the counsellor, "here is enough to blind a whole nation; but it is for its good."

The president laughed bitterly, and nodded assent.

His son next remarked a large velvet bag; and thrusting his hand into it, drew out a gigantic gold tuning-hammer, near an ell long, and proportionally thick.

"Let that alone!" exclaimed the old courtier, in an angry tone; and wished to put it up again: but the other held it fast, insisting upon knowing what it was for.

The lord president at first refused to say; but at

length confessed, that on one occasion, a certain foreign power had insisted upon the grant of some privilege from his gracious master, which was esteemed incompatible with the interests of the state. "Soon after, I received this large tuning-hammer, of massy gold, accompanied by a very gracious and facetious epistle, from the foreign prince, entreating me, in a jocose way, to influence my master's ideas on the subject, in such a manner, as to bring them into unison and perfect accordance with his own. Now who can resist curiosities of this kind?—who can refuse to unlock the door of his confidence, when knocked at with so powerful a hammer as this?"

"All that is very true," said the young courtier.

Lord Pakomus lastly showed him a little cask, filled with peas; observing, "These once innocent grains happened to fall into the hands of a very roguish black-dealing statesman, and became more dangerous than musquet balls. I am almost inclined to let you into the secret of such a devilish trick: yet may I not reasonably fear, lest you may some time, if I continue too long upon the stage, think of turning the story against myself?" His son-in-law here, striking his hand upon his heart, protested that he was an honest man.

"No more of this; but hear the affair. It is only

the most abandoned of villains that will consent to make use of these bedevilled grains in furtherance of his designs. He strews them in the Privy Council Chamber, in the Chancery Office, and in particular over the smooth foot-cloths, in order that the secret enemies of the villanous seedsman may tumble over those politic peas, and infallibly break their necks. And this always first occurs to the most upright and excellent men, who, being internally supported by a good conscience, are the less cautious how they walk; marching bolt upright."

At hearing these last words, I shuddered, and sighing, thought of the lines of the excellent Froschmausler:

> "Court-sweets, however sweet to taste,
> Are fraught with poisons: fear the feast!"

Suddenly, the whole flattering prospect of State Government, together with the Lord High President and his son-in-law, disappeared from view.

"Well!" inquired my aged conductor, "and how are you pleased with an hour's instruction in this grand art?"

I only shrugged up my shoulders, and knew not what to reply.

"Had you any idea," he continued, "that I

had brought you here to witness what you have seen; this grand political game of hiding cloaks, false eye-glasses, and tuning hammers of massy gold? No, Heavens forbid! You had not. I pointed out to you in time where the poison lay, in the costliest dish of all, in order that you might avoid it. I have exposed to you all the secret arts of the unprincipled minister, in order that you may form a more correct judgment than the ignorant crowd, respecting many noble-minded princes, whose first object would be the welfare of their people, were they not unhappily misled from the path of integrity and justice by corrupt and evil-minded ministers, whose selfish views wear the cloak of faithful counsel and advice, until they bring both prince and people into a situation of great jeopardy. Avoid the example of such, and bless thy stars, good youth, that thou hast learnt so much. If you meet with a prince who is inclined to lay the burden of his subjects' welfare on your shoulders, serve him faithfully. Grasp with a strong hand the selfishness and avarice that propel the secret wheels of the political machine, and expose them to reprobation. But keep a wary eye where you walk; beware of the pit-falls strewn on all sides of you, and of a host of enemies eager to devour you!"

With the last dying echo of these words, the

figure of my aged conductor fled like a vapour from before my eyes; and I found myself lying under the tree where I had fallen asleep. I roused myself and stood up: yet I felt as if the court peas were under my feet, and this deprived me of all courage or inclination to proceed in my journey; so I measured my steps back.

THE LADY'S PALFREY.

(A TALE OF THE COURT.)

To escape Love's magic chain,
Every mortal art is vain;
Who that made the foolish bet,
Ever won it yet?
The icy region round man's heart
To thaw and part
Asunder with her sunny smiles
Is woman's sport, and woman's wiles;
This truth trips up an old court sage,
The last step of his pilgrimage,
A prosing moralist—
As, reader, you may plainly see
In this his merry history—
A courtly jest, I wist.

THERE was once a young good-natured monarch who never so much as dreamed of vexing the least of his subjects; and yet he did not please them. He was too easy in the exercise of his royal prerogative, and treated them rather like spoiled children, than hirelings and apprentices, until they almost began to think of assembling in parliament, like the frogs, and of petitioning Jupiter to grant them a proper king. The truth is, that state business boasted less attractions than a very handsome young lady of the court, named Adelaide, who had

made herself completely mistress of the young King's heart, as well as of his time. Such was her influence over him, that some of the old privy-counsellors began to take the alarm, and tried every courtly means of enticing him out of the paradise which he seemed to enjoy in her society; for it was not without a good deal of difficulty that they could prevail with him even to take the trouble of signing his name to a sentence of execution.

To most state ministers, perhaps, this bitter aversion to business might have been highly agreeable, and they would have turned his delegated authority to very good account. But these belonged to that more rare class of statesmen, who have rather a dislike to office, and who discharge its functions purely for the benefit of the people. They were only ambitious of rousing the royal young lover from his trance and inspiring him with a sense of his dignity—to wield his sceptre with becoming majesty and power, so as to convince his subjects that they had a king. They assembled, therefore, and laid their heads together in a cabinet council; the result of which was, to delegate one of the oldest and wisest of their sapient body to bear their grievances and remonstrances to the ear of their enchanted young Prince. Now, Privy Counsellor Alphonso, the ambassador on this occasion, was no sneaking soft-tongued old courtier, who would hardly venture to call his soul

his own; but bold, blunt, stiff, and unbending as a poker, he marched forthwith to seek an audience, and roundly stated the object of his visit. He declared in the most earnest manner, with due commendations on the virtues of princes who never neglected their royal duties, that both the capital and the country were beginning to feel very much dissatisfied with his style of governing, or rather of not governing at all. They thought it odd enough, he continued, that his attachment to a single girl should absorb that due to all his people, for whom he did not seem to care a flea. Indeed, it was thought that he would not give his little finger to save all his subjects from eternal condemnation; such was the perfect indifference he displayed towards them, as well as to his own royal dignity, to the power and splendour of a crown.

The Prince seemed quite dumb-founded at these serious charges, and it was clear that his conscience was at work, for he had not a word to say in interruption. He listened earnestly to the whole sermon, which insisted greatly on the necessity of industry, temperance, self-control, and other great and princely virtues of that kind.—"Very true, my good Alphonso," replied the good-natured monarch, "only I fear you have never been in love." The old minister, with a shrug of his shoulders, confessed that he had never yet found time to fall in love.

At the same time, having delivered his sermon, he took his leave, shaking his head as if he entertained no great hopes of reaping any harvest from the good seed which he had just sown.

For once, however, the wise old counsellor was mistaken;—the Prince awoke, at it were, out of a dream, became sensible of his royal duties, and never went near his beloved during the next three days. Meanwhile it would be impossible to form an idea of the number of tears shed by Adelaide, as she sat in her lonely chamber. She was the living picture of grief, until about the fourth day, finding it began to border upon despair, she conceived that it would be the most prudent course, before she made a noose of her garter, to pay the young Monarch a visit. He uttered an exclamation of surprise on beholding her in his royal presence, and at his feet, before he had a suspicion of her approach, softly inquiring *how* she could have offended him. Touched to the very soul at these words, the Prince pressed the weeping beauty to his breast. "Adelaide, my own Adelaide," he cried, "pray be calm. You are an excellent girl, and you have not vexed me at all. I love you as much as ever, and shall never cease to love you; only I must not, I dare not, see you any more."

This was at once delight and torture to Adelaide's heart; his first words were balsam, but his

last were daggers. A flood of tears was her only reply, for her grief was too great for utterance. At length, with abundance of broken sighs, she sobbed out, "You would see me no more! and yet assure me of your love!—would you hand me a bowl of poison garnished with roses? Away with such flowers for sorrow, and tell me frankly that you hate me, and that our parting is dictated by a frigid heart! Alas! it must be so, for who would be found bold enough to check the ardour of a monarch's soul!?"

The good King now found himself in a very perplexing situation, for he was ashamed to confess that he had been tutored by an old moralizing minister, and sought every means of disguising from her the real truth. But her sighs and tears again appealed so powerfully to his feelings, that he could not refrain from relating the whole history of his short-lived efforts to vanquish his love.

This confession removed a load from Adelaide's heart. With the joyful consciousness that her affairs were not quite in so hopeless a state as she had pictured them, she recovered all her usual animation and good-humour. This charming vivacity was as formidable as her tears. "Stop a bit, you sulky old pedant," she cried, laughing through her tears, "and I will reward you well for the three days' anguish you inflicted upon me! With your

royal permission, I will play off a trick upon the old grudging churl, which shall save him the trouble in future of preaching his prosing sermons in your Majesty's ear. No, he shall never indulge the least inclination to moralize any more. I have hit upon it already—a most excellent plan. If your Majesty will please to slip into the castle gardens about sunrise to-morrow, and conceal yourself near the pavilion, which this old notorious peace-breaker has converted into his summer residence, you shall see a sight which I think cannot fail to amuse you heartily. If my plan succeed, you shall have the pleasure of seeing this most sage and philosophical greybeard play such pranks before high Heaven, that you may easily repay him, with interest, all the fine speeches and reproaches which he has so philosophically bestowed upon you."

The King, much amused, seemed to approve of the idea, with the single condition that the joke should not be carried too far. Adelaide promised, and ran joyfully home.

Early the ensuing morning, while the whole court lay buried in repose, the malicious lady, intent upon revenge, took her way towards the castle gardens, with the speed of a young roe. She was attired in a charming morning dress, whose exquisite whiteness might have shamed the snow.

Her raven hair floated loose upon the breeze, or wantoned over her swan-like neck, while her bosom itself was but lightly veiled from the eye of the young god of day.

Thus cruelly armed with the weapons of seductive destruction, the lovely nymph began to wander round the immaculate minister's abode. He was already seated at his official desk, and from time to time cast longing glances at the delicious gardens, which seemed to invite him down. To entice him to the windows, Adelaide began to sing a song, sweet at least as the nightingale's:

"I was a little lively thing—
To school each morn upon the wing:
Yet loved I something better
Than sugar bread for alphabet,
And learnt no words that I was set
Save that of Love—Love-letter.
And fain I would my wit apply,
If some loved one would love as I,
And wear with me love's fetter."

The first notes of the decoy bird attracted the old courtier's attention. He laid his pen down, elevated his wig a little above his right ear, and listened. "Who in all the world can be singing so prettily?" thought he, as he rose from his desk. He crept softly to the window, peeped behind the curtain into the garden below, and was not a little surprised to observe the very young lady

whom he had served so ill a turn only a few days before.

At first he turned once more to his desk; but his curiosity being piqued, he again rose, he peeped, he gazed; he admired, he longed, he lost himself. Love pinned him to the spot, or at least he was only able to turn one eye to his seat—the other was in the garden. "You old fool!" at length he began, half laughing to himself; "I fear thou art bewitched with a girl young enough to be thy grand-daughter. But zounds, she looks so desperately beautiful, old father Nestor himself might well fall in love with her. Zounds, I never envied my royal master so much in my life as I do now. How happy he must be! What wonder that in her society, he should forget that he wears a crown, or that he has any subjects except herself in the kingdom!"

During this monologue, the wicked Adelaide had contrived to fix her basilisk eyes upon him through the window, and played the part of a love-sick damsel to admiration. She plucked roses and forget-me-nots, which she made into a wreath—and sighed. Added to such artifices, she kept drawing nearer, and sang again:—

Here, here I was captured
By Love's mighty power,
And wander enraptured
Till life's latest hour.

I would thou might'st feel, Love,
What I suffer now;
I would I might steal, Love,
To offer my vow.

The old courtier was enraptured too; and his head turned so giddy with the delicious song, that he could no longer distinguish sense from nonsense; but took the compliment as it was meant. He grew merry and wanton as a young colt, felt quite feverish, and his long ossified old heart began to grow tender, and melted away like wax. Greedier than a fish devours the bait, his eye fastened on the lady's charms; and like some fierce pike, he was caught with the hook sticking in his gullet. The next moment he threw his morning gown aside, seized his best court suit; yet recollecting, just as he began to decorate himself, that she might perhaps retire, he resumed his morning gown, and ran to the mirror to adjust his wig. Alas! he was shocked at his own figure; never had his cheeks looked so flat and fallen, nor so deeply ploughed by the hand of years. Indeed they resembled shrivelled parchment so much, that the voice of reason exclaimed—"Thou art playing the fool, old greybeard! What! in the winter of thy days to think of making love to a blooming flower of spring! Down to thy desk again! where for years thou hast sat turning the rudder of the

state, and heed not the song of any siren that attempts to bring the vessel of thy fame upon the rocks."

So argued reason, and would have said more; but the nightingale again trilled her tender song from the garden, and three times sweeter than before sang her third song :—

Fonder than the fondest dove,
Once within a leafy grove,
Sat a maiden fresh and fair,
Watching for her one beloved :
Yet ere from that spot she moved,
Came woe and death to end her care.

This was too much for the sage statesman's prudence, and it turned his head. His passion escaped quite beyond the bounds of reason; he lost both rudder and compass, and ran like a broken loose horse, down the steps into the garden, and never stopped until he dropped at Adelaide's feet. She had purposely averted her face, and started, as if suddenly taken by surprise as her unwieldy lover plumped down before her.

" For Heaven's sake," she cried, " what is the matter ?" at the same time taking the old courtier by the shoulders, as if to raise him up.

" Nay, most lovely lady," he exclaimed, in the most tender accents, and gazing on her with melting looks, " suffer me to remain where I am kneel-

ing, in the dust, until I obtain your full forgiveness, your smiles, your love."

"You surprise, you distress me greatly," replied the artful Adelaide, biting her lips to avoid bursting into a fit of laughter; "but rise, I entreat you to rise; for I must first learn whether you be jesting or in earnest."

"In earnest, upon my soul! doubt not the truth and fervour of my passion! it would be an insult upon that divine—that exquisite—that angelic beauty which compels all men to adore you. Even I, I who have ever boasted perfect freedom, must now submit myself a happy slave and prisoner, ready to wear your chains."

"Truly, I feel proud of such a conquest: yet I cannot consent to deprive you of your freedom—I dare not."

"But you must," replied the enraptured lover, "you cannot avoid it; for death only can rid me of your chains. This, too, he will shortly do, if you should not quickly take compassion on me, and consent that you will be mine."

"Such a formal declaration," replied Adelaide, "from your lips, almost makes me imagine I am in a dream, a delightful dream. Leave me, pray, before I awake; for, alas! I fear you are very far from being indifferent to me. Must I then confess it! I have long sighed for this hour; and besides, I

have been haunted this some time past by the strangest emotion, the oddest wish, you can imagine, the gratification of which depends wholly upon you."

"Name it, I entreat you; only name it, my adored Adelaide."

"Indeed I feel some diffidence—I do indeed, in mentioning it; you will think it so very singular; yet I feel I cannot be happy unless you consent to indulge me in it. So I think I had better tell you."

"Oh, yes! give yourself no anxiety, not a moment's hesitation. Only state your wish, and have it: bid me mount the scaffold—the funeral pile—or the top of the town hall—and I will do it. I would march through fire and flood to reach you; —'sdeath, but I would."

"Would you really? then I will mention it boldly; for I require no such terrible proofs of your affection. Freely and frankly, therefore, I have a most inexpressible desire, were it only for a few minutes, to take a short ride round these fine gravel walks."

"Whimsical girl! what can have put this into your head? However, there is nothing shall prevent it; you shall have a pad to carry you round the walks instantly."

"No, there is no occasion for that: it would

most gratify me to be borne upon your own Right Hon. shoulders; it is that I long for; that must be the price of my affections; if you would only go down upon your hands and knees."

"Cruel, cruel girl! surely you are jesting, you mean to make a fool of me. Ask any other favour in the world; only spare my feelings; I know you would not wish to make me a laughing post: consider my dignity—my official character—I am a minister."

"So then," cried Adelaide, "you would permit these cold haughty maxims of yours to stand in the way of true passion and devotedness to the object of your love: how can it make you ridiculous when there is no one to see you? I vow eternal silence on the subject, as you may well believe; and the pretty birds and squirrels in the trees above us will surely tell no tales."

The poor lover stood in great perplexity some time; till, at length, the violence of his passion mounting into the sublime, quite overpowered his sense of the ridiculous, and he bent down upon his hands and knees with all the grace and agility of an octogenarian, though he was little more than sixty. The lady then took a silk sash, and bitted him very dexterously; and next seizing the reins, she lightly sprang upon his back, almost convulsed with laughter, so that she had much difficulty in keeping her seat.

Scarcely, however, had he crawled at a snail-like pace, a few yards, when suddenly the King sprang from his ambush among the shrubs, and confronted his old minister upon his servile career. "Ah, ah!" quoth he, "such scenes are worth my whole treasury in gold! To see such a philosopher and avowed enemy of the fair sex converted into an old hobby-horse. It is too much—too much," and he held his sides for laughter.

The old Privy Counsellor gave a shriek of horror, just as if the sky had fallen, at his sight. Yet, after a long struggle, he tried to force a smile, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled chagrin and good-humour, "I know I am ridiculous enough, but I never before knew the enchanting power of love. I see now that if the little imp spares us in our youthful days, it is only to make a greater fool of us in old age. So jest and laugh, my Prince, to your heart's content; you must find some other court preacher in future: I have done; I have surrendered without discretion to love—that 'mighty conqueror of hearts.'"

TALES BY M. E. ENGEL.

Dr. (Mor. Erdm.) Engel, professor of philosophy, and towns-deacon at Planen, was born at that place in the year 1767. His name is mentioned as prize poet in that university, and the author of Moral Tales, Tables, and Mottos for Youth, &c. &c. He ranks in the list of the celebrated writers of modern Germany; though his lighter productions do not appear to so much advantage in an original and national point of view. A few, however, are spirited and elegant.

ENGEL.

THE ANTI-SPECULATOR.*

THERE was once a very reputable citizen of the name of Mr. Joseph Teinne. He was at one time a man of considerable landed property; which, upon symptoms of agricultural depression, he had converted into a large monied capital, upon the interest of which he contrived to live. Thus secured against a fall of prices, he began to indulge, as he grew older, a violent antipathy to all species of gambling, and speculation of every kind. Indeed, the mere word, with the whole of its dangerous relatives and derivatives,—whether bulls or bears, mines or consols, had such an effect upon his mind, that he sometimes appeared to be labouring under a temporary derangement of his affairs. He had, some time before, deposited a large sum in the concern of one of his most particular friends; but this he now very suddenly withdrew, and along with it, of

* We would beg leave humbly, to recommend the very edifying example above afforded us, to the consideration of monied men just at this period, upon the Stock Exchange. In particular, to all rich mercantile fathers, whom we advise to disinherit all the more speculative members of their family. —ED.

course, the particular friendship subsisting between the parties; his friend having happened, in the simplicity of his heart, to communicate some excellent speculation which he had in view.

The same feeling extended even to his politics; he heard that the French Government, whose cause he had before advocated on all occasions, meditated some speculative views upon Egypt; and forthwith he changed sides, and went over to the Allies. He likewise refused to subscribe a single sixpence for the erection of a new parsonage house, in the good parish of St. Paul's, merely on account of the Rector having mentioned his intention of adding to it a Speculum or Observatory (for in fact he was a much better astronomer than preacher), a plan to which the rest of the parishioners had consented.

He next determined to make his will, while of sound mind, being desirous of leaving the whole of his property to his nephew, a steady, plodding young fellow, at the expense of his two sons, who were of a very different disposition. To make such a transfer the more sure, he went to consult a certain Doctor Glau, of legal celebrity, who replied to his singular communication as follows :—

"But have you maturely considered the matter, my dear Mr. Teinne? such a measure ought to possess strong arguments to back it, or the

validity of your will might be brought in question after your departure. Yes, Sir, even wholly set aside."

"What! do you imagine my will can ever be invalidated by my own sons?" cried Mr. Teinne, indignantly—"let them do it at their risk."

"But you will be safely disposed of, my good friend; they will bury you first, Mr. Teinne."

"Then there 's an end to all subordination, and that is the difficulty—first bury me! and then go and invalidate my will! But we must take some measures, Mr. Glau, we must take measures accordingly; and I trust you will be able to provide."

"Why," replied Mr. Glau, "you must give good reasons for refusing to bequeath your property to your own children; that is all. Show us some sound, conclusive arguments.

"Undoubtedly—most assuredly I can," interrupted Mr. Teinne, "and you will find them well-founded too, Doctor; as I know to my cost." Here he greatly resembled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; he adjusted his velvet cap again and again, with a sort of nervous agitation, while his face continued to lengthen as he pronounced the names of his sons. "Yes, my sons, Doctor,—if I must let you into the entire secret of all our quarrels and miseries—my sons, young headstrong rascals, as they are, have ventured to speculate, Sir."

"Speculate! and what of all that?" repeated Glau.

"What of all that! what of all that! Why, Doctor, you surprise me: I fancy you are not inclined to speculate, are you, Doctor, in your profession? Do you belong to the company, Doctor,—a speculator—hey?"

"A speculator! no, Mr. Teinne, the Lord forbid! not I. I am no castle-builder—no aeronaut, Sir, I assure you. I am a plain man, one who likes to follow his nose, and walk upon solid ground, Mr. Teinne."

"And Heaven long preserve you, then, in so noble a resolution! and no fool will catch you hazarding your neck for his amusement; like that silly adventurer who conceived that pretty piece of speculation, you know, of transporting himself to England across the channel.....

"Say no more! say no more! Mr. Teinne, I grow dizzy at the mere mention of the subject; seized with an involuntary ague fit. Pray let us confine ourselves to the present question. You wish to disinherit your sons; very good; but what valid objections have you to insert in your last will and testament against them?"

"What, but their infernal rage for speculation, Doctor! Their ungovernable folly, which leads them to imagine they are greater wiseacres than their

fathers, and meddle with adventures they do not in the least understand. The truth is, Sir, they have clean overstepped the bounds of moderation and common-sense; such little as they received from nature, and to which they ought to have confined their active labours and exertions. They left their native sphere; and my eldest son, as I dare say you must have heard—"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted the Counsellor—"that he was compelled to decamp;—he was—I mean his affairs were deranged."

"Right, exactly so; but whence do you suppose the evil originated? He was in an excellent concern—a very desirable—very profitable one, Sir;—and it only wanted tolerable good management. He had the whole of his mother's jointure; and a very pretty capital from his father, in addition to it, Sir; his connexions were as respectable as heart could wish, and he had a host of customers and chapmen at his beck. Respectable, did I say? nay, between friends, Counsellor, his transactions were always snug; his drafts upon houses were sure; cocksure. Never required, Sir, to deal with Polish Jews; no, nor with Russians either."

"Then how the deuce came it to pass, Mr. Teinne, that your son failed? it must have been really very difficult. Indeed, it surprised both me

and the commercial world at large not a little; his establishment was not expensive; pray how could he contrive it?"

"Contrive it with a vengeance! he had his head full of prodigious speculations; quite prodigious, Sir. He might have continued to live long and happily with his family, here, in Europe; but, no forsooth, he must go and invest the whole of his ready cash in lands; exported it, Sir, by all that's mad, to North America, upon speculation."

"Indeed! do you mean that he actually sent his money to North America?" cried the Counsellor, amazed.

"I have a shrewd suspicion he did; and he likewise speculated upon paying a visit shortly after to his fair and flourishing principality."

"Principality, say you, Mr. Teinne? you surprise me!"

"Yet it is true, Mr. Glau; nothing less than a principality: do you suppose his grand, comprehensive schemes would grasp at any thing less? He wished to purchase vast domains; a track of country embracing about thirty square miles; much more in fact than many principalities have to boast of. Had there only been one living being to every square mile, or even a single blade of corn, enough to afford a full hearty meal to a country mouse, there might have been some ground for hope!—as it is———" and he lifted up his eyes.

"It is a chapter of miracles," replied the Counsellor.

"A chapter of accidents, dismal accidents, you should have said, Mr. Glau," replied the old citizen. "At least it was no miracle to me; for the evil, Sir, was hereditary on his mother's side; she was *speculative*, you understand me. A sore affliction, Sir; but, in general, I believe folly and madness are found to be hereditary."

"What, Mr. Teinne," replied the Counsellor; "do you really mean to allude to your dear, departed lady?"

"Why, Doctor, what would you have me say? I tell you that, though my eldest son fancied himself somewhat hampered for room in Europe, the world itself appeared too narrow for the aspiring intellect of my deceased wife. She was so completely absorbed in eternal speculations, or speculations upon eternity, that our whole domestic economy was neglected; in fact, I was deprived of every matrimonial comfort during this my painful pilgrimage upon the earth. The odour of sanctity was so great that it completely overpowered me."

"There now, Mr. Teinne, I can sympathize with you; my late dear wife being likewise afflicted in the manner you describe."

"So be it! and Heaven rest their souls," said Mr. Teinne.

" Heaven's will be done!" rejoined the Counsellor, " Amen! To return to our question, the case of your youngest son, the Aulic Counsellor, Mr. Teinne, gives me the most uneasiness. For, if I am rightly informed, he has obtained for himself some reputation."

" Reputation, with a vengeance! Luckily, I have been undeceived on this point by our good Dean. He has let me into the meaning of this reputation—reputation forsooth!—such as it is. To attract the admiration of a set of raw juveniles is no very difficult affair, as I dare say you know, counsellor. But let me see him win golden opinions from wise men. Listen to me, Doctor; and remember it is only between friends. So do not let it take wind among babblers, and become a feast for fools, town fools, of all people in the world: let it rest, let it rest. But, as I say, the Dean of our chapter showed me one of his publications the other day; and I had no sooner got through it than I was quite alarmed, confounded, Doctor!"

" How so? alarmed! Mr. Teinne."

" Yes! and well I might, it contained such inconceivable nonsense—such as could never have entered the skull of a sensible man, or, indeed of any man. For the young gentleman not only finds Europe too narrow for him, like his elder brother;

or this long vale of tears, like his more pious mother; the whole creation is too little; and his infinite faculties have invented a system—a transmundane system—which engrosses his whole soul."

"He is far beyond my comprehension, then, I confess," said the Counsellor. "I cannot imagine —I never heard of such a system—what sort of one can it be?"

"What sort, forsooth! As far as I can gather, all his brother's American tracts are nothing to this tract of his. They are Elysian Fields compared with his invisible world of his own creation. His brother still sticks to solid ground, though not very productive: he has a sun to shine, air to breathe, and things to revive his animal functions; but this poor devil has reduced himself to such a state of absolute destitution and forlorn hope, that he does not allow himself so much as a bare inch of space, or a second of time, or a particle of earth, which he does not first borrow from his beggared, bankrupt reason."

"This is quite unintelligible to me; give me a case, something *gratiâ exempli*, if you please," said Mr. Glau.

"To be sure I will, as far as I can recollect," said the other. "For instance, you perhaps imagine that this said corporeal substance, you are at the trouble of carrying about with you, is a body."

" To be sure I do."

" You perhaps farther flatter yourself that you have a head, Mr. Counsellor; a heart, hands, and legs;—you have laboured at least under that delusion."

" How the devil! surely he would not try to argue me out of my senses."

" He would though," cried Mr. Teinne, with a woeful expression of face; " he would convince you that you had no sense at all."

" Would he so?" exclaimed the lawyer: " not in a hurry."

" Yes, he would tell you not to deceive yourself; that it might be all a dream. It may be your dream, or that of some other person; it comes to the same thing; for you cannot by any means make yourself sure of your existence."

" Heaven have mercy upon us!" cried the lawyer, " can my young learned friend be in his senses?"

" A philosopher to be out of his senses, indeed; the Lord forbid!" cried Mr. Teinne; " it is only your idea. Still you must not actually despair of life; for as long as my son exists, he will supply you, I doubt not, with some scheme or other to preserve vitality."

" Upon my word," replied the counsellor, " such a delusion looks very serious, not to say alarming."

"Indeed, you are right there, I suspect; but you know he has only to cogitate in downright earnest, and he can soon bring us—though, perhaps, not his wits—into existence."

"But I am an old man; will he make me anew?"

"Oh, he can perform far greater miracles than that. Why, Sir, in this manner he can create sun and moon and stars; every thing is the offspring of his thought, and so he can create you or his own father. His reasoning powers resemble the little box in possession of old grannum Nixus.*

"Let him only whirl it round sufficiently, and make a few incantations, and he will make any thing bounce out of his pericranium that he pleases. I have a shrewd suspicion that he will one time or other be inventing a small bedlam for himself, where, should his father happen to see him, he will fancy or dream that he is overwhelmed with anguish."

"Indeed, Mr. Teinne, your case is peculiarly trying: you are greatly to be pitied. But what does your son imagine will become of this mundane system after his departure?" "Why," said Mr.

* Alluding to a description of its powers contained in a story of Musæus, entitled "The Nymph of the Fountain." —Ed.

Teinne, " he will perhaps think that people will say, that it did once exist."

" Very strange; one would fancy it made of more durable stuff."

" Yet we need apprehend nothing. He can create a fresh generation of necromancers, and teach them how to sport their reason, as you whirl round a dice box."

" So in that way every thing may be continued on its ancient footing, which is what I wish. To speak frankly, Mr. Teinne, I had some scruples at first as to the propriety of cutting off your sons in your will; but I now find that property could not be safely entrusted into such hands. If you please, I will proceed to execute your will further."

" Do so, good Doctor," replied his friend, " and when it is finished, and the witnesses are in readiness, and the whole signed and sealed, let my death happen when it will, I shall be contented. For the calamity of my sons has rather embittered my existence; one dunning my ears with his American speculations, and the other with speculations upon the invisible world. One has lost all he had in the world; and the other, I find, has cruelly deprived himself of the small portion of common sense which nature gave him,"

TOBY WITT.

One of the chief ornaments of a little provincial town, his native place, flourished Mr. Toby Witt. At no period had he evinced a desire to travel, and never, on any occasion, exceeded his prescribed limits round the adjacent hamlets. In spite of this, however, he knew more of the world than many who had travelled a great deal farther, and some who had expended the best part of their fortune on a fashionable trip to Paris or Italy. He was possessed of a rich fund of little anecdotes of the most useful class, which he had obtained by observation, and retailed for his own and his friends' edification. And though these showed no great stretch of genius or invention, they possessed considerable practical merit, and were, for the most part, remarkable for coming before company, coupled together, always two and two.

Among his acquaintance was a careful young gentleman of the name of Till, a great admirer of Mr. Toby Witt for his known prudence, and stock of observations. On one occasion, he ventured to express his high opinion of them, to which his old friend replied in his stuttering style, "Ha!

hem ?—what, do you indeed think me such a wise-acre, then ?"

" Why, all the world says so, Mr. Wilt; and I should be glad to become your pupil."

" Would you so, young man ? Nothing more easy. If you really wish to become a prudent youth, in fact, you have only to study the conduct and deportment of fools."

" In what manner do you mean ?"

" What manner ! by trying to act differently, to be sure."

" May I beg an anecdote, or example, for the sake of illustration ?"

" I believe I can accommodate you with one, Mr. Till. When I was a young man, there resided in this town a Mr. Veit, an old mathematician, rather a meagre and morose sort of personage. I used often to see him walking about, muttering to himself as he went along, and never stopping to salute any of his neighbours and acquaintance; much less would he look them in the face and converse with them; being always too earnestly engaged in solving the problem of his own perfections. Now what do you suppose, Mr. Till, that people were in the habit of saying of him ?"

" Most probably that he was a very shrewd, wise old gentleman," said Mr. Till.

" No; you are somewhat on the wrong side;

they called him an old fool. So, so! I used to think within myself—for this sort of title, however general, was not at all to my taste—I must take care how I imitate my old friend Mr. Veit. I see that will never do; one must not appear to be too full of oneself. Perhaps it is not well-bred, at all events, to go muttering with one's self; I see we must be more sociable, and talk a little to our neighbours. Let me hear your notion on the subject, Mr. Till; did I judge rightly?"

"Oh, indisputably; I think you were in the right."

"Nay, I am not so sure of that; not exactly so, as you will find. For we had another genius, a finical kind of personage, and a dancing-master, the very converse of the old postulating mathematician; and yet he did not please; though he used to stare in every body's face as he skipped along. He was glad to talk to every one who would listen to him, as long as their patience lasted. Well, Mr. Till, and what do you suppose people used to say of *him*."

"Most likely they would call him a wild, merry sort of fellow; somewhat of a bore withal."

"There you are not so very wide of the mark, Mr. Till; for they called him a fool. You see he won the same title by a very opposite kind of merit. Here 's for us! I thought to myself; this is odd

enough. What must one do? how in the world must one contrive to win the reputation of a wise man? It is plain one must take neither Mr. Veit, nor Mr. Slight for our model. No, first of all, Mr. Till, you must look persons full in the face and salute them like the dancing-master, and then you must have your eyes upon yourself, and reflect seriously; talk with your neighbours, like Mr. Slight, and think of your own affairs afterwards, like Mr. Veit. That was my mode of arguing, Mr. Till. I compounded the gentleman, Sir: people called me a prudent long-headed fellow; and this is the whole of the mystery."

On another occasion, our prudent citizen received a visit from a young merchant of the name of Flau. He, too, came to consult; and, after making some wry faces, he began to lament the extent of his losses and misfortunes.

"Well," replied old Witt, giving him a tap on the shoulder, "and what does all this amount to?

"You must be on the alert, Sir, and pursue fortune more diligently. She is a shy bird; and you must be on the look-out, like a sportsman."

"So I have, my dear Sir, this long time past, but all to no purpose. One unlucky blow followed another, till I was fairly tripped up by the heels. For the future, I shall fold my arms, and rest quietly at home."

"In that you are wrong again, young gentleman; you must be on the look-out, I tell you; you need only to have a care how you carry your head."

"How I carry my head!" repeated Mr. Flau; "what do you mean, Mr. Witt, by that?"

"Only what I say; you must have a care how you carry your head, and the rest will follow of course. Let me explain how. When my left-hand neighbour was employed in building his new house, the whole street was paved with bricks and beams and rubbish, not very pleasant to pass over. Now one day, who should happen to be going that way but our worthy mayor, Mr. Trick, then a young fashionable alderman. He always carried his head high, and thus he came skipping along, with his arms dangling by his side, and his nose elevated towards the clouds; yet the next moment he found himself sprawling upon the ground; he had contrived to trip up his own heels, to break one of his legs, and obtain the advantage of limping to the end of his days, as you may often see. Do you take? do you comprehend me, Mr. Flau?"

"Perhaps you allude to the old proverb, 'Take heed not to carry your head too high.'"

"To be sure, but you must likewise contrive not to carry it too low; faults on both sides! If you

have borne it too high, don't bear it now too low; you comprehend me? and you will do yet.

"Not long afterwards, Mr. Schale, the poet, was passing the same dangerous way, Mr. Flau. He was, perhaps, spouting verses, or brooding over his *res angustæ domi*—I know not which: but he came jogging forwards with a woful aspect, 'eyes bent on earth,' and a stooping, slouching gait, as if he would be glad to lower himself into the ground, Sir. Well! he walked over one of the ropes; smack it went, and one of the great beams came tumbling about his ears from the scaffolding above. But he was too miserable a dog to be killed; he unluckily escaped; but was so terrified and nervous, poor devil, with the shock, that he fainted away, fell sick, and was confined to his garret for several weeks.

"Do you comprehend my meaning yet, Mr. Flau? How would you carry your head when you passed?"

"I! I would keep it in just equilibrium, to be sure."

"True; we must not cast our eye too ambitiously towards the clouds, nor fix it too demurely upon the ground. Whether we look above, around, or before us, Mr. Flau, let us do it in a calm, becoming sort of manner, and then we shall get on in the world, and no accidents will be likely

to befal us. Let us preserve our equanimity: you comprehend me? Good morning, Mr. Flau."

On a third occasion, a certain Mr. Wills waited upon his friend Mr. Witt, for the purpose of borrowing a sum of money to complete some little speculation he had in hand.

"It is quite a prudent step; very sure,"—he said to old Mr. Witt, "though I am sensible it is not one of your lucrative speculations; but, as it happens to come very *apropos*, I should like to turn it to account, and make the most of it."

Old Witt did not much relish this style of salutation, and seeing whither it would lead:—

"Pray, my dear Mr. Wills," inquired he, "how much money, do you think, will serve your turn?"

"It is nothing much of a sum, a mere trifle; some hundred dollars will suffice."

"So! if it be no more, I will directly comply with your request. Indeed, to show how much I have your interest at heart, I will also present you with something else, which, between ourselves, is worth more than a thousand dollars."

"Ah! pray explain yourself, my dear Mr. Witt."

"Nay! it is only a short story; but it will serve our turn. In my younger days, I had rather an eccentric kind of man for my neighbour, a Mr.

Grell. He had continually a certain cant phrase at his tongue's end, which at last proved his ruin."

"You surprise me! I should like to know it."

"You shall. When any of his acquaintance used casually to accost him, observing, 'Well, Grell, how does business go on; how much did you clear by your last bargain?' 'Pshaw!' he would say, 'a mere trifle—some fifty dollars or so, but what of that?' Then again when he was asked: 'Well, Grell, how much are you minus by the last bankruptcy?' 'Pshaw!' he would answer, 'it is not worth speaking of; a mere trifle, some five per cent.' Now, though Grell was a warm man in his day, I can assure you, this cursed foolish phrase of his brought him to ruin. He was at length compelled to decamp, Sir, bag and baggage.

"What was the sum, Mr. Wills, which you stated?"

"I think I requested the loan of one hundred dollars."

"Exactly so; but my memory is growing treacherous. Well, Mr. Wills, but I had another neighbour, one Mr. Tomms, a corn-dealer. By means of another sort of saying, did that man build the fine mansion you see yonder, with all its offices and warehouses to boot, Sir. What say you?"

"I say it is very strange, indeed, Mr. Witt: I have a great curiosity to hear this second phrase."

"You shall, Mr. Wills. Why, when his friends accosted him, 'Well, Mr. Tomms, how does business proceed? what cleared you by your last concern?' 'A good round sum, a hundred, that I did!' was his invariable answer, at the same time you might see that he was in high glee. When they perceived on the other hand that he was low, very low in spirits, they would inquire: 'What is the matter, Mr. Tomms? how much have you lost?' 'No joke indeed! a good round sum; some fifty dollars, I assure you.' Now this man began his career with a very small capital; but, as I told you before, he has built that large house with all its offices, I say, and warehouses round it. Now, Mr. Wills, which of these two phrases seems best suited to your taste?"

"Why the last of them, Mr. Witt, of course."

"Yet," replied old Witt, "this Mr. Tomms does not quite suit me. He had the knack of saying a good round sum, to be sure, even when he was paying his poor-rates or his taxes. Then, I think, he ought to have employed, like a humane and loyal man, the saying of my other neighbour—'a mere trifle, nothing worth speaking of.' The truth is, Mr. Wills, that as they were both my near neighbours, I carefully preserved both

their phrases, and apply them according to the circumstances of time and place; sometimes speaking like Mr. Grell, and at others like Mr. Tomms."

"Not so with me," cried Mr. Wills; "I admire Mr. Tomms' phrase; I do from my soul, Sir."

"What was your demand—the sum you have occasion for, Mr. Wills?"

"A good round sum of money—one hundred dollars: no trifle, my dear Mr. Witt!"

"There you talk like a man of sense—a very prudent man, Mr. Wills: you have really learned your monied catechism very well. Your answer was quite correct. Had you come to request really only a small trifle, I might perhaps have listened to you; but, as you observe it is a good round sum, allow me to pause. I wish you a good morning, Mr. Wills." But, having thus amused himself, old Mr. Witt lent him the sum of money.

LADY ELIZABETH HILL.

There was formerly a wealthy young widow, who formed the chief attraction of a small provincial town in Swabia, where she had lately taken up her residence, to the no slight perplexity of the inhabitants; for she puzzled them exceedingly in gaining a knowledge of her character. She was never what she appeared to be; she was constantly playing a double game, or suddenly assuming some new shape or some fresh pursuit. During the period that a certain aulic counsellor had resided at the same place, being a man of taste and letters, her ladyship was occupied from morning till night in reading novels and romances; but the moment he took himself off, she bestowed her whole admiration upon one of the medical faculty, a great frequenter of all kind of routs, assemblies, and festivals; her books were all thrown aside, and she had not a moment to spare from dancing, visiting, and dress. Shortly afterwards came a pious dignitary of the church, appointed to the post of superintendant by the reigning Prince himself; so that the town had never before been honoured by so very reverend a personage. In a day or two, her young ladyship was observed modestly attired in a sober suit of

mourning; no more music and dancing was heard in *her* house, and it became the blessed resort of all kind of saintly characters.

The change was this time so very remarkable, that all the professional gentlemen in the place were struck with it; they were at a loss to account for so sudden a revolution, and canvassed the subject at some length. There was a great diversity of opinions: First, the school rector (a man of wit and very good parts, which he displayed in one of the literary journals) was positive that her ladyship had no character at all; that she was neither fit for a poet nor a novelist, and that she was as little adapted to the stage; in fact, in a literary point of view, she was good for nothing.

Secondly, the superintendant, with his spiritual friends, hazarded more speculations upon the subject: the theatre and the novels forming no part of their lucubrations, they doubted not but that Lady Elizabeth had, at one time, been carnally minded; devoted to the perusal of ungodly books, and to other pomps and vanities of the world, she was thus betrayed into open acts of impiety, having been seen at public dances and festivals, the very gayest of the gay. At length she felt the grace of God, which she had been too wise to resist, and they doubted not her conversion was sincere.

But it was now the doctor's turn; and fixing his eyes upon the animal system of her ladyship, leaving the concerns of her soul quite out of the question, as he presumed, he said, to the office of neither critic nor divine, his opinion was, that Lady Elizabeth had, in the first place, hurt her constitution by hard reading and studying romances in the day; and secondly, by dissipation and revelling at night. He added, that a course of bleeding and frequent use of mineral waters in the spring, might be of great service to her.

These gentlemen had thus adopted their own peculiar systems, much in the same manner as if they had provided themselves with false glasses, which prevented their seeing any object clearly, but reflected it only in one light and colour. Nor was this all; for the rest of the citizens, conscious of the weakness of their own organs, were accustomed to repose implicit confidence in those of their superiors. Each contented himself with embracing one or other of the previous opinions, as he happened to be more or less swayed by motives of private interest.

Thus, the bookbinder, who had cleared a good sum by equipping for her ladyship a library of religious works, quartos and folios, all in a superb dress, at once declared himself in favour of the

clergy, and very sincerely congratulated the lady upon her conversion.

But the linen-draper, whose profits were formerly very considerable, finding his custom dwindled almost to nothing, declared for the doctor's more uncivil hypothesis, and magnified a slight fit of religious melancholy into downright insanity.

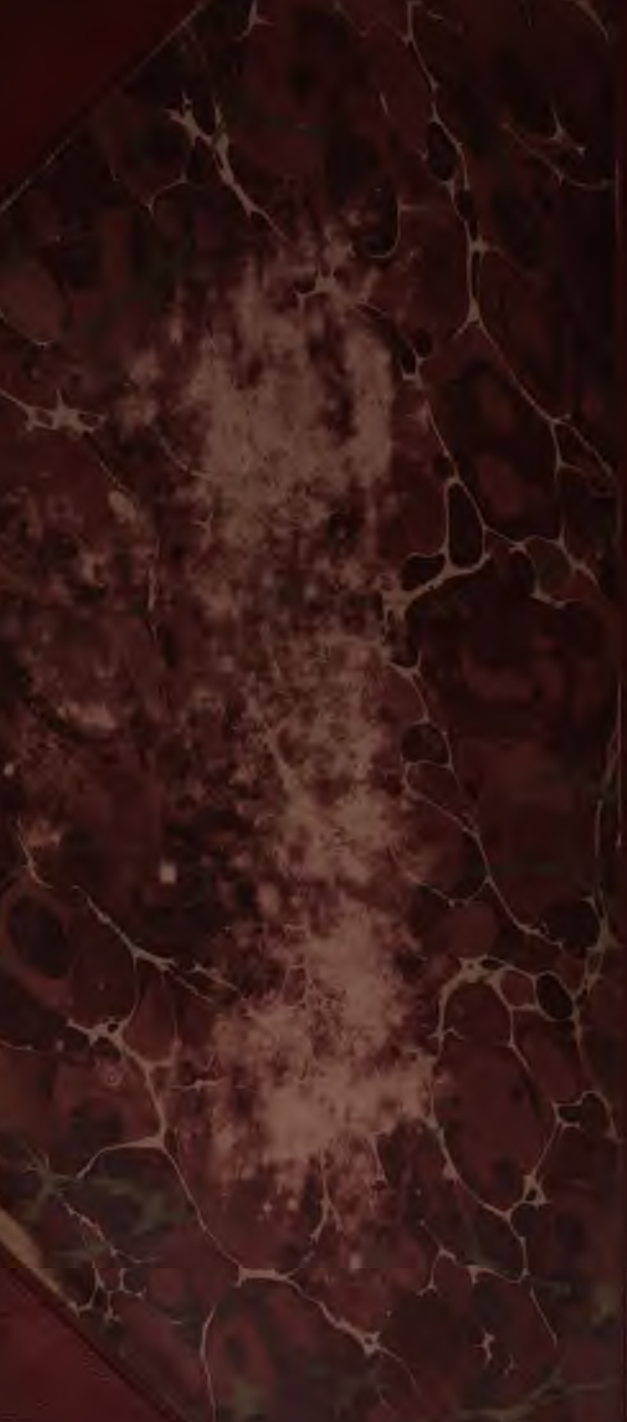
Next came the shoemaker; and he having lost only about one half of his former earnings since her ladyship had ceased dancing, embraced the more moderate opinion of the rector, lamenting only that so excellent a lady as her ladyship should be so very changeable in her plans, and not so much as know her own mind.

There was only one man in the whole place, and that was the tailor, who having never injured the natural strength of his optics by the use of glasses, and having had no dealings with her ladyship, as she was accustomed to wear Dutch linen, showed more sagacity than all the rest of the politicians put together.

He saw the matter in a clear light; and one Sunday evening, when these worthy citizens of the second class were assembled at a tavern, their usual place of resort after service, the bookbinder broke out into this pious exclamation: "The grace of God is said to have wrought miracles upon good Lady Hill."

The tailor positively contradicted such an assertion, declaring that there was no kind of grace at all concerned in the business. This brought as flat a denial again from the bookbinder; while the other retorted that she had plainly lost her senses, to which the shoemaker agreed, adding, that she did not so much as know her own mind.

"The lady," he continued, "knows very well what she is doing; and if you had all of you the proper use of your eyes, you might perceive what she is aiming at, as well as she does, or as well as I do.

"When the late aulic counsellor was here, who do you suppose was the most important personage in the place? Why, the aulic counsellor to be sure.

"Now, upon his departure, when the doctor came to reside here, who then, pray, was the person before whose face one and all of us were accustomed to bow and take off our hats? Why, the doctor to be sure! And again, when our good prince was pleased to appoint a superintendant to visit us, who then was the person who took place of the doctor, and topped all that had come before him in dignity and grace? This is the superintendant himself; and only let us seriously reflect upon all these circumstances, and we shall presently find, my friends, a key to the whole of the mystery."